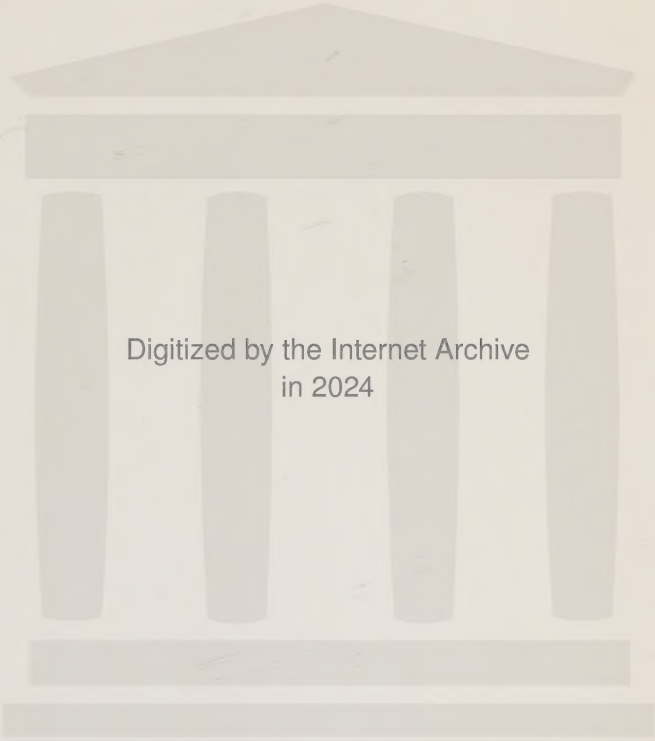


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BOOKS BY
JOHN RATHBONE OLIVER

FEAR: THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF
JAMES EDWARDS

VICTIM AND VICTOR

FOUR SQUARE

The Story of a Fourfold Life

BY

JOHN RATHBONE OLIVER

NEW YORK

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

1930

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TO
THE CITY OF BALTIMORE
AND TO
ALL THOSE WITHIN HER GATES
WHO
HAVE BEEN MY HELPERS, MY COUNSELORS
AND MY FRIENDS

*And the city lieth foursquare, and the length is as
large as the bredth.* Revelation of St. John
xxi. 16.

Τῶν καλῶν καὶ ὁπώρα καλή. Erasmi *Adagia*,
Chiliad iii, no. lxxii.

*The day becomes more solemn and serene
When noon is passed; there is a harmony
In autumn, and a lustre in its sky,
Which through the summer is not heard or seen.*
SHELLEY, "Hymn to Intellectual Beauty."

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INTRODUCTION

CHAPTER I

MY GREAT-UNCLE HENRY

IN the very conservative city in which I was born and brought up most of the families that we knew were "intact" on both sides. The boy and girl friends of my childhood possessed, as a general rule, two sets of grandparents. But with us, it was very different. My maternal grandfather and grandmother I saw almost every day; they were familiar, integral parts of my life, the center about which our entire family life revolved. But on my father's side there was a perfectly empty gap; and we children filled it with many imaginations.

For my father, who had been born in Boston, a city that to us became a mysterious abode of all things marvelous, had been left an orphan when almost an infant. The story—my father never mentioned it but it filtered through to us from my mother—always fascinated us. Few children have such wide fields of family history in which to build their fairy palaces. First, there had been old Great-grandfather Shaw, Robert Gould Shaw, whose name is written large in the history of Boston during the first half of the past century. He must have been a stern, unbending old aristocrat—I have a daguerreotype of his lined, powerful face rising above his high, white neckcloth—and ambitious, especially for his children. But of his daughters, only one made exactly the type of marriage of which he approved. While of his sons, his youngest—his favorite—became a Jesuit priest and died in his thirties in Rome—very far from Boston and his

broken-hearted old father. His daughter Elizabeth had small sympathy with her father's ambitions; she was very lovely, but very "romantic." I still possess her copy of Byron. And some of her letters, in which she speaks of a "handsome unknown," whom she had noticed while walking on the Boston Common.

He *was* handsome, my grandfather, Daniel Oliver, with his heavy black hair brushed back from a high, white forehead, his clean-shaven, delicate face, and his great blue cloak thrown over one shoulder. His portrait hangs in my library, just opposite the daguerreotype of Great-grandfather Shaw. Even now the two faces, so different in outline and suggested personality, seem to glare at one another. In life, I imagine that they glared often enough. For Great-grandfather Shaw did not approve of young Daniel Oliver at all.

No wonder; for the Olivers had, since the Revolution, fallen on rather evil days. You will find their long family tree in Drake's *History of Boston*. And it begins in Bristol, in England, from whence one of them set sail, not on the *Mayflower* but on the second ship that brought settlers to the shores of Massachusetts. In the colony, the family prospered as loyal subjects of their king. When the upheaval of the Revolution came, one was lieutenant governor of the colony, his brother was chief justice. The elder tried, as the king's representative, to enforce the king's law, in the matter of the Stamp Act. He was burned in effigy. The mob sacked his house and destroyed his property; he and his brother were ruined and he returned, heartbroken, to England, to be buried there behind Marylebone Church in London where, by a strange chance, I came upon his grave a few years ago. The elder branch of the Olivers, some of whom lived at Salem, did not follow their cousins of the younger branch, who moved to Canada and never took the oath of allegiance to the American government; but, with a few exceptions, they had neither great social position nor large

resources. And so, when Elizabeth Shaw saw and—alas for maiden modesty—allowed herself to be addressed by the “handsome unknown,” who looked “so Byronic and poetic” as he paced the Boston Common, wrapped in his great blue cloak, this same “unknown,” cultivated and talented though he was, had just become a junior assistant in a firm of commission merchants.

Their love must have been a very real thing, for it swept away all obstacles. And the old, ambitious aristocrat was forced to accept the young man as his son-in-law. But, if their love brought them great happiness, it brought them no great length of days. Two boys were born to them. One died soon after birth; and then Elizabeth Oliver died too, leaving her stunned, helpless young husband with a child of three or four years old.

Here old Robert Gould Shaw stepped in, and made arrangements that were better suited to his tastes. He offered his son-in-law, who felt as if he had nothing much to live for anyway, a position as supercargo on one of his ships that was shortly to sail for China. All this happened in the days when the great merchants owned their own ships. But this offer was made under certain conditions. The little boy, his daughter Elizabeth’s only surviving child, was to be turned over absolutely to his grandfather. The Shaws would take care of his future. So, poor Daniel, the “handsome unknown,” having lost the wife that he adored and both his children, set sail for China.

Then comes the mystery, that always intrigued our childish minds. He set sail, but he never landed. Many, many months later, the captain of the ship wrote back to Mr. Shaw, his “owner,” that Mr. Oliver, the supercargo, had disappeared. The last that was seen of him was late one night when, after the vessel had been at sea for several weeks, one of the nightwatch had noticed him reading in his cabin. They found the book that he had been reading, a Bible, open

on his desk, but no letter—nothing. It was taken for granted that, broken in spirit and with nothing to live for, he had slipped overboard during the night. To us children, of course, this explanation always appeared quite inadequate. We always believed that he had somehow reached China where he would naturally amass untold wealth and from whence at any moment he might suddenly appear, bringing to us countless millions with which I should be able to buy the new printing-press that I longed for, and my sister a new dog.

My father was, according to agreement, brought up by his mother's people, living first with his grandfather—he still remembers how the old man used to come down to the breakfast room in the morning, in his dressing gown and shave there in front of the great mirror—and then with one aunt after another. At the tender age of six he was sent off to school. His history does not belong here. Someday I hope to write it in detail. But at seventeen, after having graduated from a famous military school, he took a commission as second lieutenant in a negro regiment, the Fifth Massachusetts Cavalry, under the command of his cousin, Colonel Henry Russell.

How, by chance, long after the war, he met my mother at Lenox, where her father had a large summer place, owned once by Henry Ward Beecher, and how he married her; how, after a while, he resigned from the Regular Army and settled down in the city in which my mother lived, going into business there with his father-in-law, my Grandfather Rathbone; all that is here of secondary importance except in so far as it explains what I set out to explain, namely the fact that I and my three sisters were, as children, different from most of our friends, because we had, in the flesh, only one set of grandparents.

If, however, we did not have them in the flesh, we had them most vividly in our imaginations. It was only later

in my life, when I was a boy of ten, that my father took me to Boston, introduced me to countless, vaguely disturbing elderly people, and then, every evening carefully catechized me as to the relationship of each one of them to my puzzled but intensely proud little self. After that, the mysterious group, known to us children through my mother as "your father's people," took on more material outlines. But there was one exception; one figure that always retained its pristine, gigantic and fascinating proportions—the figure of my Great-uncle Henry.

He was dead long before I ever saw Boston; and he had not lived in Boston anyway, but in Salem. Moreover, he had not been a Shaw, with that elusive peculiarity called "the Shaw reserve," which I have always been reproached for not possessing. He was an Oliver. And for years he dominated my boyish imagination. I owe him one gift, for which I am still grateful. For it was from his old letters to my father—letters tied together with a faded red ribbon and always kept in the so-called secret drawer of my father's desk—that I learned what little I knew, as a boy, about the Oliver side of my family. And, among that little, one fascinating fact stood out: one of my great-grandmothers had been "an Italian lady."

But I delighted in my Great-uncle Henry, not only because of this precious gift, but especially because of what my Great-uncle Henry had been and had done himself. The history of his life, as it sifted through to me from my father and from the old fellow's own letters, was absolutely at variance with what little I had already learned of life from the ordered, restricted careers of the men and women who were the relatives of my mother or my father's friends, in the conservative, tradition-loving city in which I was born. There, everyone seemed to have his own little sphere of activity from which he never emerged. Mr. Vanderpoel, for example, was a banker; he had always been one and

could never, by any stretch of our childish imaginings, be anything else. Dr. Pruyn was a physician. To imagine him as a lawyer, for instance, would have upset our ideas of decency and propriety. And so it went on from the top-most members of our social organism down to "John the Dutchman" who had always taken care of our furnace and run mother's errands.

Not so my Great-uncle Henry—at least as I imagined him. He had not been satisfied with being just one kind of a man; he had been many kinds. He had been unwilling to go on, all his life, doing just one thing; he had done many things and he had done them all well. He had not been satisfied with seeing life from only one angle. For when, apparently, he grew tired of looking at life in one way he would shift his point of view and look at it from another. A fairly successful business man—this I thought rather beneath him—then a scholar and a distinguished teacher. Later on—the period that I liked best—a soldier, adjutant-general and a great executive. And, at various periods during these other shifting activities, Mayor of Salem. He had been mayor when he died. Besides all this he was a lover of what he called "his own tribe," the Oliver tribe.

This is a very imperfect list of his achievements. No wonder he fascinated my boyish heart. Perhaps some few drops of his active blood, or of the blood that he inherited from some distant, common ancestor, some uneasy Oliver—uneasy in any Zion without the possibility of some future migration—may run in my veins. Perhaps, mingled with this inheritance, is some other vivid strain, from my great-grandmother, the "Italian lady." At any rate, I often feel that the varied contacts of my own life with the world around me have been, somehow, the result of the influence of my Great-uncle Henry.

God rest him! I hope that, wherever he is, he is enjoying himself as thoroughly as he seems to have enjoyed his

complex, useful, active life in his quiet, little Massachusetts town. If it had not been for him, I scarcely think that I could be what I am to-day. If it had not been for him I am sure that I should never have been able to write this book.

CHAPTER II

A FOURFOLD EXPERIENCE

A MAN'S motives, the reasons *why* he does things, why he becomes a business man rather than a lawyer, a physician rather than a banker, may and do intrigue the psychologist. But to the average person, they are uninteresting. *What* a man does, what he achieves, has greater interest, but, except as an incentive to action, it is of no permanent value to the world. A man's experience, however, is a different thing. The reactions and absorptions set up within him by his contact with various types of environment are like chemical processes that result in some kind of "sediment" which may be filtered off and examined. And this kind of "mental sediment" is usually the most valuable production of a human existence. A man's experience, the sum and result of his daily actions, is always interesting. For dull though the general appearance of his life's "sediment" may seem to be, yet a careful examination of it is often valuable, because no two sediments are ever exactly alike and because, deep in the apparently homogeneous mass, there may be bits of precious material and useful by-products. Often enough, as in a manufacturing process, the by-product becomes more important than the main product itself.

Yet none of us, as a rule, are overanxious to learn by the experience of others. Especially when we are young and sure of ourselves and of our ability to meet and conquer life in our own way. As a boy, I remember well one quotation of my mother's that always drove me into sulky rebellion. If, during the past school term, I had failed in some examination and if I had countered my mother's warning

as to a possible failure of the same sort in the present term by insisting that I could not possibly fail again, she would fall back on Daniel Webster and remark, under her breath, "Well, we have no lamp to guide us except the lamp of experience." Nevertheless, if anyone, after reaching middle age, finds himself lucky enough to be able to do his work passably well in the world and in the doing of it to be of some help to other people, this ability to be of service is the result of his experience. And if, as he passes beyond middle age to the downward slope of life, he should desire to hand on to others some of the things that have helped him and that have helped him to be of service to his fellows, then the only thing that he can offer is the sum of this same personal experience. And the wider that experience has been, the more chance it has of being of some little use, if only as a signpost that points out the road in which others should *not* walk.

Perhaps I have been more fortunate than most men, who have not had a Great-uncle Henry. At any rate, I am sure that it has not been because of any unusual powers or gifts of my own that I have been allowed to touch human life from so many different angles. Although I must confess that life has seemed so full of possibilities to me that I have been tempted, every now and then, to reach out into some new domain, in order to keep myself from becoming narrow and to make fresh contacts with new classes of people.

And so the only thing of apparent value that I, or any man has to offer, is experience, and I make bold to offer my own, because it has been gained in fields of thought and action that are seldom trodden by the same feet. In the Middle Ages—and I am temperamentally a medievalist—men did not hesitate to have more than one profession or outlet for their activities. In this present age of ours we have become so stereotyped, or rather the demands of life have forced us all into such well-defined molds, such highly

specialized activities, that a man, if he is to be successful, cannot possibly do or be more than one thing. If he does try to do more, he becomes either superficial or a mere drifter. And I am quite aware that my own experience is open to the reproach of superficiality. Anyone may ask, and ask with justice, how it is possible for a man to be a practicing psychiatrist, a criminologist, a scholar and teacher, and a priest, and yet achieve anything worth while in all these varying spheres of human interest. I admit willingly that to be a sane criminologist, a sound scholar, a dependable psychiatrist, and, above all, a good priest, all at the same time, would be utterly beyond the power of human achievement. But one may try to be, so I have found, a passable scholar, and a fair criminologist, as well as a psychiatrist of medium ability and a very imperfect priest, and—and this is the most important thing—be very happy in the attempt.

This book, then, is an effort to analyze the "sediment" of a life of rather manifold, and possibly superficial activities. It falls, naturally, into four divisions, just as my life is spent in four different environments: the court, the physician's office, the university, and the altar of God. In each of these four places I have different duties, in each I function in a different way. And yet in all of them I have found nothing but kindness and understanding and friendship, and long-suffering patience with myself. A man is fortunate indeed who, in all of these four divergent environments, finds the loyal friends that I still venture to call mine.

PART I
THE COURTS

CHAPTER I

OUR MEDICO-LEGAL SERVICE

DURING the past twelve years I have been the chief medical officer to the Supreme Bench of Baltimore City. The Supreme Bench, as we call it, consists of all the judges of the superior courts in the city of Baltimore. There are about eleven courts, not including the juvenile court, and in all of them our Medical Service has jurisdiction.

Like all really useful and permanent things, our Service was a gradual development.¹ It began, at the very bottom of things, in a small police court. At the time, in 1917, I was a member of the house staff of the Henry Phipps' Psychiatric Clinic of the Johns Hopkins Hospital. Professor Adolf Meyer, the head of the clinic, was and is a man of the widest sympathies, who was anxious that our mental dispensary should do all it could for the mental health of the city. Only a few squares from the hospital was our local police station; and it happened that the magistrate who sat in that particular police court lived just across the way from the Phipps' Clinic. He was a rather unusual man, and, on his way to or from the station house, he would often drop in at our dispensary, to ask about an occasional police case that he had referred to us for diagnosis. He and I came to be rather good friends. He asked me to visit him at his court, and it soon became customary for me to sit close beside him when he was on the bench hearing cases. I had had a

¹ "The Experience of a Psychiatrist in the Criminal Courts," *Journal of Criminal Law and Criminology*, No. 4, page 558 ff.; "Emotional States and Illegal Acts," *ibid.*, Vol. 9, No. 1, page 77 ff.; "Criminology and Common Sense," *ibid.*, Vol. 16, No. 4, page 555 ff.

good training in legal medicine when I was studying in Austria at the University of Innsbruck, and this knowledge now stood me in good stead. Very soon I was spending all my free afternoons at the station house, helping to separate those cases that were essentially delinquencies from those that showed some symptoms of mental illness. Then the other police magistrates in the city heard of what was being done, and I was invited to visit these other courts.

The next year I left the hospital and began private practice. Like all beginners, I had, during the first year or two, a good deal of free time, and to my police-court work I devoted most of it. But soon, thanks to one of the judges of our Supreme Bench who had been a classmate of mine at Harvard, I was brought into touch with the superior courts. And then I came to know, and to love, one of the most kindly, most lovable of men, later our chief judge, who at the time was sitting, as one of the associate judges, in our largest criminal court. If my interest in delinquency had brought me nothing else beyond his friendship, I should have been repaid ten thousand times over. And without his backing, our Court Medical Service could never have been organized at all. For, it was rough going in those days. However, every free moment—and I had many then—I spent in the criminal courts; and for two years I served the court without compensation, as a sort of *amicus curiae*.

My friend, the judge, was somewhat ahead of his time. He had heard of the mental clinic attached to the juvenile court in Boston, and to the criminal court in Chicago. He was anxious that Baltimore should have something of the same kind. One summer morning, at the end of my second year of service to the court, he sent for me, and, with an amused smile, announced to me that the Bench had appointed me a "bailiff." That was the only way, he said, by which I could be made a member of the court and receive some compensation. I remember well how proud I was when I

was sworn in as "a bailiff, acting as psychiatrist to the court," and had a beautiful, large, brass badge pinned to my waistcoat.

So, for several years, I drew a bailiff's modest salary; but I had no office, no secretary, no money for instruments—nothing—until, finally, an old disused room in the courthouse, that no one wanted because it had no central heating, was set aside as my office, and I spent a large part of my bailiff's salary in fitting it up. But during these years, my friend—he had become chief judge then—had been far from idle. With his help I had drawn up a legislative measure that would establish the Medical Service as a part of the court organization and assure to it a small but fairly adequate appropriation. This bill was presented to the state legislature, but failed to pass. There were disappointments many and frequent in those days, although I have forgotten them now. At last, however, the bill became law.

This history may be of value, perhaps, to other cities that are planning court medical services of the same type. During the last five years I have had innumerable letters asking "how we did it in Baltimore"; and that is what I am trying to tell now. Our bill simply provided that the judges might spend five thousand dollars a year for "medical services." Later, another bill established our Medical Service as an integral part of our legal machinery; but our appropriation is still five thousand dollars.

Before I could make any plans, however, there were all sorts of negotiations with the Municipal Board of City Estimates, which had to vote our tiny appropriation, and kept putting it off until I was nearly heartbroken. But here another friend stepped in. How many many good ones I have found, just when I needed them most! This friend had been state's attorney when I began my work in the courts: and, thanks to Providence and a split in the Democratic party, he, a Republican, had just been elected mayor. He managed

the Board of Estimates, somehow; and at last, after over three years of work under all sorts of difficulties and discouragements, our Medical Service became an accomplished fact.

But, in founding it, we laid down certain lines of development that have been of the utmost importance. Hitherto, in other cities, like Boston and Chicago, the court clinics, so called, had been devoting their entire time to the *mental* examination of the cases referred to them. They were mental clinics and nothing else. In Baltimore, we wanted our clinic to be a medical service and to cover the whole domain of legal medicine. We planned to examine footprints and blood stains; for, even though I had no money for microscopes, I was still a member of the Out-Patient Staff of the Phipps Clinic, and I had its marvelous laboratories at my disposal. We determined also not to restrict ourselves to mental tests and examinations. Every patient that came to us for a mental test must be physically examined also. Whatever his or her handicaps might be, mental or physical, it was our business to discover them and to make them known to the court.

In fact, our ideal was, in a sense, a social one. Our service was to give the destitute offender as well as the delinquent of moderate means the same opportunities before the court that had hitherto been the privileges of the rich. The accused who has money can pay a physician to examine him and to come into court to testify to his mental or physical condition. The poor man cannot afford this, and so his real condition often remains unknown to the court. We intended that in Baltimore, so far as in us lay, the poor offender should have the same chance as the rich to make his physical or mental handicaps known to his judges.

Moreover, we hoped that, in time, our Medical Service might gradually do away with some of the scandal of "expert" testimony; especially in cases in which there had

been a plea of "not guilty because of insanity." Our Service had no ax to grind; we received no fees from either the defense or the state's prosecuting officers. We might be trusted to give an impartial opinion in cases of this kind; and one of the greatest satisfactions in my work of the past ten years has been our gradual attainment of the confidence of the State's Attorney's office and of the Baltimore Bar. When there is any question as to the mental condition of an accused person, the case is usually referred to us, either by the defense or by the prosecution; and by our decision both sides abide. During the past five years we have scarcely ever had to watch the distressing spectacle of three "eminent psychiatrists" swearing that a man was of "sound and disposing mind," while three other psychiatrists, doubtless equally eminent, swore that he was mad as a March hare.

We had, in the founding of our Service, many other ideals; but I can best illustrate them in the next chapter, by attempting to describe an ordinary morning's work at my office in the courthouse, the office of the "Medical Service of the Supreme Bench of Baltimore City."

CHAPTER II

THE MEDICAL SERVICE AT WORK

OUR office is the same little unused, unheated room that no one wanted when it was assigned to me some eight years ago. Now it is furnished and heated, and full all the morning long. Even if we had no steam radiators, the atmosphere of the room would be kept at fever heat, by the intense emotional reactions of my distressed, excited, or self-pitying visitors.

The place is full also of filing cases; cases that contain the record of more human wretchedness than almost any other similar cases in the world. On the walls hang photographs of judges, side by side with interesting items from my criminological collections: the contemporary sketch of some famous highwayman of the seventeenth century, or a handbill or "flimsy" sold on the street at the time of some murderer's execution, giving his life history and his last "dying words" from the scaffold. In the center looms my big desk; behind it stands the medicine table and the first-aid kit: sphygmomanometers and stethoscopes are within easy reach; and over in one corner is an old couch that must by this time be drenched with the tears of the unhappy mothers, the despairing wives who have sat there assuring me between sobs that "my boy Jim" or "my husband James" were at bottom really good "boys," and that if they *had* committed larceny or murder or rape it was only because of the "fall they had had on their heads," ever since which they had been "queer" at times, and "would I please feel their bumps and

tell the judge about it," so that they could get out of jail and come home once more.

That poor old couch of mine, with its sagging springs! I could write a threnody upon it, a sort of wail for the woes of our common humanity; and, a Song of Triumph too, in praise of a mother's love or a wife's devotion. Its springs are broken, as if with the weight of sorrow and suffering emanating from the men and women who have rested there. For often enough, during some important trial in the court near by, some father whose son is being tried for his life, or some unhappy, distracted girl who has been testifying to the facts of some cruel rape and who knows what her testimony must mean to the white-faced man who assaulted her—for in Maryland we still have the death penalty for rape—will turn sick and faint in the close court-room air, and will be brought by one of the bailiffs to lie on my old couch, sobbing silently or staring dully at the ground in an agony of suspense. Under such circumstances, my patient secretary will leave his work to mix, for the afflicted one, a potion of ammonia in half a glass of warm water; and nine times out of ten, the shivering tense man or woman on the old couch will relax a little, and, in spite of my morning's rush of work, will try to "tell the doctor all about it." Whatever the press of our work may be, the doctor listens: for confession and expression are good for the soul, even better than four tablespoonfulls of aromatic spirits of ammonia.

My secretary, or assistant, is not a physician, not even a doctor of philosophy or a psychologist. Of course, if my yearly appropriation permitted, I could use to great advantage one or even two full-time psychologists and still have more than enough work left over to keep me very very busy. But our Medical Service lives and functions not by the scientific rules of twice two makes four, but according to the dictates of what is called common sense, according to which twice two may not make four at all, but three or even

ninety-nine. And therefore my assistant has always been a young lawyer, someone who can keep me straight in legal matters—for we are a medico-legal institute—and who, besides being a good stenographer, makes up all our records, knows all the members of our city bar, and who, inasmuch as he is a cheerful, patient young person and not a forbidding white-haired ancient like myself, does not terrify our trembling or sullen boys and girls from the juvenile court but puts them at their ease at once and makes a routine “mental test” appear like some new, rather interesting game.

As in so many other things, I have been fortunate in my secretaries. I have had only two during all the years of my court service. And I often shudder when I remember some of the egregious blunders that I might have made had it not been for the help of these two young men. For in a Service like ours, the man who is always in the office, who makes all the engagements, who smoothes down irate or suspicious lawyers and who keeps the manifold activities of the Service from getting into a hopeless tangle, is often much more important to the Service’s welfare than the chief himself. I sometimes call my secretary my “oil can” for it is he who smoothes the troubled waters and makes my way straight, or as straight as one can reasonably expect, before my face.

Like all other courts, I suppose, our courts open at ten o’clock. But the judges are in their chambers long before this. And I am at my own office by a little after nine. From the moment of my entering the long corridor that leads to my office up to the moment that I leave it for luncheon at half-past twelve, I am in constant action, not only mental action but physical action also; for in hurrying from one court to another I must walk several miles every day.

During the short period between my arrival and the opening of court, I have to see one or more of the judges in their chambers, to lay reports of cases before them, or to receive instructions as to new cases that the Bench wishes to refer

to us. Letters, moreover, and reports have to be written. But, when court opens these things are done and our office is ready for the day's work. By this time people have begun to line up in the long corridor outside.

The first visitors may be one of our "casuals," as I call them. Our courthouse is a very large building; thousands of people pass in and out of its rooms all day long, and these, together with the guards, the clerks, the bailiffs, who remain there until late afternoon, make up a large and very diverse "floating and permanent population." It is for these people that we maintain a first-aid outfit. And we have to restock it at least twice a year. A charwoman scrubbing the floors gets a nasty-looking splinter under a dirty finger nail; one of the workmen chops his hand open; one of the bailiffs has an acute attack of indigestion after a last night's supper of home-brewed beer and sauerkraut, and he rushes to us sure that he is about to drop dead of heart disease; a witness faints on the witness stand; some epileptic on the public benches has a "fit"; or some hysterical woman, brought up against some question as to her past life by some persistent cross-examining lawyer—a question that she does not intend to answer—becomes rigid and lapses suddenly into moaning unconsciousness. Cuts and bruises, foreign bodies in the eye, indigestions, faintings and hysterical seizures, we have to take care of them all. For there is not one among all the big population of the courthouse, permanent or transient, who does not turn to us with an almost childlike confidence if he feels "dizzy and queer in the head," or if she is sure that "her hands is swelling, and her legs drawing up like into her body." Then there are our regular "medicine eaters"; those who drop in every other day and ask for a couple of aspirin tablets and who will not be satisfied unless the word "aspirin" is printed on the bottle. For this class, I save all the physicians' samples of new medicines and preparations that I receive from confiding and enthusiastic

manufacturers. Most of my medicine eaters are always willing to try something new. And besides, this saves us money. It is only the aspirin lovers who demand that preparation and no other. And in the case of one of them I was able to circumvent his aspirin appetite by filling the aspirin bottle with soda-mint tablets. They were less expensive and seemed to give him perfect satisfaction.

Casual cases of this kind drop in all day long, in between larcenies, and non-supports, and false pretenses. Of a morning, however, the first cases are usually brought to us by the probation officers of the various courts. The greater part of these are desertion or non-support cases. Of a surety, in our office we see the seamy side of matrimony. John Jones, for instance, is three months behind in his payments to his wife from whom he separated two years ago. His excuse is that he has a "bad leg" or tuberculosis or bronchial trouble; or he is ruptured or has a bad heart and can't "do no heavy work, and as for light work, there ain't none to be had nowhere." In the old days, a man of this kind went to some local physician, was examined by him and brought into court a statement from the doctor that "certified him as unable to work." Now, our judges have become a little doubtful about these certificates, and all such cases are referred directly to us. They are not easy to deal with justly. For we are asked to determine exactly what the man's physical handicaps are; and, if such handicaps exist, just how far they decrease the patient's wage-earning capacity. Is he unable to do any work at all, that is, is his wage-earning capacity nil? Or is this capacity only partially impaired? And if so, to what extent? If he is a plumber and he can't do a plumber's work, then what other kind of work can he do?

Often enough, the man is worthless and lazy, trying to exaggerate into total incapacity some transient unimportant symptoms; but quite as often he is really ill, and, through fear of being arrested for non-support, has gone on working

while handicapped by serious illness or some incurable disease. It is some satisfaction to see that the malingerer gets what he deserves: a choice between jail and finding a job. It is a still greater satisfaction to be able to defend the really ill man from the shrill abuses of his wife, who insists that there is nothing the matter with him and that he could work well enough if he were not "such a lazy hound." The really sad and difficult cases are those in which the wife, with her little children, bitterly needs and deserves the husband's support, while he, because of some serious condition, is unable to give it. Among my few disagreeable duties is the duty of telling a struggling, almost despairing woman that the court cannot force her husband to support her, because he is an ill, perhaps a dying man.

The probation officers from the juvenile court generally come next. We are not able to examine every child that comes before the court, as we ought to do. We simply have not either the time or the men to do it. The best that we can do is to examine all children that are placed on probation, especially those that show any peculiarities of behavior or of physical make-up. With such children, as a routine matter, we make typical mental tests, on a scheme of our own that we have taken, for the greater part, from well-known formulas, but that have been adapted to our special needs by the late Dr. Francis Dunham, psychiatrist to the Child Labor Bureau of Baltimore. What I have learned about mental tests belongs in a later chapter. But often, in our routine examination of juvenile cases, I have discovered more about the child's difficulties from a careful physical examination than from merely intelligence testings.

The rest of our morning is taken up with the examination of criminal cases, that are out on bail, and that have been referred to us. The number of these cases varies according to the judges who happen to preside each year in our criminal courts. Some judges refer many cases, others send us com-

paratively few. Those referred cases that are not on bail we examine once or twice each week at the city jail.

I do not believe that delinquents are more carefully examined anywhere than they are in Baltimore. For when a man or a woman is brought to our city jail, he or she is first examined physically by the jail physician, a man of unusual ability and experience. Any prisoner that seems to present any unusual physical or mental symptoms is put on my list. Next, comes the social worker from our Prisoner's Aid Association. He sees each new prisoner, and attempts to get at his difficulties from the social side, from the side of the home training, the schooling, the criminal record. If he finds anything unusual, he refers it to us. Finally, our own Service takes a hand; and, once or twice a week, we go over all the prisoners that have been set aside for us either by the jail physician, or by the social worker. And then, to make things doubly sure, we take a general look ourselves at the newly arrested men. In this way, each man is examined at least twice, and some of them three times. Very few cases with any physical, social or mental handicaps escape our threefold net.

Of course, careful records are kept of all our cases, and reports are made on them to the judge of the court from which they were referred to us. But in our reports we make it a rule never to make any recommendation about the disposal of a case, unless the judge directly asks for it. We feel that our duty is simply to examine and to report our findings, nothing else. It is for the Bench to decide what is to be done.

But to return to my office. We are not able to classify our morning's work, to take the juvenile cases at one hour, the criminal cases at another, and so on. We have to take our cases as they come. And the necessity of changing one's adjustments to a constantly changing succession of personalities is the most fatiguing element in the work. Moreover,

all during the morning, there are interruptions. In the midst of an examination, I may be called into this court or that to listen to some case. Some juror, in one of the city courts, has been taken ill; the case on trial cannot go on without him; I am sent for to revive him, if possible. Or, as it sometimes happens, a juror may have been out very late the night before; and the judge is not quite sure that he is in a clear enough mental condition to follow some complex argument. I must, unostentatiously, engage him in conversation, and find out, if I can, whether he is only sleepy or drunk. At other times, a judge begins to have doubts as to the truthfulness of some important witness. I am sent for quietly and I listen to the testimony. If possible, I slip into conversation with the witness after he or she has left the stand. And later on I have to give my impression as to the reliability of that person's statements. As a matter of fact, I can only tell, with some reservations, whether or no the witness is distinctly prejudiced, whether there are any symptoms of some marked mental twist, such as ideas of persecution or of interference that would naturally color everything the witness said.

These are only a few of my varied activities. And all during the morning, in the midst of examinations and between them, there comes a stream of strange visitors. Men or women with delusions of personal grandeur who have gone to the State's Attorney in order to reclaim some mysterious gold mine or to denounce some imaginary enemy—they are quietly brought across the hall and dumped in my office. If they seem dangerous, I must get into touch with their relatives and try to arrange for their commitment to some institution. If they seem harmless, then I must listen to them, and smooth them down, and send them home satisfied. And then there come the relatives and representatives of people in jail: lawyers who are sure that if we look into such and such a case we shall find their client to be irre-

sponsible for his offenses; mothers and fathers who assure you that their son would never have held up the corner grocery store if he had not been gassed in the war. According to many of my visitors, the German gas has been responsible for more crimes than Prohibition.

So the morning's work goes on. Oftentimes it is interrupted for long periods because I am obliged to appear in court to testify in some important case. This, fortunately, is not often. In Maryland, the accused person may elect to be tried by the court rather than by a jury. And, so great is the confidence of our people in the Bench, that more than eighty percent of our criminal cases are heard without a jury. This saves an immense amount of time. Cases that would take several hours, if a jury had to be drawn, are heard by the Bench in twenty minutes. And this is of great help to my own Service. For, if the judge hears a case, I can present my report to him in writing. If it is a jury case, then I must appear as a witness, and give the substance of my findings.

This somewhat involved description may suggest some sort of a picture of our daily work at the courthouse. I have left out all sorts of interesting things that turn up occasionally at our office, but I hope that I have made partially clear the reason why we call our medico-legal institute, not a "Clinic," but a "Service."

CHAPTER III

MENTAL TESTS

WHEN I began my work in the courts as a "bailiff-psychiatrist" it was the hey-day of mental tests. No case report was complete without a carefully estimated "intelligence coefficient," which was supposed, automatically, to classify the patient with absolute exactness, as imbecile, idiot, or as one of three or four sub-types of moron; as a case needing at once institutional care, one in which such care was advisable, or as non-institutional. When I remember the precious time that we spent on the long, maddening procedure of the Binet-Simon questionings, the adding up of "scores" and the working out of a final "intelligence coefficient," I sometimes think that we might have used our energies to better advantage.

Of course, the general idea on which the Binet-Simon tests were founded seemed a useful one. By the routine questioning of large groups of normal children, one got a set of questions, of "tasks" which, on the basis of this experience, ought to be answered or done by, let us say, a child—an ordinary child—of ten years. Tasks and questions a little more difficult were found to be within the intellectual powers of children, let us say, of twelve. And so on, until one had a series of tests, composed of "reactions" that ought to be satisfactorily reacted to by normal children of various ages. If the patient under examination happened to be twelve years old, and if he or she could not answer the questions that could ordinarily be answered by an average twelve-year-old child, then the patient was not "normal." If he, being

twelve, could answer only the eight-year-old tests, then he was, manifestly, four years retarded, four being the difference between eight and twelve; or else one might say that he, having a physical age of twelve, had a mental age of only eight. In other words, the patient, although a boy of twelve, had the intelligence of only an eight-year-old child.

This was the general idea on which all tests were founded. There were innumerable classifications, and sub-classifications that enabled one, so we thought at the time, to take the patient's intellectual temperature by means of a Binet-Simon as accurately as one took his body temperature by means of a thermometer. There is a large literature on the subject and there are many types of tests. For in the early years of intelligence testing, every psychiatrist or psychologist of repute tried his or her hand at evolving a standardized test. A special type was produced for use in the United States Army, for the newly drafted men. No one can deny what these army tests achieved, for, thanks to the "nut doctor" and his fool questions, there were among our drafted men few morons, few men of deficient intelligence, any of whom might have endangered the lives of thousands had he been permitted to go overseas into active service.

Intelligence tests are still of value. They are useful signposts. But to-day, one does not swear by them as strongly as one used to swear. For what we call intelligence is only one domain in the complex integrated mechanism that is human personality. The domain of the emotions is often of far greater importance; and our tests scarcely touch this part of the mind at all.¹

In my own work at the courthouse, I soon discovered that intelligence testing involved too many variable elements to be scientifically accurate. If, for example, you were

¹ There is a valuable set of tests, called the Pressy Tests, which I have used with far greater success than any others. They reach the patient's emotional reactions. They need no "mental examiner," for the patient does the "examining" for himself.

taking a patient's temperature and if the mercury in your clinical thermometer were not a fixed quantity but varied every day, your results would vary also, and you would have to make all sorts of calculations on the side in order to take care of these same variations. The same thing is true of intelligence tests. Except that the possible variations are even greater. For here, one has two constantly changing elements; the person who is giving the test and the child who is taking it. If the child could come to your office perfectly at ease and feel at home there, and if you yourself could always put your questions in the same way, in the same tone of voice and with the same objective restraint, then you might get fairly constant results. But the child comes to you often frightened, tongue-tied, inhibited by a hundred varying emotions. It may have had a stomach ache the night before, may have one now. And ninety-nine times out of a hundred the child is not at its best, while you yourself, if you are an ordinary human being and not a mere machine, may vary still more. You may be in a hurry; you may have just had a disagreeable interview with some over-persistent lawyer so that you are still boiling within; you may have been protesting, mildly, against Prohibition last night; you may find the child before you unattractive, perhaps absolutely repulsive; in a word, you may be or feel a thousand things, all or each of which is bound to alter, in some way, the atmosphere of your examination, the manner in which you are trying to use your mental thermometer. Besides all this, if I, who may look old and cross and disagreeable, try to test an impressionable child, I may so inhibit it that it does not do itself justice at all, while some other man or woman, with an engaging youthful personality, may examine the same child and obtain quite different results.

I tested these things out again and again. One of my colleagues in town, who did a great deal of what we used to call "mental standardizing," was a very able and scholarly

man, but he was also very austere, and to the uninitiated, often positively terrifying. It sometimes happened that he had already standardized a child that was, later on, through the Juvenile Court, referred to me. My first secretary, whom I had been able to send to Boston and to other places where there were mental court clinics and who had had the advantage of studying mental testing with experts, was both young and kindly. Moreover, he had a positive gift for making the most sullen or frightened child feel at its ease. So, often enough, until I learned my lesson and gave up giving tests myself—we would get three different mental or intelligence coefficients on the same child. The scores that the child made with my secretary were always the highest; mine came in between. My colleague often scolded me for my inadequate technique because the mental findings of our office did not agree with his, but later experience with the same tested child almost always taught me that my secretary's results came nearer the truth than did mine or those of my dissatisfied friend.

A test, then, the results of which are dependent on so many varying factors—uncontrollable factors, too, so long as human nature remains what it is—cannot be objectively scientific or dependable.

And yet, intelligence tests will, I suppose, always keep their place in the psychiatrist's box of tricks. But in court work, except for the purpose of establishing absolute mental deficiency and for roughly diagnosing a delinquent as an idiot, an imbecile, or a low-class moron, they are often misleading—especially for the jury. The ordinary jurymen has heard something about mental deficiencies; something about mental tests, at least he has read jokes about them in the "funny papers." Naturally, he knows nothing about their history, or about their value and dependability. He is, therefore, inclined to do one of two things: either he pays no attention to them at all when he hears about their results

from a testifying psychiatrist, and perhaps this is the more sensible thing of the two; or else, as an intelligent up-to-date man, he accepts them absolutely, as if they were Wassermann reactions or some laboratory report of tuberculosis. If he hears that a man accused of larceny is a mental deficient with an intelligence coefficient of .72, then, if he belongs to the believing up-to-date class, he immediately supposes that the accused must be irresponsible and therefore not guilty. If you tell him, in simple language, that a shoplifter of forty has the intelligence level of a child of twelve, he remembers his own little daughter of that age, and promptly acquits the woman, quite forgetting that a child of twelve should know the difference between right and wrong and learn not to steal.

Mental deficiency has unfortunately become, in so many cases, only a new-fangled excuse for "why that boy who had a good home should hold up a drug store." Desperate fathers and mothers, when once they get hold of the expression, ride it to death. Nowadays, as an excuse for delinquency, it is second only to that famous "fall on the head"—which seems to have happened to almost every delinquent, if he or she has a mother or a father or even a distant cousin to describe the accident—after which the poor youth, or the unhappy girl, "was never the same again."

It seems strange that such fathers and mothers never discover the mental deficiency or the "queerness" of their offspring until the offspring gets into trouble with the law. Apparently it never occurs to them that, if their child has really suffered from some mental handicap, they ought to have done something about it, consulted some mental dispensary, asked for some mental examination, before the unbalanced or deficient child fulfilled its destiny by getting into jail. Something of the kind sometimes does occur to them, I suppose. Only . . . only . . . there still persists, among the great masses of our people, that shamefaced

reaction to mental illness which bids them conceal from everyone outside their family the imbecile boy, the epileptic girl, the paranoiac husband or wife, until something happens and we, at the courthouse, have on our hands another tragedy. A tragedy—and that is the hardest part of it—that might have been prevented.

CHAPTER IV

MENTAL ASPECTS OF CRIME

TO-DAY, after some twelve years' experience in the criminal courts, I can count on my fingers at least six murders that need not have happened at all; murders that did happen, however, because certain families were ashamed to let anyone know that a son or a daughter, a husband or a wife, was "not like the others," was "just a little wrong in the head."

This attitude toward mental disease is one of the most difficult, one of the most discouraging things with which the psychiatrist has to contend. As I have said, there are parents aplenty who, if a child is arrested, will not hesitate to plead that he or she "has never been right," although no one ever heard of such a thing before. Yet it is just such a family that often harbors some really deficient youth, some definitely dangerous wife, that lies and pretends, and pretends and lies, for years and years, in order to avoid the imaginary disgrace of admitting that one of their family is "crazy." Such people will fly off to the nearest dispensary if Charley, who is doing so well at the junior high, begins to cough and spit blood; but if this same Charley, instead of spitting blood, begins to mope, to sit for hours in moody suspicious silence or to tell his mother that the people next door are trying to steal away his thoughts by means of wireless electricity, that he can hear them talking to him from miles away, why then the entire family bands together in order to keep any outside person from seeing Charley until he gets better again. And they go on spreading wide the family skirts in order to screen him from prying eyes, until

some morning Charley gets out his revolver—he's had it ever since he came back from the War and why should anyone have hurt his feelings by taking it away—walks into the next house, and settles, once and for all, with the "enemies" who have been calling him bad names through the wall—calling, calling, calling, until he just can't stand it any longer.

Or else, there is Daisy, the second daughter, who was so slow in learning to walk and to talk. Not like the other children at all, but a good girl—at least at home. She never gives any trouble, but helps with the dishes and the dusting. Schooling? "Well, she never did come to get much of that. Somehow she didn't have a teacher that understood her, and so she never got beyond the second grade. By and by, she got so big that she was ashamed to go to school any more—she a great girl of fourteen in the same class with little tots of eight or nine. She tried a place in a store, but she got the stock all mixed up. And somehow, she's happier at home. She's good to the little children, and she don't like to play with older girls anyhow." And so it goes on until the mentally deficient girl of fifteen, physically a woman but mentally a child, falls a victim to the first man that crooks a finger at her. She was "always that obedient," her mother says. And when she can't get her dresses on any more—they're so tight—the man gives her "something to drink" that will make her thinner. It makes her very sick, there is a premature birth, a seven months' baby appears from somewhere, and the respectable family is confounded and ashamed. They tell her what they think of her, poor puzzled, suffering thing, and she can't understand. So, as soon as she is well enough, she slips away from home. No, she doesn't jump into the water or chew up a handful of corrosive sublimate tablets. She simply disappears. And the family, spreading its skirts wide once more, tells the neighbors that she has got a place in the country—such a good

place it is too. And meanwhile the only place that Daisy has is the streets, until her case is referred to our Medical Service by the Prisoners' Aid Society, and we find, in the city jail, a sodden, worn-out drab woman of twenty, who looks twice her age, arrested for the fifth time for disturbing the peace when drunk, degraded and diseased, and still with that puzzled childish look in her eyes as if she were trying to learn some hard lesson, and could not manage to understand it.

She'll never learn it. The few things that she might have learned, and that might have assured her some sort of a chance in life, should have been given to her when she was a little girl, and this teaching should have begun the moment that her family discovered that she was "not like the others." But the family would have been disgraced had Mrs. Snodgrass next door ever heard that her neighbor, with whom she gossiped over the back fence, had a "little girl that was nuts."

So the children often suffer because people are ashamed of mental deficiency or mental disease. How are we to teach our men and women that they ought not to be any more ashamed of a mentally ill child than they are of a child with a broken leg or pneumonia? And what we so often miscall the middle and lower classes are not the only members of our community who have this same dread and shame in connection with mental illness. Perhaps, it is fear that lies at the basis of the shame. Mental illness seems so mysterious—it upsets all our usual familiar relations with the sick person—and we are frightened. And what we fear, we are uncomfortable about, and try to hide.

But, in connection with delinquency at least, the first duty for those of us who call ourselves criminologists is the plain, if difficult, duty of prevention. We must see to it that our people are well enough instructed in the matter of mental deficiency and mental disease, first to recognize the symp-

toms, and secondly to seek help in the proper quarters, without any sense of shame. Some generations ago, our people were afraid of hospitals. They would conceal infectious diseases, because they believed that anyone who was sent to a hospital was used as an "experiment" for doctors and medical students. This fear, thank God, no longer exists. Surely, the day must come when our people will go as readily to the mental clinic as they go now to the tuberculosis station or the orthopedic dispensary. But there is much work to be done before so happy a consummation can be definitely achieved.

The amount of delinquency that can at present be prevented by adequate care for psychopathological individuals is a comparatively small one; and my own Medical Service has to deal, for the most part, with delinquency as an accomplished fact. During the past fifty years in the efforts, mostly unsuccessful, to establish an objective science of criminology, those who have sought for the basic reasons and motives of what we call crime have swung around a very large intellectual circle.

When I was doing my three semesters in *Gerichtliche Medizin* or legal medicine at the Austrian university at which I took my doctor's degree, the theories of Lombroso were just dying out. There had been something fascinating about them; one saw them go with a good deal of regret. It was so simple to think of the criminal merely as a throw-back to an early period of human development, as a sort of misplaced cave man, born, not before his time, but after it. In those days, books on criminology contained long series of photographs of criminal ears, and noses, and chins, placed alongside of the reconstructed noses and ears and chins of primitive man. All one had to do—and that was some job—was to memorize the outlines of the various distinctive features and then try to recognize them on the face of a penitentiary population. Of course, one frequently did rec-

ognize them in that particular environment. But the difficulties began when one commenced to recognize them on the faces of people outside the walls. It was, of course, easy enough to say that all these unarrested, unaccused men and women were potential criminals. But when one found a "murderer's jaw" on a blameless Sunday-school superintendent, or a "harlot's hands" on some eminently respectable mother of a repressed mid-Victorian family, then one began to grow just a little uncertain of one's ground. The respectable mother might be a harlot *in posse*, but actually she did not even know what the name meant. And in matters criminological we were not interested in the *in posses* but in the *in esses*. The Sunday-school superintendent might be a potential murderer; but so is every man, jaw or no jaw.

In Italy there are still a few eminent authorities who yet cling tenaciously to the Lombrosian positivistic doctrines. But in most other lands we have passed beyond them, and are busied with theories that may be nearer the truth, although they are not half so interesting and intriguing. I still miss the excitement of the Lombrosian days when every delinquent was a sort of cross-word puzzle. All you had to do was to find the various facial synonyms, write them in correctly, and, behold, you had discovered the exact type of criminality represented by your delinquent.

During the early years of my work at the courts, the "feeble-minded" theory became fashionable. The mental-test habit had crept into the minds of most criminologists; and, as a result, many a puzzled individual prisoner was called into the front office by the equally puzzled warden and told to answer the test questions "that this doctor here wants to ask you and answer them damn quick too or I'll know the reason why." Articles appeared in learned journals, asserting that the mental level of such and such a class of delinquents was far below the normal; that while sporadic shoplifters might have a slightly higher level than habitual

petty thieves, yet both showed a suspiciously low intelligence coefficient, and that, therefore, anyone who had any practical experience with the law-breaking classes could not fail to discover that mental deficiency was the true basis of all delinquency. Recognize, in time, the mentally deficient child, place it in segregated classes in school, or put it in some institution; and, within a few years, there would be no delinquents at all, or, at least, very few. Cut out the mentally deficient wrongdoers, and only the "really naughty" people would remain, the people who did wrong and who broke laws just because they liked it.

This was another pleasant theory. It also provided you with definite answers to puzzling questions, and gave you a clean-cut line of procedure. You graded your cases according to the results of your intelligence tests. The ones that made low scores and were classed as idiots and imbeciles were manifestly not responsible at all. They belonged, not in a prison, but in an institution for the feeble-minded. As for the morons, low grade, middle, and high grade, their irresponsibility was to be measured by their coefficient and their scores. A middle-grade moron was less responsible than a high-grade one. When one remembers what I have already said about the possible elements of error in every intelligence test, one can see why such a system did not always work. But, at least, it provided a lot of occupation for prison psychologists, and it helped the delinquent a great deal. Many and many an habitual criminal has "put it all over the nut doctor" by providing him, intentionally, with a very low mental classification, so that jury or judge might hold him under a suspended sentence or perhaps find him not guilty because of his mental deficiency.

I would not, for a moment, seek to minimize the importance of what we call mental deficiency in the cases of individual low-grade delinquents, who, because of this deficiency, are very easily led into trouble by others, who do not under-

stand why they are being punished, and who—and this is the most important point—seem utterly unable to learn by experience. A young thief, of normal mentality, may learn, from a short jail sentence, not to offend again. A mental deficient of the same age never learns.

Therefore, no one in his senses would wish to underestimate the importance of discovering a real mental deficiency when it exists. The trouble with the whole thing does not lie so much in the theory of mental deficiency, as in the deficient themselves. For inasmuch as each of them is a distinct individuality, with an heredity and a past experience of its own, so any general theory breaks down when applied to them as an entire class. I have known plenty of so-called deficient, low-grade morons according to their classification, who were perfectly able to maintain themselves as independent wage-earning social units, so long as the routine of their lives was a simple one and they were not confronted by any new or difficult situation. And that brings me back to one of the fundamental results of my own court experience, namely, that every case of delinquency is an individual case, and must be approached from an individual standpoint. No one theory, be it positivistic Lombrosianism or the mental deficiency idea, can be of constant and still useful application.

The mental deficiency theory went by the board a few years ago. It had one corollary that should be mentioned, because, in some form, it still persists. And that was the idea that the delinquent was not a conscious social rebel, but rather a socially sick man. Prisons, therefore, should not be places of punishment, but rather social hospitals. The prisoner, or the patient, ought not to be sent there for a definite term of months or years, but he should be interned on what has come to be called an indeterminate sentence, remaining in his social hospital until, in the opinion of the social physicians who ran it, he or she was cured and fit

to reënter the ordinary life of the community. The idea of an indeterminate sentence is sound enough; it is the practical working out of its details that is difficult. For where, as yet, are the trained social physicians who are to determine whether a man is to be discharged as cured, or still kept in the "hospital" as a more or less hopeless case? Intense training and long experience, together with a rare, innate understanding of human nature, would be necessary for such complex functions.

This hospital idea still crops up now and then. Like all other ideas, it has its elements of truth. But, so long as human society is what it is, you cannot and you ought not to separate from prison life the idea of punishment, the idea that is found in all the laws of Nature herself, who punishes those who break them. What men and women need to learn is the inevitability of the results of breaking laws, whether it be the laws of nature or those of society. That is why the punishments of our criminal code ought to be not only equal for rich or poor, but they should follow upon the wrongdoing with the inevitableness that makes twice two always equal four and nothing else. I have seen so many young lives wrecked because of a man's, or a woman's, belief that they can somehow escape the results of their own actions; that, by money or by influence or merely by good luck, they can put something over without having something else put over on themselves. It is a truism, but people forget it, that, if all thieves were always caught and sentenced, if thieving invariably meant jail, there would, after a while, be comparatively little larceny. And if, with us, murder meant hanging, as it does in England, there would be—with the exception of the killings in momentary passion—fewer successful or unsuccessful attempts to "croak a guy" or to "bump him off." And so, in spite of the criticisms of my colleagues who are often more warm-hearted than logical, I am not very enthusiastic about

the concept of prison as a hospital for those who are socially ill.

The idea of mental deficiency as the basis of all law breaking began to fade out when it occurred to some clever psychologist to make intelligence tests—Group Tests—of an entire prison population, and to compare the general mental level of this group with other groups outside the walls. Hitherto, investigators had been satisfied with the testing of individuals. This new procedure revealed the surprising fact that the average mental level of most prison groups was, in some cases, about the same as that of other groups of free men and women, in other cases it was actually higher. Think, for a moment, what this means.

In a penitentiary, let us say with a population of a thousand men, we have only the failures in the profession. The really successful criminal, or habitual law breaker, does not get caught. The public does not hear much about these shining lights. But if you happen to know, as I have known, a good many interned men who look upon their unlawful activities as I look upon my profession as a physician—as a career, a life work—you will hear from them often enough stories about the really eminent people in their walks of life, people who have never been arrested and who, unless they lose their nerve or get an unlucky break, never will be. So when you are determining the average mentality of a group of penitentiary inmates, you must not forget that you are testing, not the highest and best elements, but the failures, the weaker brethren, the morons, the ineffectual imitators of cleverer men. Of course, in every penitentiary, you will find an occasional "big fish"; but as often as not he is there under an alias, caught, by bad luck or the failure of an accomplice, in some petty job, and, in spite of his finger prints, not recognized as the big man that he really is, because he has never been arrested before and his finger prints are not on record anywhere. And, therefore, if the

general mental level of a penitentiary group is a little lower, if as low, as that of other social groups of law-abiding men, how high would that mental level be if the prison group really included all the members which really belong to it? One hesitates even to contemplate it.

This is at least one reason why, in the courts to-day, one hears less and less about mental deficiency as a cause of crime. We have swung all the way around the circle, from the physical signs of Lombroso, to the mental symptoms of the psychologists, and from these again to our present, simple conception of delinquents as ordinary men and women, not much different in general make-up from you and me, who, partly through faulty heredity but much more because of faulty habit formation in childhood, unsatisfactory environment, and imperfect adjustments, have become what they are. Each man, each woman, each child an individual—a complex unity of criss-crossing desires and motives—and each one, to the conscientious criminologist, a problem in itself. Here is no carefully balanced scientific theory that works out criminality with the (supposed) accuracy of an adding machine, no concept of some basic lack of development in the mental machinery alone; but merely a sort of common-sense acceptance of the facts of human nature and its development—a development that is so easily thrown out of its early course by apparently insignificant happenings, and that hardens so soon and so definitely into anti-social habits of thought and action. How all this happens, how the same home environment breeds four law-abiding children and one flaming, social rebel, we may guess, but we do not know. And why in one case the result of that same environment is a devoted mother, in the other a sodden prostitute, we cannot tell either. Into our hands is put the more or less finished entity of an individual life, a life that has somehow brought itself into armed conflict with social authority, be that authority right or wrong; and

we, at court and prison, must accept that life as it comes to us, try to take it to pieces, find out where the main flaws lie, and then do our best to set it going again so that it can keep step with its fellows and not falter from the moving line or slink away from it altogether.

Understand what we call the delinquent? Never. At least, never until we understand the cross currents of all human life. But we can *try* to understand, we can take the trouble to try and to try hard. And often the trying is discouraging and disappointing enough. Even when we fail—as I know that I have failed so often, failed to understand why, ten years ago, I met, in my office a decent-looking, somewhat sullen boy who had stolen an automobile, and why, to-day I meet him in the condemned cell, in the Death House, a failure on my part that makes me feel partially responsible for his present misery—even then we must still go on trying, and trusting that there is mercy and understanding for this boy and for thousands like him, somewhere, beyond the bounds of this very imperfect and puzzling world.

At the head of this chapter I put, intentionally, a very misleading title: Mental Aspects of Crime. There are no such things, no “mental” aspects, as apart from physical or social ones. For you cannot separate into one watertight compartment the thing we call the “mind,” and then put what we call the “body” into another. Things physical, things mental, are only varying aspects of the actions of an individual human being. The only real aspect of crime is the aspect of the criminal himself, of the fellow man or fellow woman who differs from ourselves so very, very little, but who is what and where he is because of opportunities that have been mercifully denied to us, and because of desires and motives that we can discover, every day, if we take the trouble to look, in our own law-abiding hearts.

CHAPTER V

MURDERERS THREE

My own interest in crime was, for many years, an historical hobby rather than a practical activity. It began far back in the early days of my boyhood—to be accurate, I was about ten years old. And my first introduction to the history of murder came about in a way that made me feel as if it were a most eminently respectable thing, because it was connected so intimately with my family, or rather with the mysterious fascinating side of it represented, in my boyish mind, by Boston and Salem, by Shaws and Olivers.

My father had taken me to Boston to be formally presented as an “eldest son” to the reigning chieftains and chieftainesses of our tribe. And of all these, by far the most imposing was an aunt of my father’s, a very wonderful, but awe-inspiring figure, who still spoke of England as “perfidious Albion.” She was, so it seemed to me, immensely aged; she seldom left the huge four-poster bed in her great sunny front room where she held her court like some great French duchess, and where the scattered members of my father’s people came occasionally, as on a pilgrimage to kiss her hand and to sit, for a moment, at her bedside. With my father’s hand on my shoulder, I had been presented, had made my reverence, and had been told to go downstairs to the library, to wait for him there.

In the library, a dim, warm, homelike room, I sat quiet for a few moments. But even at that early age I could never keep my hands off books, and very soon I was prowling about, reaching carefully into the dark shelves, so that

I could pull out a volume, not by the top of its bound back, but properly, as I had been taught to do, by placing my fingers on the edge farthest away from me and tipping the book forwards into my other hand. Against some of the books on the lower shelves photographs and framed sketches were leaning. I had to move them out of the way, for by some chance I saw the top of an interesting red binding peeping up above one of these frames. I gave the picture a casual glance, then I looked at it more carefully. It was some sort of a water-color sketch or a large colored daguerreotype of a young man dressed like a priest. But not exactly like the Anglican clergy, to whom I was accustomed, not even like our bishop, my godfather who had baptized me and who sent me a book, usually a very uninteresting one, every Christmas. For this young man wore a strange kind of a black hat, with little horns sticking up at the sides. I stood staring at the quiet rather austere face. Then, turning the picture over, I saw, written on the back in very faded ink, a Christian name with which I was slightly familiar, and then a family name—part of my own father's name, the name of my great-aunt, at whose bedside my father was still sitting—and after these two names were two letters, "S.J." And a date and a place, "Rome, 1856."

Perhaps my great-grandmother, "the Italian lady" stirred in my subconsciousness. Perhaps it was the dim library, the remembrance of the wonderful old "chieftainess" to whom I had just paid my allegiance upstairs. At any rate, I stood staring at that picture as if I had come across something strangely familiar, something that I instinctively recognized as a part of my own inheritance.

I heard a step in the hall, and put the picture quickly back into its place. But it was only old Patrick, my great-aunt's butler, as much a part of her old house as her own four-poster bed. He brought me a plate of very rich heavy plum-cake and a glass of milk. Evidently, I was not to

expect my father for some time yet. So when Patrick had disappeared, I munched my cake, and went back to the books, especially to that thick, squat red-bound volume, which had been partly hidden by that mysterious disquieting picture. I am afraid that I got some spots from greasy fingers on the binding, before I had the book open on my knee. There was no title on the back of it. Perhaps it was this fact that had intrigued me at first: the sight of this blind, staring back among the lines of other titles in their dim gold tooling.

I opened it and was overcome with disappointment. The type was very small, and there were no pictures; at least there was one illustration but a hopelessly uninteresting one, a full-page drawing of what looked like two sets of false teeth. I had seen something like them in the showcase of a cheap dentist in my own home town. But before putting back the book and looking for something more stimulating, I happened to turn to the title-page. And there, to my surprise, I came across another family name. Not a name of my immediate kin. But I had distant cousins called by that name. I had been introduced to one of them only a day or two before.

So I read, with some new interest: *A Complete Report of the Famous Trial of Prof. Webster for the Murder of Dr. George Parkman.*

I was an imaginative child, easily frightened, and, at that time in my life, murders, as such, did not appeal to me. But the name, the "Parkman," held me fascinated. It belonged somehow to me. I tried to read a line or two. But the "Opening Speech of the Attorney General for the State of Massachusetts" was beyond my understanding. I fluttered the pages, with a sort of horrible pride. So there had been a murder, once, "in my own family." And this was the first I had ever heard about it. Perhaps it was some "family secret" that I had chanced upon. Then, as

I rose to put the book back, a name—a very familiar name—jumped out at me from a half-turned page; printed in rather heavier type than the greater part of the book. The name of my own great-grandfather. Here perhaps was the essence of the carefully guarded family secret. I carried the book to the window once more.

Robert Gould Shaw, after having been duly sworn, testified as follows. "The deceased Dr. George Parkman was my brother-in-law. He was the most punctual man that I have ever known."

At last I had some key to the family secret. The man, who had been murdered and whose false teeth made so uninteresting a picture, had married into my family. Just how he had been killed and why, I had not gathered from my glances at the closely printed pages. But, as I thought of my "tribe," my boyish heart swelled with a new pride. For one of them, whose picture had been propped up against the books, had lived in Rome, had worn a most fascinating hat, and could write "S.J."—whatever that might mean—after his name, while the husband of another member had been murdered and had had a whole thick book written about him, together with a picture of his false teeth. Of course, I realized that these two matters belonged to the "arcana" of our family; they were not to be lightly spoken about. The murder book, without any title on the back, suggested secrecy at once.

When my father came down from my great-aunt's room, he found an unusually silent, rather frightened little boy, who stared at him with a new-born reverence. For was he not the direct descendant of that Robert Gould Shaw, the brother-in-law of the deceased Dr. Parkman who had always been such a punctual man? Was he not the bearer of family secrets? And would he ever, when I grew up, tell them to me?

Thus, in a sense, my criminological collection began when I was ten years old. To-day, it has grown into a mass of printed and written material—books and pamphlets and autographs—that cover three sides of my largest room. And one of my treasures is a complete set of all the publications about our family murder, together with an autograph letter of that “punctual” man, Dr. George Parkman, and a copy of the same book that I once, as a boy, held in my trembling little hands in my great-aunt’s library in Boston. There is, I believe, no important English or American trial, which is not represented in this collection of mine, for the sake of which I have squandered my earnings and have borne the burden of indebtedness to booksellers in almost all parts of the world. And inasmuch as human inventiveness is very limited, a knowledge of what this collection of mine contains makes even the cleverest crime story of to-day seem dull, and shows up the record of every new murder as an old tale already many times told.

But since I am a psychiatrist as well as an historian, I am and I have always been more interested in the murderer than in the murder itself. More interested in Professor Webster, who smote my relative by marriage, Dr. George Parkman, on the head and then carefully dismembered him, than in Dr. Parkman himself. For by all accounts, Dr. George must have been a very annoying kind of a man. Besides being “punctual,” he was hard and unforgiving, and he had red hair on his chest and legs. It was by this reddish hair that my great-grandfather recognized the few remnants that Professor Webster had left of him. And I have always disliked the hairy-chested. But Professor Webster, in his chemical laboratory just across the way from the anatomical lecture-room of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, listening for the steps of the janitor in the hall—the janitor who eventually betrayed him—while he dismembered, under the running water of his laboratory sink, the body, still

warm, of the man he had just killed; Professor Webster, who finally thrust down into the hot coals of his glowing stove the severed head, with its twisted mouth and staring eyes, and, alas, with its false teeth—the teeth that resisted even the most intense heat, the teeth that were found in the ashes, that were recognized by Dr. Keep, the dentist, and that hanged Webster at last; Professor Webster, thinking, planning, doing all these things; he, if you like, is really interesting. Infinitely more so than my great-aunt's husband, with red hair on his legs and chest.

I feel as if I had really known Professor Webster. Just as I seem to have known Eugene Aram, and Miss Blandy, and Doctor Crippen. And I have known, actually and personally, a rather large number of this same group. Some I have known very well indeed. One of them, who was sentenced to imprisonment for life and who works in our penitentiary shoe shop, made the very durable pair of boots that I am wearing at this moment—the best pair that I have ever possessed. Some of these murderous acquaintances of mine have killed because of a momentary blinding passion, others with premeditation; some because they were like cornered frightened animals who bite the first hand held out to them, and still others became murderers by a sort of fatal concatenation of circumstances that puts them in a class by themselves. There are, also, the real killers, the men to whom a human life means nothing, and who remove any undesirable person with less emotional reaction than if they were killing an annoying fly. These last are, fortunately for society, not many. In all the years of my court work I have met only one or two. But I have not *known* a single one, for in order to know that type of man you must belong to his kind. Unless you do, there seems to be no possible communicating bridge of understanding by which you may cross to him, or he come to you. And if you happen to be cursed with a desire to serve or to help

a man or woman of this type, and if you try to put that desire into action, you will meet with the bitterest disappointment.

1. *A Hard-boiled Killer*

As I look back over my long line of murderous acquaintances, I remember one or two men who were, God knows, murderous enough, but with whom I was never able to establish the slightest friendly relationship, the slightest point of contact. I never became even acquainted with them. I came away from each visit with a sense of absolute helplessness. I do not envy anyone that experience. One of these men was a quiet, pleasant-looking, but rather surly young fellow. I had been asked to examine him first, just after his first arrest in our city. He had had a long delinquent record, of course, in other towns before he got into trouble in ours. There was nothing apparently wrong with his body; he was well set-up, well muscled; and, so far as our examination went, mentally sound. Perhaps, some day when our methods of examination are more adequate, we may discover that in such cases there is something wrong with the subconscious machinery; some definitely malformed thought habits; something out of kilter with the mysterious potentialities of the ductless glands. But as things stand, or stood at the time of our first examination, we could find nothing wrong, except an indefinable mental atmosphere, a sort of mental hardness, a stand-off-from-me-and-mind-your-own-business attitude, a polite but sullen hard-boiledness, partially an acquired pose, perhaps, but also partially deeply ingrained in the whole personality.

This young man served a short sentence with us and disappeared. Through some of my friends I heard that he had become a prominent member of some highly organized hold-up group in one of our larger cities. What led him to begin operations in our town again I never knew. Per-

haps he had made his former habitation too hot to hold him. But Baltimore is, so my friends tell me, a "dead town" for crooks. Confidence men avoid us. And the "big guns," even though they may reside with us for a while, take care not to "pull any of their strong stuff" here. For we have a way of catching even the most hard-boiled; and men who murder, we usually hang. But my former patient must have thought that he was cleverer than the rest. As a result, the first thing he knew, he was serving a long sentence—ten years—in our penitentiary. At the beginning of this sentence I saw him again. He insisted that he had never met me before; which shows just how much impression my former efforts had made upon him. The rest of his story is short. He made an attempt to escape—his kind do not intend to remain behind bars for very long—and in his effort to escape he killed a guard.

He was convicted of murder in the first degree and sentenced to be hanged. His old father came half the way across the continent to see his son in the death house, and to see me also. He had had some seven children, all of them had been respectable, quiet, law-abiding. Some of them had done very well for themselves: one was a dentist, another a lawyer. Only one child, my "patient," had always been different from the rest. From childhood on, he had passed from one type of rebelliousness to another; first a rebel against home discipline, then a rebel in school, finally a rebel against society. At twelve, he had been sent to a reform school. After two years of reforming, he had come home apparently much improved in behavior. But, within a year or two, he had run away, and his father had seldom heard from him since. The father was puzzled, confused. What had he done or left undone for this child of his? Was it all his fault? He was a very religious man, a Baptist. And he asked me to go and visit his boy in the death house, to see whether I could not somehow touch his

heart. For, the old father said, "I can't. He won't talk much to me."

So after the father had left town and had bade his son good-by, I, after weeks of hesitation, fulfilled my promise.

It was just after Christmas. In the front hall of the prison, Christmas boxes were still coming in for the men, and there were still signs of Christmas everywhere. When I spoke to the Warden he said: "What's the use of your wasting your time on that fellow? He's as hard as nails. The Prisoner's Aid Society wanted to send him a Christmas box, because he had no friends around here. But he refused it; said he didn't want anything to do with Christmas."

Our death house is in the very center of our prison, which is like one of those Japanese nests of boxes, one box inside of another until you come to the very smallest one. So our death cells are cells within cells, prison within prison, locked door after locked door, until you come to the last steel box of all, with its four steel cages. On my way there—it was a long way—I did what I could to prepare myself. I hoped that, somehow, God would put into my mouth some word that would touch and help this former "patient" of mine, for whom I still felt some sort of responsibility. If only when I first examined him, I had tried harder to help him, to get at him, to make him see clearly the road on which his feet were set, the road that had led him straight to the little steel cell in our death house!

I drew a chair close to the bars. He sat, on the other side of them, as far away from me as he could get. I asked him what he thought was going to happen to him after the drop fell. Was that going to be the end of him? Or was there something beyond? He gave me no answer, except: "I don't care to discuss that." Perfectly polite, but unapproachable, just a little sullen, and hard, hard as a rock. And yet I knew that underneath that hard outside shell there *must* be a mind—a soul that was confused, afraid

perhaps, and that needed help; needed it as few men ever do need help in this world. At last I offered him a cigarette, and he came closer to me in order to accept it, still punctiliously polite. I felt perfectly helpless. Perhaps I lost my temper a little.

"Well," said I, "I'm sorry for you."

"You don't need to be," he answered.

"Oh, don't misunderstand me," I hurried on. "I'm not sorry for you because you've got to die, and die very soon. I'm a physician. I've seen lots of people die, in great agony, after long, long months of constant pain. But hanging, so far as I know, is a quick death, an easy death, a clean death. So I'm not sorry for you because you're going to die that way. Not at all. I'm sorry for you because you've got the wrong attitude toward the whole thing, because you've built up round you a sort of impassable wall. You've thought it manly to be hard-boiled; and now when you need help, when you know at the bottom of your heart that you need it, you've made yourself so hard that nobody can get at you, and you can't let anyone through to you."

For just a minute I saw something flash out at me from the back of his eyes. Then it disappeared. "Oh, is that so?" he said, with a sneer. The only impolite expression that had escaped him. And his lips were not quite steady. Then, in a moment, he was his former self-contained self again. "Well, we won't discuss that," he muttered and went back to the farther wall of his cell.

I got up, utterly discouraged, and the guard, who had been watching from a distance, came up to me. "There isn't much use trying to do anything for that boy," he whispered to me. He was a powerful man, with kindly gray eyes. "You see, he's just like some animal that's been cornered, that knows it's going to get killed, and that wants to kill or hurt as many people as it can before it gets what's coming to it. No," he added, with a sigh, "it's no use."

But I remembered that momentary look in the young man's eyes, and, turning away from the guard, I went back to the cell. "Look here," I said, through the bars. "I want you to know one thing. I've made a mess of this visit to you. But, before you leave this cell for the last time, if you should feel that I can ever do or say anything that could help or comfort you, tell the warden that you'd like to see me. And no matter where I am, I'll come."

He looked at me for a moment over his shoulder, and then turned away. But he never sent for me.

Cases like this are few, thank God! But when they do turn up, one never forgets them. And one never gets rid of the haunting sense of responsibility; the feeling that, somehow, one has not done one's best, that one has failed—and at what a cost!

Our Court work is not always easy. Outsiders often wonder why there are such long periods between terms, and why Judges and Court officers need holidays. I don't wonder. I know.

2. *A Murderer by Accident*

At our penitentiary I have an unusually good friend who is a "lifer." In ours, as in most other prisons, the murderers are the pleasantest class to deal with. Indeed, murderers are, in a sense, not criminals at all. For by a criminal we usually mean a man or a woman whose life is, more or less, devoted to evading the law. But a murderer is usually some unfortunate being who has committed one crime and only one: a crime often committed in the heat of passion or under some intense emotional strain, and for which the man pays with all of life that remains to him. This particular friend of mine is one of the kindest-hearted, most generous men I have ever known. And his case seems to me of unusual interest because, in paying the penalty for his crime, he has made himself an infinitely more useful

member of society than he ever was before, even though society has shut him up for the term of his natural life.

When I first knew him, Frank was a bit of floating human wreckage. He had come to America when he was about eighteen in order to escape conscription at home. He spoke English very imperfectly. He could neither read nor write. He was a day laborer of the lowest type, drifting from city to city, taking a job for a week or two, then "jumping a freight" and loafing about the country in the summer. He was first arrested for some bit of thievery, entering and robbing a house shut up for the summer; and he served a one- or two-year sentence in our penitentiary. At that time, our penitentiary was, perhaps, not as well staffed or as humanely administered as it is to-day. At any rate, Frank suffered, or thought that he suffered, all sorts of hardships and privations there. So that, when he was released, he swore to himself that, whatever happened, he would never serve a term in "that hell" again. He got work to do, saved a little money, and, in a moment of childish ambition, bought himself two things that he had always longed to possess—a revolver and a cornet. He did not know very much about revolvers, and what he taught himself about the cornet was exceedingly painful to others.

One day, while he was away at work, a man who lived in the same lodging house with Frank discovered that he had been robbed. I forget what he had lost. But he complained to his landlady, who passed the complaint on to the police. Naturally, when the police went over the list of the lodgers, they found there Frank's name, the name of a man who had a "record" at headquarters, a record for petty thievery. I dare say that the other people in the house were only too glad to get rid of the silent young man who walked up and down his room in his stocking feet making weird and disturbing noises on his cornet. However this may be, that evening, as Frank came home from work, thinking of

his cornet lying ready on his bed, and boyishly fingering the little revolver that he always carried in the inside pocket of his coat, a policeman stepped up to him and told him that the captain at the station house wanted to see him.

Then and there Frank's heart sank into his boots. He may or he may not have been guilty of the lodging-house theft. He never told me, and his smaller offense was soon forgotten in his much greater one. As he was marched along to the station house, his past memories of his unhappy years in the penitentiary overflowed his consciousness. He was like a surgical patient who, after undergoing one operation under ether, has to undergo a second one, and who reacts much more violently to the second anesthesia than to the first one. The policeman, who was only taking Frank on suspicion, did not imagine, for a moment, that the mind of the man beside him was seething with terror and rebellion. Neither did he know that Frank had a revolver in his pocket.

At the station house, as he and Frank stood waiting for their turn at the sergeant's desk, he ran his hands casually over Frank's hip pockets as a pure matter of form. He never thought to feel in the breast pocket of his prisoner's stained old coat. And then, as he brought Frank up to the desk, he took his hands off his arm and let him stand there by himself. Frank looked over his shoulder at the front door. Between him and it there were only a few lounging policemen. If he could divert the attention of those that stood near him, he might make a break for it. He simply couldn't go back to the penitentiary; he could not.

Then, unexpectedly, things began to happen. Frank had slipped his hand into his coat pocket as if to look for a handkerchief. And suddenly he had a gun in that same hand, and was waving the gun about. He shot once. The bullet went high, and was found next day in the ceiling. The policemen jumped for him. He dodged, and fired

again, this time from another angle. Old Sergeant Rafferty, the turnkey, who was within six months of his pension, was standing just outside the door leading to the cells. And Frank's second bullet went through his heart.

Three days after this shooting I was visiting the city jail. And, according to my usual custom, I looked over the new cases. Shut up in a cell by himself, I found the most battered, the most dehumanized person that I have ever seen. He was walking around his cell in his stocking feet. His clothing had been torn into shreds. And his face was one mass of cuts and bruises. No single feature had any distinct outline left. But above this mass of facial wreckage two clear blue eyes shone out with a kind of humorous twinkle that could not be entirely subdued even by the brutal beating-up that Frank had suffered at the hands of a room full of enraged police. When old Rafferty, the turnkey, fell dead every other policeman in the place fell upon Frank. One can scarcely blame them. They had pounded him almost into a pulp, but they had not been able to pound out the twinkle in his blue eyes.

I was rather puzzled. So this, *this* was the "murderous desperado," of whom I had already been told, who, in an effort to escape, had shot down a policeman in cold blood.

Policemen have common interests. They stick together, just as lawyers and doctors do. If you shoot a lawyer, all the lawyers will be after you and will see to it that you are hanged as soon as possible. So, as I have said, I did not blame the police for what they had done in Frank's case. Neither did Frank blame the police for what they had done to him. I never heard from him a single word of complaint or recrimination. When I first saw him in his cell at the jail his lips were too swollen and cut to make much talking possible. But the blue eyes had interested me—eyes and hands often tell so much more than lips and tongues—and I

asked the "murderous desperado" if there was anything that I could do for him.

It was some time before I could understand what he wanted. In the house where he had lodged was a bed. And on the bed lay—or had lain—a cornet. Could I get him that?

"A cornet?" I protested. "But you couldn't play that in here, you know. Besides, look at your lips. You couldn't . . ."

He cut me short with a low, happy chuckle. "Not play," he mumbled with his swollen lips. "But . . . into it . . . I could . . . I could . . . whisper."

The police had seized the cornet, together with Frank's other possessions. But I managed to get it. After that, whenever I stopped before Frank's cell on my bi-weekly visits to the jail, I would find him quietly and happily pacing the bare floor in his stocking feet, with his scarred lips pressed against the mouthpiece of a battered cornet. He blew no notes, he made not the slightest sound; but his eyes twinkled as he whispered into it.

Frank had no money for a lawyer. But the court assigned to him as counsel a very able member of our bar, who has since become one of our ablest judges. Frank's only contribution to his own defense was the request for a court trial. He didn't want a jury; he had been convicted once before by twelve good men and true, and he did not trust their judgment. For the sake of the police, of whom we in Baltimore think highly, the fact was not brought out at the trial that the murder had been made possible by the neglect to search the prisoner before he was brought before the desk sergeant. Frank had not told his lawyer anything. As for myself, it was long after the trial that I heard his whole story. The only fact that was brought out was that Frank was a man with a record of a past conviction. In court, therefore, he appeared merely as an habitual delin-

quent who had resisted arrest and who had, while resisting, shot and killed a revered member of the police force—a man, within a few months of his pension, who had a wife and six children. Frank was fortunate, I think, to get off with a life sentence. Just after sentence had been imposed I found him in the lockup, below the courts, walking up and down in his stocking feet—he had slipped his shoes under a bench—and making motions with his hands in front of his face, as if he were fingering the keys of his beloved cornet.

“It’s all right, Doctor,” he said to me through the bars. “They ain’t goin’ hang me. I ban always lucky. But I ain’t goin’ push my luck too far. I don’t tak no more chance.”

Lucky! And now that he has served some twelve years in prison, he still believes that he is lucky. And sometimes I believe it too.

For the Frank that I meet nowadays, when I go to the penitentiary and drop in at our big, busy shoe shop, is a very, very different bit of humanity from the mass of human wreckage that I first saw in a cell of the city jail. Prison—strange as it may seem—has really made a man of him. And all because he was determined, from the very start of his life sentence, to make the best of every opportunity that intra-mural life offered him. It is, of course, true that the prison in which he is now serving his life sentence has not the same atmosphere as it once had in the days when Frank first did his “short stretch” there. For when Frank entered its walls for a second and a last time a new warden had entered those walls also. And Frank, who, in spite of his twinkling eyes, had expected to find himself again in hell, soon discovered that he was in quite a different place. And of this fact he made the very most. He stands out in my memory as an example of what valuable service a modern prison can give a man who is in earnest.

In the intra-mural school, Frank learned to speak, to read and to write good English. He also took a course in mechanics, read books about radios, and finally, with his own hands, built himself a radio set that is installed in his cell to-day. Besides, he has learned—really learned—to play that old cornet. He, who entered the prison as a tradeless man, is now an expert shoemaker, foreman of the big shoe shop, and so expert at his work that he can do his day's task well and still have hours over for extra work, for which he is paid. He has now quite a comfortable balance in the prison bank.

But I shall always remember him because of still another unusual trait. In my rather long experience he is almost the only prisoner I have ever known who developed, in prison and with no hope of getting out, a sense of responsibility for his past actions. After he had served about five years and had accumulated, by his extra work, a few hundred dollars to his credit, he sent for me and told me that he had been thinking about the wife and the children of the policeman whom he had unintentionally killed, old Sergeant Rafferty. He, Frank, wanted to make some amends, to do something for them to show that he was sorry. And he proposed to give Mrs. Rafferty one-third of his accumulated earnings and one-third of every other dollar he made while he remained in the penitentiary.

This was not a mere theatrical gesture. He meant it. And I, through our police commissioner, made Frank's offer to Rafferty's widow. She refused it, rather ungraciously, I thought; and Frank, when he heard of her refusal, was genuinely disappointed.

You see, Frank has absolutely no relatives in this country, not a single person outside the prison population who knows of his existence and shows this knowledge by an occasional visit or even by a postcard. The other prisoners receive letters. Frank never gets any. The others have visitors

and talk about the visit for days before and weeks afterwards. No one ever comes to see Frank except myself, and, Heaven knows, I do not go very often. If Mrs. Rafferty had accepted at least some part of his offer, even if she did not use the money for herself, it would have given Frank some contact with someone on the outside. However, Frank goes on with his work just the same. So that now, after some twelve years, the man who was once of almost no value at all to society has won for himself experience and knowledge that would assure him a useful, productive position in our workaday world and that would give him a right to the respect of his fellows, a right to a wife and children and to a home of his own.

And yet, in all probability, unless some day I can persuade the Powers That Be to reduce his life sentence to a sentence of fifteen or twenty years, the only home that he will ever have is that little oblong steel box, his cell, in the penitentiary.

3. *A Physician Murderer*

One other murderer, so-called, holds a peculiar place among my murderous friends. To-day I trust that he is living at peace somewhere in his native country, and that all the cruel things that happened to him in America have become as hazy and as unreal as some nightmare from which one awakes in agony only to find oneself safe in familiar surroundings. It would be unfair, unwise, to set down here his real name, or the names of those who were closely connected with the tragedy in which he became involved. But the case was such an unusual one that it ought not be entirely forgotten. And, as it was intimately connected with a plea of "not guilty because of insanity," it will form a good connecting link between the end of this chapter and the beginning of the next.

This murderer was not only a friend, he was a colleague

of mine, a colleague in a very special sense. He was a specialist in mental diseases, and had attained distinction in this field in his own country. He came to America on a well-earned holiday, determined to improve his time with us in doing a little research and in familiarizing himself with our methods of dealing with mental instability and disease. He came all alone, leaving his family behind; he spoke English imperfectly; and he had had no experience with or training in American habits of speech and action. It was as if one of our own distinguished American psychiatrists should go, all by himself, to China in order to observe the methods of Chinese mental hospitals, without an adequate knowledge of the Chinese language or any close familiarity with Chinese customs.

I met Doctor X while he was visiting a mental clinic with which I had once been connected: a slight, thin, inarticulate little man, very reserved but with an intensely active mind that was constantly struggling against the difficulties of speech and custom that stood between him and his desire to know and to see and to learn everything. After a few weeks he went on to visit another clinic. And then, a month later, as I opened my paper one morning I read that Dr. X, "a distinguished foreign psychiatrist," had shot and instantly killed an American physician, one of my own colleagues, a young man for whom I had the greatest esteem; the most kindly, most harmless person in the world.

I have already said that if you kill a doctor, all the doctors are instantly on your neck. But what if the man who does the killing is a physician himself? That complicates the situation most damnably, and in this particular case the complications were more than damnable. The daily press, very naturally, hastened to find a motive for the murder. They found one, or they thought they did. Dr. X was supposed to be interested in a nurse at the clinic which he was visiting, and, being jealous of his younger American col-

league, had shot him down like a dog. So the papers said. But this did not fit in at all with what I knew about Dr. X, nor of what I knew of my young colleague whom X had killed.

During the days preceding the trial I could not help admiring the self-sacrificing way in which Dr. X's fellow countrymen behaved. There were not many of them; and such as there were, in our city, were not men of substance. Many a young university student must have gone hungry for days to contribute to the fund that paid the expenses of Dr. X's defense.

I was asked by his lawyer to examine him. And, as I pieced his story together, I was struck by the curious fatal concatenation of circumstances that had made his tragedy possible. I realized then, as I have realized a hundred times since, that, except in carefully premeditated killings, there are four things or elements which must all coöperate or coalesce in order to make a murder possible. Four things your emotional murderer must have: first, the emotional urge, the anger—the "seeing red"; second, the opportunity; thirdly, he must have the presence of the object of his rage; and fourthly, he must have a weapon to do the murder with. If any one of these four elements is missing there is no murder. I am sure that almost every man can look back on certain situations in his own past life in which he might have killed, in which he surely would have killed, if, by some kindly providence, some one of these four necessary things had not been absent. I may have the rage, the desire to kill, I may have the weapon and the presence of my enemy, but the opportunity is gone. When it comes again I may have the weapon and my enemy's presence but the blinding blood rage has evaporated. And so it goes. In my own life I can recall, clearly enough, moments when I might, when I probably should have taken the life of another, had not my Guardian Angel or blind chance or whatever

it be that rules this universe of ours, deprived me of the possession of one of the four things, which must all be present in order to bring about, at our hands, the death of a fellow man.

In the case of Dr. X it seemed as if some malign influence had interfered with the normal chain of action and result in order that Dr. X might stand, one early spring morning, with a discharged revolver in his hands, staring down at the crumpled form of one of his own American colleagues.

When I first saw him, while he was awaiting trial, he was still mentally confused. And, by questioning some of his countrymen who had known him, I discovered that he had begun to act strangely more than a month before the murder. He had shown marked symptoms of some mental disturbance, ideas of personal grandeur and especially ideas of persecution. And the tragedy lay in the fact that had he been an American physician, in close touch with other physicians, these other men would have recognized at once that there was something here seriously wrong. But he was a foreigner; if he acted rather peculiarly, we thought that these reactions were merely racial peculiarities, and so, unfortunately, we paid little attention to them. It was because Dr. X was a stranger in a strange land, cut off from the rest of us by a different speech and different mental values, that no one had sense enough to realize that he was developing a definite case of what is commonly called paranoia. His paranoid mental reactions were like streams of hidden lava flowing beneath the surface of some quiet country, only to break through suddenly in some unexpected spot and scatter destruction everywhere.

If we had only known! And, but for a sort of malign chance, we should have known, and should have been able to save a valuable life, to prevent an almost endless amount of suffering. For the afternoon before the shooting Dr. X, whose clouded suspicious mind had at last fastened upon

young Dr. A as the source of all his troubles, went boldly to one of our police stations and demanded, in his halting English, of the desk sergeant that a warrant should be issued for Dr. A at once. "Dr. A," so Dr. X explained, "had been persecuting him in various ways. He had slandered him to others, especially to one of the nurses. The situation involved his, Dr. X's, personal honor. But he was willing to try the law first. Although he did not know much about American law, and what little he did know had not impressed him favorably."

The desk sergeant was frequently troubled with similar complaints from "nutty guys." This particular guy, evidently a foreigner, seemed more nutty than others of his kind. So the sergeant asked him his name. Dr. X gave it; he gave also as his address the mental clinic which he was visiting. He even showed him his visiting card. The sergeant, with the technique usual under such circumstances, assured Dr. X that he would do what he could for him, and asked him to drop in again next morning. Then, after Dr. X had gone, he picked up the telephone, intending to get into touch with the head of the mental clinic, the address of which Dr. X had given, and to warn him that there was a "crazy foreign doctor running round loose who seemed to have it in for another doctor and who would bear watching." But, of course, the line was busy. While waiting until it was free, a policeman brought in a "drunk and disorderly," and the desk sergeant forgot all about his mysterious visitor.

If only the line had not been busy, and if the desk sergeant. . . . But the things that ought to have happened did not happen. Had the clinic been warned of Dr. X's mental condition, measures would have been taken at once to protect him and to protect others, one other especially. But the clinic was not warned. Dr. X went back to his solitary room in a boarding house, spent the night walking

the floor, and next morning, forgetting his breakfast, went, as usual, to the clinic, with his twitching thin fingers closed about something that he carried in his overcoat pocket; something that he had bought several weeks before when he had first begun to realize that he was being persecuted and threatened by some powerful and dangerous enemy. As he went into the little office reserved for junior members of the clinical staff he saw that there was only one other physician there. It was Dr. A.

The trial of Dr. X for the murder of Dr. A made a tremendous sensation. To me it was intensely embarrassing and painful. A whole group of my colleagues, psychiatrists, swore that Dr. X was of sound mind; that, according to our Maryland legal formula, "he knew the difference between right and wrong, and understood the nature and consequence of his acts."¹ Some of them were men who had been closely associated with Dr. X during the past two months. They *had* to testify as they did. For if Dr. X during the past months had shown manifest symptoms of a well-known type of mental disease, and if they, being specialists in mental diseases and associating with Dr. X, had not noticed any of these same symptoms, the inference as to their own abilities as psychiatrists was plain enough. Too plain altogether. I do not mean that they intentionally misjudged their unfortunate colleague. And I know that some of them, in later years, felt that they had been mistaken. To anyone, like myself, who understands how easily such mistakes are made and who has made mistakes of his own in mental diagnosis, their attitude is understandable and forgivable, mistaken though it was. And so Dr. X, this distinguished specialist in mental diseases who had himself fallen a victim to a mental illness while a stranger in a strange land, just escaped by a hair's breadth the penalty that in Maryland we still

¹ See "The Spenser Case," *Maryland Reports*, Vol. 69, pp. 28-37. Henry J. Spenser vs. State of Maryland, especially p. 37.

impose for murder, and carry out too—death. Yet, as the years passed, he must often have wished that he had not escaped at all.

Just before sentence was imposed he asked of the Bench permission to make his statement. This thin little man, with his jet black eyes staring out of his deeply lined face, stood up straight as an arrow before the court and in his halting, involved English told us something about himself. His memory, he said, for the past weeks, was imperfect, hazy; he remembered only that, for some time, he had been in great agony of the spirit. He had had no quarrel with Dr. A, who had been kind and courteous to him always. Even now, when he was just beginning to emerge a little from the mental fog that had enveloped him, he could not remember shooting Dr. A. "For why should I do so terrible a thing?" he said. "He was my colleague, and in my country colleagues are like brothers."

Imprisonment for life! Among a group of men with whom he had not the slightest point of contact; in a strange land which puzzled and confused him. Never to see his own country, his wife and children again. Never. He came of a people who are devotedly attached to their native land. And he was exiled from it for the remainder of his "natural life."

The plea that he made before his judges has, I fear, been made often enough by unworthy lips, by men and women seeking to escape the results of their crimes by putting forward a defense of insanity when no other defense is possible. And my own inclination, when I hear such a defense, is to question it, to doubt it very much. But I believed Dr. X. I believe him still.

In the penitentiary they gave him an easy job in the medicine room of the prison hospital; as good and as thoroughly equipped a hospital, by the way, as you can find anywhere on the outside. They gave him case records to keep, and

sick reports to make out. And for a month or two he sat there like a stone image, never speaking to anyone except to thank them for the slightest help in a perfectly toneless dead voice. Gradually it took him longer and longer to do the work. In the midst of his figuring he would drift off into a sort of daze; then, with an effort, he would pull his mind back again to the task before him. These dazed periods became longer and longer. Often enough I have stood watching him, as he sat there in the hospital room, quite unconscious of my presence, absolutely motionless, his mind so completely withdrawn into the depths of his inner consciousness that he did not seem to be alive at all. And I used to wonder what he was seeing, with the eyes of his soul. His own distant country, I thought, with its brilliant colors, and its teeming life, while his body sat here, so many thousand miles away, shut up in this dull drab atmosphere, in the silence of the prison hospital.

Soon he had to be removed to a bed in the hospital ward. Even when one of his fellow countrymen visited him, he did not seem to pay much attention to what was said. Every few minutes, perhaps in the midst of some attempt to talk, he would rise suddenly from his bed, and kneel down on the floor in an attitude of prayer and contemplation.

And all through the long years of his imprisonment, while that keen mind of his, that had made him, in his own country, a distinguished psychiatrist of great promise, was slowly fading out, the little group of his fellow countrymen, who lived within reach of the prison, never for a moment failed in their interest and in their efforts to help him. If I am ever in trouble in some foreign land, I wonder whether the Americans who live there, will stand by me, as Dr. X's countrymen stood so patiently by him, a man, whom, in the days of his prosperity, they had never personally known, but whose life was their life, now that life seemed taken from him, simply because he loved the same country that they

loved and because, while they looked forward to a return to their father's house in peace, his return was cut off forever.

Finally, Dr. X had to be transferred from the penitentiary to our hospital for the criminal insane. And now, after so many years of imprisonment, appeals were made—I was closely associated with some of them—to the Powers That Be. Why should the taxpayers of the Maryland Free State continue to support a foreigner, a man who was mentally deranged and whose recovery seemed impossible? But there were difficulties to be surmounted. Those colleagues of mine, who at Dr. X's trial, had testified that he was sane, had to be convinced that, now at least, after so many years of confinement, he was of unsound mind. Only one person, so far as I know, persisted in his determination to have "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." He was a close relative of Dr. A, the young physician who had been killed by Dr. X, and he was also a member of a profession that by its very character is supposed to pay more attention to the Sermon on the Mount than to the Mosaic code. Had he been really a Jew, he would have been as anxious for mercy as the rest of us. But he was an Old Testament Christian. And, with him, murder was murder.

However, strange as it may sound, murder is not always murder.

Among my most cherished possessions is a wonderfully thin silk umbrella, strong, and yet so soft that it can be rolled up and slipped into a bamboo case, which instantly transforms the somewhat unbeautiful umbrella into a jaunty yellow walking stick. If rain threatens, you may carry your stick hooked over your arm without appearing over solicitous about getting wet; and, if it does rain, your stick disappears and in its place you behold a silken umbrella. It is, I admit, a little difficult to know what to do with the long bamboo covering. But that is a detail. And anyway, it always

reminds me of Dr. X. For it appeared, one day, in my office, with a little card attached to it on which some unknown person had written a few words "to thank me for great kindness to an unfortunate man." The words were not in the handwriting of Dr. X. But on the handle of the umbrella-stick was stamped the name of the country in which it had been made. And I knew then that, thanks to the enlightened Powers that Were—and in Maryland they are, as I can testify, very enlightened indeed—Dr. X or what was left of his wiry active body and his brilliant mind, had started on his way home.

Wherever he may be to-day, I wish him well, and I am sorrier for him than for any of the men and women I have known who have taken a human life and have paid for the taking. Surely poor Dr. X paid, not with his own life perhaps, but with something that, to most of us, is more precious still.

CHAPTER VI

NOT GUILTY BECAUSE OF INSANITY

SOME years ago, while I was in London, I spent four glorious weeks, at New Scotland Yard and at the new Criminal Courts Building. There is a sort of free-masonry among those who are connected with crime; between detectives, criminal commissioners, prison physicians, and experts in legal medicine. And so I was made to feel very much at home. Even the letters of introduction that I had brought would not have evened my road as much as the mere fact that I was, in the States, "connected with crime."

During these four weeks, I learned a great many valuable things. But perhaps the most illuminating experience of all came to me by chance in a corridor of the Criminal Courts Building. All the morning long, I had been listening to criminal cases, from a very comfortable seat, just below the Bench and to the right of the clerk of the court. And I had become more and more impressed by the quiet expeditiousness with which the whole business was managed. The jury was drawn in a few minutes. Some sort of a gowned official would appear, at the beginning of a trial, with a mysterious box under his arm, and from this he would draw the names of the jury. Only once during the entire morning had I heard any objection to a juror's name; and then, it had come, not from prisoner's counsel, but from the prisoner himself. After his challenge another name was drawn, and then the jury was complete. In America—even in our expeditious Baltimore courts—it takes hours and hours to get a jury in any important case.

And then, when the trial was actually on, there were no continual objections from the English barristers. Not once that morning had I heard the wearisome repetitions of "I object"; "Your Honor, I object," that are so familiar to us here at home. Moreover, there was not the same insistence on the traditional rules of evidence that so often hampers American legal proceedings. In England, both Bench and Bar seemed interested only in getting at the facts of the case before them, and in getting them as clearly, as exhaustively, and as quickly as possible.

As I came out of court, during the noon adjournment, the detective sergeant, who had been detailed from The Yard to be my guide and friend, touched me on the arm, and introduced me to a very clean-cut white-haired man of about my own age, a man whose face I remembered having seen that morning in court, beneath his barrister's wig, among the counsel for a woman who was being tried for an attempt to poison her husband.

Englishmen of a certain type often impress us as stand-offish and stiff and "stuck-up." A perfectly false impression. The Englishman is only on his guard. First of all, he wants to find out what kind of a fellow you are. If he doesn't like your kind, if you do not seem to "belong," then you may talk to him for hours, for days, and you will never know anything about him at all. On the other hand, if he feels that you do "belong," he will take you into his confidence and to his heart with a completeness that is almost embarrassing.

On the morning of which I am writing, I was fortunate. This distinguished barrister, to whom I had been introduced, walked up and down the corridors with me for fifteen minutes, and then, to my utter surprise, asked me to luncheon. During that luncheon I acquired much wisdom. But the most important thing that I learned can be put into a very few words.

"You Americans," said this new acquaintance of mine—I am fortunate, indeed, in that I can now think of him as my friend—"you Americans are wonderfully unprogressive in legal matters. In everything else, you go ahead with a rush. But not in your courts, in your legal procedure. When you split off from us, in the eighteenth century, you took over our Common Law and Procedure, with its rules of evidence, and you have been sticking fast to it ever since. We, on the other hand, have made all sorts of changes. But you to-day are still trying criminal cases as they were tried in England under George the Third. Of course, I'm exaggerating a little. But, in the main, I am right enough. I read a good deal in your American papers about important trials. So perhaps I can illustrate what I mean. Take, for example, the defense of insanity. . . ."

Here I pricked up my ears indeed. For he had touched on a difficult question in my own domain.

"You still," he went on, "teach that, in order to be guilty of a crime, a man must have a criminal intent. But an insane person does not know what he is doing. He cannot have the conscious willful intention to commit a crime that is necessary for what is called guilt. Therefore, if a man, who has committed murder is found to be insane, he is *ipso facto et verbo*, not guilty. And being not guilty, the very most that the court can do is to suggest that he be sent to some mental hospital, from which he may be released as soon as the superintendent or the chief physician there decides that he has recovered and is now sane again. That was the old way of doing things. You still stick to it. Here in England, we have changed these matters for the better. Take that poisoning case you were listening to this morning. Suppose that woman, whom I was defending, were being tried in one of your American courts, and I pleaded 'not guilty because of insanity.' If I succeeded in convincing the jury, she would have to be found 'not guilty.' She would

be placed in some sanitarium for a while, and then, after another while, released, to go on poisoning other people. But here in England, if I put up that defense, and if I prove my client to have been of unsound mind, then the jury does not bring in a verdict of 'not guilty because insane,' a verdict that, at once, frees the accused from criminal guilt and places her, in a sense, out of the power of the court. Far from it. With us, the jury will find that woman 'guilty, but insane.' In other words: she committed the murder, she is guilty of it; but the insanity is a proven fact of her defense which the judge must take into consideration. She remains therefore within the disposition of the court. No head of any mental hospital or sanitarium can release her as cured, some day, probably some day soon. She goes to an institution for the criminal insane, and there she stays. Do you get the point?"

I did get it. And I returned to America in the spirit of Kipling's Mulvaney, who "thought scornful of eliphants." For I "thought scornful" of our court procedure, especially of our rules of evidence. Moreover, I understood that the criticisms which are made of American justice because of its uncertainties and delays are not criticisms really of the men who administer that justice. If, with us, justice is slow and uncertain, it is not because we have corrupt juries or inferior judges or dishonest lawyers. Our juries, our lawyers, and our judges are as good as any others anywhere. The trouble lies in the worn-out, out-grown procedure with which we are hampered.

The Englishman may be innately conservative. But, so far as English justice goes, he is not half as conservative as we are. He may prefer to keep his judges in their gorgeous robes, and his barristers in their wigs; but he will not allow them, nor will they allow themselves to be handicapped by useless legal traditions, because, however useful these traditions may once have been, they now impede the administra-

tion of modern justice, that justice of which the Englishman has every right to be so proud.

Another illuminating idea I got from the London Magistrate who sits in the ancient court at Bow Street. He was trying some ordinary "drunk and disorderly" cases; and there was a conflict of evidence between what the arrested woman said and what the policeman said who had arrested her. The woman, a pathetically bedraggled creature of the streets, muttered finally: "I did not accost that gentleman, Your Worship. But I don't suppose you'll believe me, seeing as the policeman says different."

The eyes of the man on the bench—he looked a very young man to be a magistrate—opened wide in sudden anger. He thumped the desk before him. "Have you ever," he asked the surprised woman, "ever heard anything in this court that would lead you to believe that I give greater weight to police evidence than to the evidence of any other person?" He glared around for a moment. Then he said, as if to the courtroom in general: "I know of no greater danger to the administration of justice than the tendency to give undue weight to the testimony of the police."

Then the policeman, who stood beside the Bench, coughed discreetly. The magistrate got bright red, bit his lips, and dismissed the woman with a warning.

During the years of my service in our Baltimore courts, I have, I think, been associated with every murder trial, in which there was any question as to the mental condition of the accused. I have been on the witness stand, in case after case, under cross-examination for hours at a time. Gradually, I have evolved a sort of simple technique in dealing with cross-examining lawyers who, by the very nature of their task, are anxious to mix me up and to make the jury believe that I do not know what I am talking about. If properly appreciated, a severe cross-examination is a most stimulating mental experience. I have only one rule that I

always try to follow; answer the question, if possible by a Yes or a No, and smile, no matter what the other fellow says or insinuates, *smile* and *keep smiling*. This has, thus far, stood me in good stead; for I date the beginnings of some of my most valuable "legal friendships" from the day when a lawyer, now my friend, tried to make me lose my temper while under his cross-fire of questionings, and failed.

A cross-examination on the witness stand is not only stimulating, it is often a self-revelation that makes a man squirm with shame. Oftentimes one leaves the stand, after a long cross-fire of questions, with a sense of personal satisfaction; one feels that one has done rather well, has presented one's ideas to the jury or to the Bench in simple lucid periods, and has not allowed oneself to become confused under cross-examination. As a salutary corrective, I advise anyone, who leaves the stand in this self-laudatory frame of mind, to make friends with the court stenographer, and to ask him to let you see the stenographic record of your testimony. Read through what you actually said on the witness stand—all the Ahs and the Oh, yeses, the sentences begun and never finished, the long involved periods that make no sense at all. For there they all are, just as they were taken down from your own lips. Not even the softest grunt of surprise or the lowest murmur of helplessness has escaped the pen of that Recording Angel who sat just below the witness stand, taking down, syllable by syllable, sound by sound, all the idiotic, confused, senseless things that you said. Could you really have said that? Did you really make such a very unguarded statement? You couldn't possibly have propounded such a theory, that any fool might pick holes in? And yet you did. There it lies, neatly typewritten, on the pages before you. And you slink off, with all your self-satisfaction evaporated; and you promise yourself that next time you will be more careful what you say. A most helpful experience. Only one can't help wishing that every

so-called expert, who is called to testify at any important trial, should be compelled by law, after the trial, to read over the record of his own testimony, at least three times, and if possible, on his knees.

As I think over the memories of the insanity murder trials in which I have been interested, the ones that I remember best are not those in which my testimony helped to save the life of some mental deficient or of some psychopathic individual, but rather those in which insanity had been pleaded as a defense, while I from my own examination of the accused, felt sure that he was sane. And the reason why one remembers these latter trials better than the former ones, is because of the results of one's testimony. If you feel sure that an accused man is of unsound mind, if you testify to that effect, and if he, although actually sane, has been so successful in deceiving you that he is found "not guilty," then you may reproach yourself for having been too credulous, too easy a mark; but you do not reproach yourself for having done any actual harm by your mistake. The case is far otherwise if you testify that a man is sane, if the jury or the court believes you, and the man is sentenced either to death or to lifelong imprisonment, while, because of some error in your examination, the man's real mental illness and actual irresponsibility are not brought to light. Here the possibility of doing unintentional harm and injustice to a fellow human being is much greater.

All of us physicians make mistakes; even some of us psychiatrists make them occasionally. And it is because of the possibility of error that I take infinitely greater pains with cases in which I feel sure of the accused's sanity, than with those in which I believe him to be of unsound mind. For if, in a murder trial, I testify to my belief in the accused's mental capacity to understand the nature and consequences of his actions and to know right from wrong, and if the court or the jury accepts my testimony, and the man is

hanged; then, here is room for all sorts of possible doubtings, and one does not give evidence *against* the plea of insanity without many searchings of heart.

I can, however, say honestly that of all the murder cases in which I have testified, there was only one, in which I—again honestly—made a mistake. But having made it and discovered it, I did all I could to repair it. And I did repair it, just in time.

The rôle, therefore, that I am often called to play in a trial for murder, the rôle that every mental expert plays, is one that, taken conscientiously, is neither pleasant, nor easy. If one meditates upon it too much, one is liable to lie awake at night and think. And anyone who is called upon or who is privileged to lead the kind of life that I lead needs all the sleep that he can get.

CHAPTER VII

TYPES AND OUTLINES

It is impossible to classify delinquents according to what many criminologists have called "types." One may, of course, make more or less defined groups; but the delinquent is no more susceptible of type classification than the law-abiding individual. There are, naturally, what one might call "professional distinctions," just as there are distinctions between a lawyer and a physician. So there are murderers, and thieves, and rapists and vagabonds. Within these professional boundaries lie other variations. For as the gynecologist differs from the neurologist, in the realm of medicine, so does the hold-up man differ from his professional brother who specializes in the opening of safes. The marvelous card-index system of the Berlin police has shown that almost every habitual criminal may be known by his peculiar technique; so that given a clear detailed description of a crime, it is comparatively simple to discover, in the card index, the records of a similar technique, which differs as definitely from the technique shown by other perpetrators of the same illegal act, as a Chopin Prelude when played by Cortot differs from the same set of musical notations when played by Paderewski. The habitual or professional delinquent is innately conservative. He sticks to his own domain, and becomes very much displeased if some specialist in another field tries to invade it.

These distinctions are of great importance to the scientific policeman, to the practical criminologist. They are of less interest to the psychiatrist, to those who are interested in the criminal, not as a specialist, but merely as a man.

Gradually, I have come to group my own cases in two large divisions of very uncertain and varying outlines. In one group belong those men and women, whose actions seem to be dominated by what one calls intelligence: who are objective; who see only the clean-cut material elements in life, and who ruminate, like a placid cow, chewing, more or less contentedly, the oft-turned cud of their daily lives. The other group is composed of those who are, often unconsciously, dominated by their emotional reactions. What they think is, to them, not half as important as what they feel.

It is among the members of this second group, that one finds the really appalling tragedies of delinquency. For excessive emotional reactions seem to have a power of poisoning the personality, of inhibiting sanctions, and of paralyzing logical reasoning that often enough results in an action for which the personality itself seems irresponsible.¹ One sees tragedies of this type especially in connection with married life, or with the emotion that we call, or mis-call, love.

One important part of my court work consists of the examinations of men and women, whose marital or whose love difficulties have brought them into court. We see the very worst side of Holy Matrimony. No wonder that I still remain unwed. In connection with such cases, the emotional and the non-emotional groups are more clearly defined than elsewhere in my practice. For example, I often find a woman, brutally misused by her husband, who nevertheless looks on the entire situation purely from the material standpoint of support or non-support, and who will discuss her spouse's brutality with quiet or noisy objectivity, as if he were merely part of the household furniture, a chair that had become uncomfortable or a bed on which one could no

¹ "Emotional States and Illegal Acts in Connection with Schizophrenia." Article by John Rathbone Oliver in *American Journal of Psychiatry*, Vol. I, No. 4, April 1922.

longer sleep. Her emotional reactions, if she shows any at all, are lavished on her children. A woman of this type does not shoot her husband, or poison her lover.

In early Victorian days, women may have been more emotional than men. They are not so any longer. And perhaps they never really were. At any rate, among our court cases, we see quite as many male emotionals as female: and, when the emotion happens to be love or passion, then, in spite of Mr. Kipling, the male species is much more deadly than the female; much more likely to be caught up in such a mental turmoil that comfort, good name, career, and even life itself are sacrificed without a thought of consequence and often without regret. The "one-woman man" is the worst of all. Without the one woman, he simply cannot live. And if she realizes her power over him and uses it to torment and to rub him on the raw, day after day, well, a day or a night comes when the repressed emotions, that have been poisoning him for months, suddenly overflow his entire consciousness and he becomes a mad, murdering animal. Then, when the shot has been fired or the blow struck, the red waves of emotion subside, and he sees that he has, indeed, "killed the thing he loved." With her death goes all love of life for him. He is the kind of prisoner who walks to the gallows or to the chair almost gladly. I have seen it. Seen it often enough to make me pray that I may not have to see it again.

When we come to know more about endocrinology and the actions and reactions of the secretions of the ductless glands, I believe that we shall realize then just what the results of intense emotion are, the physical results as well as the mental ones, and that we shall deal more intelligently and more kindly with those men and women who, by heredity and training, are emotionally unstable and who so often find themselves faced by some hideous accomplished fact, by some result of their own actions, which they do not remember

doing, and which they will spend their lives in regretting, if they do not pay for it with life itself. It may be "love that makes the world go round"; but often it is love that makes the world go crooked indeed.

Unrestrained emotion is, I suppose, a sign that the individual who shows it has not been properly or adequately subjected to the restraining process of civilization. Yet to the strict Behaviorist of the Watsonian school, the idea that a race, by some hereditary process, acquires emotional restraint would not be quite acceptable. According to their teaching, if one took two babies, one colored and one white, and brought them up in exactly the same way and in the same environment, then the colored youth would show exactly the same emotional reactions as the white young man. Those of us who have to deal with delinquency among colored people will find it difficult to believe this. In Baltimore, we have a very large negro population in our jail and our penitentiary. I do not believe that most of us are quite fair or quite objective in our dealings with colored delinquents.

For instance, two boys are brought into the juvenile court—one white, the other colored. The colored boy is much the smaller, much the weaker. The policeman, who brings them, charges the colored boy with assault. He has tried to smash the head of the white boy with a stone. What happened was really simple enough. The white boy, a bully, had tried to take a bag of candy from the other. The colored boy had struck out at him; in a moment the two were tussling and fighting on the ground. Suddenly, "without any provocation," the colored boy had reached out a free hand, had seized a "big rock" and had begun to batter in the head of his assailant. Even in court, the white boy's eyes were still filled with fear, fear of what he had seen on the face of the little negro, when he had reached for the stone. "I . . . didn't mean no harm," he stammered. "I . . . didn't mean to hurt him . . . much. But he" He pointed a shak-

ing finger at the colored boy, who was grinning cheerfully. "He . . . tried to kill me."

And what he said was true. The colored boy, outraged by the theft of his candy and overmatched in strength, had seen red, and had fought to kill. His emotional reactions had been suddenly let loose. Yet the environment in which he had been brought up was almost exactly the same as that in which his assailant had been reared. The latter had intended a more or less good-natured fight; and he had unexpectedly released mental and physical forces that had cost him a thorough fright and several nasty scalp wounds. The author of this "assault," however, had not the slightest realization of what he had done. "He hit me, Doctor," he said; "so I jest hit him back again."

Our judge in the juvenile court is a wise man. He knew and I knew that the two boys were not to be judged by the same standards. Back of the white boy—Behaviorists or no Behaviorists—were countless generations of white ancestors, all of whom had lived in "civilized" countries, under conditions of law and restraint. But back of the little negro were at the most two or three generations of freedom, and back of those—not so far back either—came those ancestors of his, great-great-grandmother or great-grandfather, who had lived the type of simple life in which one desired and got the blood of one's enemies, in which one fought to kill, unless one wished to be killed oneself.

We are not always just to our colored people. And we do not try to make allowances or to understand. Yet, to the psychiatrist, they offer no end of interesting study. There is a certain simplicity, a certain almost Greek inevitableness about their emotional reactions that sometimes reminds me of a tragedy of Aeschylus.

William—I never knew his last name—was, at one time, a waiter at one of my clubs. A very quiet, well-trained man of about twenty-five. Good-looking, too. I lost sight of

him; I heard that he had left the club for some better position. And then, one Saturday, when I was looking over the new prisoners at the jail, I found him in a cell, accused of a double murder. I had read in the papers something about the murder itself. "A negro," so the report read, "had brutally killed his mistress, had left her at her last gasp, had gone into the next house, and had there shot down in cold blood, the man of whom he was jealous." That sounded drab and uninteresting enough. But, as William told me the story, while I sat opposite him, on the edge of the second bed in his dark little cell, it was horrible—hideous, and at the same time, fascinating. For he told it simply, in his soft low voice, without explanation or excuse, as if he were a man, dead long ago, who was remembering incidents of his former life.

"I never did care much for women, Doctor," he said. "I had a respect for myself, when I was young. I wasn't going to throw myself away on any cheap baggage. So I just waited. The right woman would come along after a while, I thought. And if she didn't, well, it didn't make so much difference. But . . . but she came. She walked right into my life. And I hadn't known her five minutes before I knew that she . . . she was my woman, the one I'd been waiting for. I'd like to tell you what she was like. Only I can't. If you love somebody a lot, somehow you can't describe them. Besides, I don't want to. I keep trying not to think of how she . . . she . . ." He stopped for a moment. But his face seemed absolutely calm, his attitude perfectly detached and objective. There were no tears in his eyes; his lips did not tremble. He drew a long deep breath, and went on:

"I'd have married her. Why, I'd never have looked at any other woman. But she wouldn't. She'd been married once already; and her husband had been mean to her and had left her. That's what she said, and of course I believed

her. Well, she lived with me. I had to have her, I couldn't live without her. Lots of men say that about women, but I mean it. We had a little apartment; and I worked. So did she—or she said she did—in a lunch room as a waitress. Then one day a man I know, Bud Ferguson, a colored man—he must have hated me, I guess, but I never guessed it—met me one evening on my way home from work, and asked me if I realized in what kind of a lunch room my wife—I called her that—my wife was working. He didn't say anything more. But that night, I asked her point-blank the address of her job. She told me. I knew that place. I thought it was all right. But some devil put it into my mind, that afternoon, to go there and ask for her. They . . . they didn't know her; she'd never worked there at all.

"I began to think then that there was something rotten somewhere. But, Doctor, I just couldn't live without her. All the same, I'm a clean man. I've got my self-respect. And I knew she must be running with other men. For she always had money to buy clothes and things. If she wasn't working, where did she get it? From other men? But I wasn't going to share her with anyone. I couldn't bear to think that when I kissed her, she had . . ."

He paused again for a moment, and softly drew the back of his hand across his lips.

"So, Doctor, I felt so mixed-up in my mind that I thought I'd go away for a while. You see, she wasn't really my wife. I didn't have the right over her that a husband's got. And yet, I just had to have her all to myself, or else I wouldn't have her at all. I've got my self-respect. I told her I was going to Chicago to look over the chances of getting a better job there. She seemed sorry to have me go. She was mighty kind to me that last night we were together—that last night but one, the one when I killed her.

"I stayed away two weeks, but I didn't look for any job. I just walked up and down the streets of the big city, think-

ing about her . . . about her and nothing else. I couldn't see my way out. If I couldn't have her, life was no use to me. And if she went with other men besides me, I couldn't stay with her. Because I'm a clean man, I've got my self-respect. Then, all of a sudden, I saw that I couldn't go on like this. It was just killing me. And, at the same time, I saw my way out—my only way.

"I bought a gun, an automatic. And without writing to her, I came home. In the train, I got thinking that perhaps I'd done her wrong; that I'd imagined a lot of things; and that if she'd promise not to run after other men, ever again, but stick to me, why then, maybe, it would be all right in the end. When I got to town, she wasn't in our little apartment. The woman downstairs grinned sort of foolish, and said she was in next door, visiting . . . visiting Bud Ferguson. So I went in next door quietly. And the woman downstairs was right. She *was* visiting Bud. I almost caught them at it. But I didn't do anything—then. I pretended that I hadn't noticed anything out of the way. She kissed me and told me how glad she was to see me back again, and Bud shook hands, and patted me on the back. I saw him wink at her over my shoulder. He's not winking any more now.

"It seems funny looking back on it all. It was as if I had arranged something that I was going to do—something as simple as catching a train at a certain hour—and that I just had to go on till I'd done it. She never suspected a thing. That night we had supper together in our apartment. She sat on my knee. And then . . . then—just as we had done so many times before—we went to bed. After that, she dropped asleep. But I kept awake—awake, but very quiet, so as not to waken her. She wasn't going to wake up again—ever. I heard a clock somewhere strike one. Then, very quietly, I got out of bed. I can feel the cold floor on my bare feet this minute. And I got an ax from the corner

where I chopped kindlings. You see, I had it all worked out. She mustn't cry or make any noise. If she did, people would come in, and then I'd be prevented from doing all I intended. So I . . . I . . . I hit her over the head, while she slept—hit her with the ax. And then, I got into the bed again, knelt across her, and cut her throat."

I gasped. It was too horrible, too hideous. The woman, whom he loved, who had just lain in his arms, the throat that he had kissed so often! It was inhuman, not understandable. And yet, just opposite me, in the darkness, the quiet voice went on:

"She never made a sound. I dressed quickly, and went downstairs, with my automatic in my hands. I rapped softly on the door of the next house, until someone let me in. I pushed by them, and went slowly up the stairs to Bud Ferguson's room. His door was unlocked. I went in and snapped on the light. He was in bed, and he turned around and saw me. He understood well enough. On his knees, in his crumpled-up bed, he begged and stammered, and I shot him while he talked. He fell off the bed on his head. And I . . . I just walked out of the room. In the front of the house, was a policeman.

"I'm not sorry, Doctor. Not a bit. And the sooner they hang me the better I'll be pleased. You see, I've always been a clean man. I've got my self-respect."

I sat there aghast. Here was nothing that I could do. I was faced by completed actions, that had their motivation in a mind that I could not follow. No doubt, his great-great-grandfather, in Africa, would have acted in the same way, and would entirely approve of what this descendant of his had done. However, I knew that here was no place or time for any attempt, on my part, to help or comfort. The man needed neither comfort nor help. According to his lights, he had a job to do—a rather unpleasant job—but he had done it, rather than lose what he called his "self-respect."

"I have only one criticism to offer, William," I said, trying to meet him on his own emotional level. "I think that your plan was, in one respect, imperfect. After you had killed Ferguson, and still had the revolver in your hand, why didn't you kill yourself? It would have saved us all a lot of trouble."

He looked at me with eyes that, for the first time, showed some flicker of interest. "Kill myself," he said softly. "Well now, Doctor, do you know I never thought of that? Of course, that was the thing to do. But," he added with a little sigh of regret, "I always was sort of dumb about some things."

William was eventually hanged. He seemed rather relieved to have his "whole plan" carried out to the end. The gallows had no terrors for him. But he was an exception.

To the average habitual delinquent, there is always, in the background of his thoughts, one abiding fear; sometimes, it deters him from action, often, although knowing the risk, he takes a chance. But, nevertheless, the chair, or the rope, determines or rather limits the activities of the lawbreaker far more frequently than the opponents of capital punishment imagine. Because of that same fear, the well-trained peter-man, or second-story operator, never carries a revolver with him on his professional expeditions. In the excitement of the moment, he *might* shoot. And then . . .

Even the fact that so many killers, in our country, escape the ultimate penalty does not prevent the possibility of the payment of that same penalty from being a partial deterrent. It may not absolutely deter a man from crime, but it keeps him from practicing his profession in a way that may become dangerous to others, and especially to himself.

This death penalty and the technique of its enforcement is a dull, worn-out question, and sometimes I feel that a discussion of it is only of value to the junior debating societies of our high schools. It is a question that seems to divide

men and women into two distinct groups, and, in our country at least, those in favor appear to be growing constantly less numerous, while those against seem to increase every day in numbers and influence. And yet anyone who, like myself, is forced into close contact with hanging and the hanged, who has watched the bungling torments of an inefficient execution as well as the merciful expeditiousness of an efficient one, and who, in spite of, or because of this, is still old-fashioned enough to believe in the death penalty while deploring the manner in which it is often exacted; anyone, who has had the misfortune to watch man after man from the time of his sentence in the criminal court down to the last moment of his life as he stands pinioned on the drop, ought to have something to say about capital punishment, not theoretically or oratorically, but simply as the result of his own experience.

CHAPTER VIII

THE CHAIR AND THE ROPE

CLOSE personal contact with condemned men and with the technique of execution often results in rather startling changes of mind in regard to capital punishment itself. I have known men who have been all their lives upholders of existing conditions, but who have become determined, almost vociferous, opponents of the death penalty after having served for a time as warden of a great prison or as a so-called social worker or chaplain inside prison walls. I have seen men who had always been loud-mouthed believers in the dictum that "all murderers ought to get the rope," turn fish-belly white and seasick after witnessing some badly managed execution, and leave the death house as convinced opponents of any law that was responsible for so brutal a spectacle.

It is very easy for the average man, who knows nothing about delinquents, to prate glibly about the "necessity of capital punishment." And it is just as easy for another man, who shrinks at the sight of physical suffering and runs off to the S. P. C. A. every time he hears a cat squeal, to demand that this same punishment be abolished. But it is hard—very hard for those of us who come into intimate contact with those whose lives have been declared forfeit by society and who know them as human beings, with all the human failings and all the human temptations that we recognize in our own selves—to keep our minds clear of sentimentality, and to realize that sometimes "it is expedient that this man should die." It is harder yet to keep one's head and still to main-

tain one's intellectual convictions after witnessing a gruesome, bungling and barbarous extinction of a human life.

To my mind, there is no greater argument against capital punishment than the sight of a black figure, its face covered by a black cap, the hands that you have touched a few moments before, pinioned behind its back, swinging at the end of a long rope, and groaning and breathing, sometimes for fifteen minutes, and refusing to die.

This argument—this almost over-powering argument against the death penalty—I have seen neither once nor twice. I have stood almost touching that swaying figure, with my stethoscope hooked about my neck, waiting . . . waiting until my colleagues and myself could step up to it for the last time, and, with our stethoscopes in our ears, certify that at last—at last—its heart had ceased to beat. I have gone home in the early morning after such an experience, and have been sick for a week, actually physically sick. And yet, I still believe in capital punishment. Not in the way in which it is so often carried out. God forbid. But I know also from experience, that death by hanging may be an instantaneous, merciful death.

About electrocution, I know very little. Even the pathologists do not understand very much about the exact results of a deadly electric current upon the human nervous system. In the future, we shall doubtless learn a great deal more; for the pathological department of at least one great medical school is devoting time and study to this very question. When it has been scientifically worked out, we may be in a position to compare the two methods of execution, electricity and the rope. At present, from an objective standpoint, such a comparison is impossible.

I do know, I repeat, that death by hanging can be very merciful and very swift. For the neck can be broken instantly. The autopsies, performed after an efficient execution, show this always.

I do not like to be ever harking back to England and to English methods. But anyone who has ever been allowed to witness a hanging in England can see there how simply, how mercifully the life, that has been declared forfeit, may be taken. I cannot describe the exact conditions that make this possible. I only know that, for the condemned man, there is no long agony of waiting. From the time that the executioner enters his cell to pinion him to the moment of his instantaneous death, not more than two minutes elapse. The drop of the gallows is only a few feet from the condemned cell. And that drop is quick and sure. No bungling, no struggling snorting figure at the end of a long rope. And, a few minutes after the drop, the autopsy shows the snapped vertebrae, which extinguished consciousness and life at the same time. One can, of course, object that the man thus executed *may* have suffered. But even if he did, his suffering could not have lasted very long. One does not live long with a broken neck; and, before one stops living, one stops feeling anything.

But the greatest proof of the merciful swiftness of English executions is to be found in the faces of the dead men themselves. Here is no twisted look of torment, no distorted features; only an expression of rest, of repose—I had almost said, of peace. You will not find that look on the faces of those who, in our own country, have dangled for fifteen minutes at the end of a badly adjusted rope.

And so, as far as my own experience is concerned, the sum of my belief is this. Death by hanging *may* be and *ought* to be a swift and merciful death. If our state officials, who are responsible for the execution of the court's sentence, cannot make it so, then, we had better send them to England to learn their business better, and to keep them from bungling it.

For every bungled hanging recruits, with many thousands, the army of those who oppose the death penalty. And unless

the bungling is stopped, those of us, who still believe in capital punishment as a social safeguard, will soon be looked upon as utter barbarians. The man, who is responsible for executions, should be a specialist, in the old French sense of the word; *executeur des hautes oeuvres*. He should be trained, just as a surgeon is trained. Of course, with us in America, we have an idea that any American can do anything without taking the trouble to learn it. Not so very long ago, if a man did not fit into business or get along in some profession he became a school teacher. In order to instruct the young, no particular training or experience was required. I do not know what official is directly responsible for executions in our various states, but to judge from most of his achievements, he is like the schoolmaster of fifty years ago. Any American is good enough, too good perhaps, to tie a rope around a man's neck and spring the trap beneath him.

But this is an age of specialists. And unless we introduce some specialized training among those men responsible for our hangings, public sentiment will soon see to it that there are no more hangings at all. Then, society, will lose a safeguard which many of us still believe to be necessary. And our sheriffs, and our hangmen will be out of a job.

CHAPTER IX

CRIME AS A PROFESSION

ONE of the reasons why I still believe in capital punishment is because the existence of it makes crime as a profession less dangerous to the community than it might otherwise become. Moreover, one occasionally comes across a man, who is not only a criminal by profession, but is, at the same time, an antisocial rebel, and when those two trends unite in one personality, that person becomes so dangerous to public safety that his death is almost a necessity. A man of this kind has absolutely no regard for human life. As a professional law breaker he may feel that it would be wiser to avoid murder if he intends to continue undisturbed in his professional activity; but the rebel in him sets at defiance the law on homicide just as it sets at defiance all laws, simply because they are laws and are imposed upon him by an external authority with which he is at constant war, to which he shows no mercy and from which he expects none. Fortunately, this type is rare. One meets frequently enough with rebels, antisocial individualities; but for the most part, they get into trouble with the law only occasionally or in minor matters, for they are not criminals by profession. And one meets, almost as frequently, with professional criminals, who are not really antisocial at all, and who are quite willing to keep all the laws, except the few that would appear to limit their own highly specialized activities.

When the professional is also a rebel, he is, sooner or later, a killer, and the few specimens of this type that I have known, have been tried for murder, and have either been

hanged or are now serving a life sentence. They are the one exception to the usual rule that a murderer is not a criminal, not an habitual one. And they are, to me at least, one of the most convincing arguments for the retention of capital punishment. If imprisoned for life, they are always the center of rebellion and discontent. They learn nothing in prison, because they have not the slightest intention of remaining there. For, sooner or later, they intend to escape. And sometimes, after killing a harmless old guard or two, they do escape.

During the early years of my court work, I used to worry over these escapes and think of "this wild beast let loose once more upon society." Later on I gave up worrying, because I soon discovered that these men had not escaped after all. They had, maybe, escaped from the prison walls. But they had not escaped, they could not escape, from themselves. And because they could not escape from themselves, they would soon be back again, either in our prison or in some other. It is this inability of the professional criminal to keep away from crime that has always impressed me. Of the men, who have managed to escape from our penitentiary, I remember only one or two who have not been returned to us, sooner or later. The others were not caught. They caught themselves.

Let me give a single example. A man of thirty-five, professional and rebel, was serving a twenty-year sentence. It was well known that he was dangerous, and the warden gave orders that whenever he was taken anywhere near an exit, to the visiting room, or the hospital, he was to be accompanied, not, as was usual, by one guard, but by two. Somehow, he had found a piece of heavy lead pipe about six inches long, which he hid in his cell. In the machine shop he injured his left hand badly, perhaps intentionally. For several days, he had to be taken to the hospital to have it dressed. Every time he went, with his two guards, he carried his lead pipe

up his sleeve. Finally, his chance came. One day he asked to have his hand dressed, at an unusual hour, because, as he said, it was swelling again; and as most of the guards were on duty just then in the shops, the warden's warnings were forgotten, and a single old guard took the man to the hospital. To enter the hospital, you have to pass under an archway, where you are, for a moment, hidden from the view of the guards who patrol the walls of the prison. Just what happened in this archway that morning we never knew. But half an hour later, a prisoner passing that way saw the old guard crumpled up in a corner of the archway, took one look at what was left of his skull, became very sick at his stomach, and finally gave the alarm. The old guard was dead. The prisoner had beaten out his brains, had taken his keys, and his pocketbook, had walked into the deserted lower room of the hospital, and out of the hospital door, that gave on a side street. A general alarm was immediately sent out. The police searched everywhere, but the man had vanished. He had made a "clean get-away."

Now, when this escaped prisoner found himself in safety, he must have realized one thing above all others: he must not be caught. If he were caught, it would not now be merely a matter of serving out the rest of his twenty-year sentence. In escaping, he had killed; and, if he were ever arrested and sent back to Maryland, he would be hanged. That was sure.

He had the whole continent before him. All he had to do was to call himself John Smith, and get a job somewhere and do *honest* work that would keep him out of the hands of the police. Whatever happened, he must not be arrested, even for the slightest offense. If he were arrested he would, as a matter of routine, be finger printed, and in ten minutes the record bureau would know that he was the man that was wanted for murder in Baltimore. And ten minutes later, the Baltimore chief of police would know it, too. So his freedom depended on his keeping the law, at least for a

while. He could have found plenty of work—he was a very able young man. At the worst, he could have swung a pick and shovel. He could gradually have worked his way south to Mexico, or north to Canada. He could have been taken on as a deckhand on some ship. There was no limit to what he might do, if he would only do honest work for a while.

But this was the one thing that he simply *could not* do. He was not accustomed to earning money by any kind of honest labor. He wasn't going to get up early, and work under the direction of some other man. He wasn't going to get callouses on his well-kept hands. Not he. Yet, back in Baltimore, the gallows was waiting for him, and he knew it. In spite of that, he *could* not, or *would* not earn his own living honestly. Within two months of his escape from our penitentiary, he was picked up by the New York police with a gang of "professionals" who had been trying to rob a fur loft. He was finger printed, recognized, finally sent back to Baltimore—and hanged.

And about his execution I felt no qualms. If ever there was a man who was absolutely dangerous to property and to life, and who was so dangerous that he could not be kept shut up, that man was he. It seemed a brutal way of looking at it. But I felt that for himself and for everyone else, he was better dead. I may have done him a great injustice; he may have had possibilities of going straight that I could not see. And on that one day of each month when, at the altar, I remember the names of all those whose passings I have witnessed, I remember his also. Doubtless God, to whom I commend his soul, has been more merciful and more understanding than I was.

When one turns away from this picture, to the consideration of those delinquents who are either professionals or rebels, and not both together, the outlook is more pleasing, and not every man is vile. The young antisocial rebel frequently learns that it is useless to keep kicking against the

pricks, and it is among this class, or among men who once belonged to it, that I have made some of my best friends. It was just luck, I suppose, that I happened to come into touch with these men at a moment when they were rather weary of their rebelliousness and half-consciously anxious to go straight, if they could find anyone who took any interest in their going and would give them a hand on the way. One of them still comes into my office at the court house every now and then, just to shake hands and to assure himself that I am still there. He is a very inarticulate person, but he has a cheerful way of grinning at you that makes you feel distinctly pleased with yourself, and with him. For five or six years, he has gone on from one position to another, always making good, as he calls it, and making friends everywhere. And when I first saw him, in a police cell, his collar was torn, his eye was blackened, and the blood was running down into his mouth from two scalp wounds beneath his tousled black hair. He had been resisting arrest, but he was still grinning. He "took his medicine" without a murmur; he went to the penitentiary for a year—his third or fourth visit there—but when he came out, he came out for the last time. Among my many many failures, he is one of the successes that keeps me working in the midst of discouragement.

What is it, I wonder, that takes place in the mind of a man like this, and in the minds of a good many others, and which suddenly turns them about-face on the road of lawlessness, on which they have been walking so long, and sets their faces toward another and a better goal? You can't get them to talk much about it, and I have talked with many; with some who have had the "vision" and have, after their release, drifted back again into their old lawless ways; and with some others who, in spite of occasional setbacks, and the cold-shouldering of the honest world, have held on to the ideal that they once glimpsed in those narrow steel cells of

theirs, and who have won out at last. "I just got tired of going crooked"; or "I got to see all of a sudden that crookedness didn't pay." Or, "My father used to think a lot of me, and I got thinking about him." None of these are adequate explanations, for the sudden "about-face" that some of these men make sometimes in prison.

A friend on the outside occasionally begins the process. If they get into contact with a man or woman outside the walls, who really takes a human interest in them, the prisoners, who have cut themselves off, begin to long for these same contacts again, begin to feel that they are worth more than anything else in the world.

It is not religion that faces these men about. At least, not what is called religion in prison; and I have listened to many sermons from Protestant chaplains of a Sunday inside prison walls. More dreary commonplaces, I have never imagined. And always mouthed from an attitude of aloofness, as if the speaker were trying to talk down to his hearers, as if they were a lower, a baser race than that to which he, the "Minister of Christ's Gospel" belonged. In prison, and out of prison, what you *say* to a man is of infinitely less importance than what you *do* to him or for him.

I have "heard mass" in prison, too, for the Roman Catholic chaplain has a small altar that he rolls into the big, bare chapel on two Sundays in each month, and at which he says a low mass, in a language which is the language of scholars, but unfortunately not the language of ordinary prisoners and captives. And yet I have often felt that here, in the sacramental system of Catholic Christendom, there lay something objective, some source of personal power, that might give to a walled-in man an un-walled outlook and might bring him into touch with the interest and affection of the Divine Person through the same expressions of personal understanding and love that are often so potent for good and so prized by the walled-in man whenever he finds them in a

merely human friend. If the grasp of a human hand, the smile on a human face that assures the prisoner of at least one understanding friend in the world outside often becomes the turning point in his life, surely the more intensely intimate contact with the Greatest Friend of all, through the material channels of the Sacraments, might give comfort and strength and mental stability to those who cannot get these things elsewhere or to whom they are never offered by any human agency. Not the mere talking about Christ, not preaching him; for the walled-in man does not think much of talking. He wants, he needs something that he can see and touch; something material that is to him a sign or a living symbol of something that is too wonderful, too important to talk or to preach about.

But, as I have watched the Roman Catholic prisoners at mass, I have realized, over and over again, that the unfamiliar language, so often indistinctly mumbled, alas, comes between them and the covenanted presence of the Living, Healing, Loving Christ. The same thing is true of the Sacrament of Penance. The Latin words of Absolution, only too often, turn the Sacrament, for the prisoner at least, into a sort of formality that he goes through with because it is a part of his religion. If instead of "*Absolvo te ab omnibus peccatis tuis*" he could hear, "And by His authority committed to me I absolve thee from all thy sins," the actuality of his forgiveness would be brought home to him. To many Roman Catholic prisoners, going to Confession means only this: you tell the priest your sins and he says in Latin that you are forgiven. God knows that I have no quarrel with the Mother of all the churches; and anyone who knows me can be sure that I have no distaste for the Latin language—I, who am often accused by my brethren of "saying my prayers in Latin." But . . . but . . . I am sure that the Sacraments of the Catholic Church could give to an interned man something that he can find nowhere else,

and I am just as sure that the use of a language, to him utterly unknown, in the administration of these Mysteries, makes hopelessly mysterious and unreal those things that ought to be as simple and as real as the food he eats and the clothes he wears. It helps to cut him off from the help that he needs; and Heaven knows he is cut off enough already.

But if it be not religion, as the prisoner understands or misunderstands it, which every now and then brings about a sort of moral revolution in the minds of young rebels or older professionals, the result, at least, is strangely like the thing that used to be called "conversion." And it comes, occasionally, at the strangest, apparently the most inopportune times. I have heard of one man, a "lifer," a professional criminal, who made a partially successful attempt to escape. He had managed to get over the prison wall; he was lying in the ditch with a badly sprained ankle; but he was outside. His chances of getting away were about even. But, as he lay there, waiting to see "how things would break," he was suddenly overwhelmed by a realization that, up to the present, his life had been all wrong. Then and there, he made up his mind that crookedness did not pay, and that he would go straight, no matter what happened to him. It is the "no matter what happened" that is the most startling phrase in the little talk that he had with himself lying there in the ditch outside. For after that he stopped "fussing over the way things were going to break for him." If he got away, it was all right; he would go straight. Of that he felt assured. And if he did not get away—well, that would be all right, too. Even if he spent the rest of his life in prison, he could still "go straight," because he wasn't a crook any longer. He was caught. He is, for all I know, still in prison. But, if some wise warden or governor, who has some skill in the reading of men's hearts, should pardon or parole him, he would never regret it. For that particular

prisoner is a criminal no longer; on that night when he lay waiting in the ditch he stopped being a crook.

I have wandered rather far afield from my rebels and professionals. There are fewer so-called conversions among the professionals than among the rebels. But when such a thing does happen, the man to whom it chances, and who gets an opportunity to prove its reality to the outside world, has a very hard time. The rebel is usually an emotional type; he is "agin the law" because his emotions have pushed him, for some reason or other, into an anti-social attitude. Once let this same emotional urge be turned into straight channels, and it is easy for the man to meet rebuffs and disappointments, because he brings to his new adjustments the same enthusiasm, the same effective push that had formerly carried him headlong into delinquency. But the professional is, as I have said, a specialist, a man with a mission; he works, not with his emotions, but with his intelligence. And if he is a good specialist, he is usually rather widely known. Not only to his colleagues, but also to the police. So when *he* has decided that crookedness does not pay and starts out to find something that does, he has a long, hard road to go before he finds it. Naturally, the police look askance upon a man who has spent his life in learning how to open safes, when they find him in a broker's office, or working as a messenger in a bank. They feel that, as a purely prophylactic measure, the man's employers should be informed of his former activities, and the man loses his job—at least, he generally does. Of course, there are exceptions. I remember one employer, whose name is written on my private list of decent men. One of my "professional" friends, who was trying hard to go straight, had been working for this man, and doing his work well. One day this clerk recognized a city detective coming out of his employer's office. At once he began to gather his few belongings together; he knew what such a visit meant. He had already had the same

experience four or five times since he had been discharged from prison, having paid, so he thought, his debt to society and taken patiently the punishment for his past misdeeds. As he went to get his hat, waiting for the call to his employer's office that he knew must come, he began to wonder whether it were possible, after all, for a man with his record, to go straight. What was the use? He had tried, and he had failed. There was money, easy money, to be had in other ways. So when at last he was called into his employer's office he went in already a discouraged and a beaten man.

"See here, Jones," said his employer, "a detective has just been to see me. He tells me . . ."

Jones interrupted him. He had heard the recital of his past misdeeds too often to want to listen to them again. "He told you right," he said, with a little sigh of discouragement. "Thanks for letting me work here. I did the best I could." Then, as his employer kept silent, he added: "I'll say good-by."

"Oh no, you won't," he heard his employer say. "Not unless you want to. Go on back to your desk." Then he stood up, came over to Jones, and put a hand on his shoulder. "I understand. Of course, I don't want it generally known. But I've . . . I've been in prison myself."

I suppose that he *had* been in prison, perhaps as a member of the prison committee of the grand jury, perhaps as a casual visitor. So that it wasn't a lie. But it saved Jones, and he is working in that same office yet.

Most employers, however, have to consider public opinion. If it were known that a former convict were working in the office, it might hurt business. It makes no difference how much it hurts the man who is trying to do honest work. Business is more important than a human life any old day.

But among these professionals who try to go straight, none have such difficulty in finding employment as the mem-

bers of that group who are, roughly, known as "confidence men." These men are of widely varying records and abilities. They have, however, one thing in common. They have all obtained money, that did not belong to them, by the abuse of the thing that we call confidence. And just because they have flourished by abusing the confidence of others, just so they find it bitterly hard, when they give up their specialty, to regain the confidence that they once abused. Their delinquencies run a long gamut; their achievements begin with the minor offender who ekes out his living by putting across a few bad checks and go up and up the scale to the "promoter" and the "financier" who sell stock in mines that never existed and who promote enterprises that have no more solid foundation than their own fervid imaginations. These last are the big men. Most of them are to be found in the Federal prisons; Atlanta is full of them. But now and then a specimen of this highest class drifts into a state institution; and there I have met several of these unjustly dethroned princes of finance. At least one of them I count among my friends.

I always admired him, even when he was sitting, unshaven and unbathed, in a cell in our city jail, awaiting trial. He had even there the carriage of a prince; and the manners of—well, of a gentleman. I can see him now, cooking two very shriveled sardines over a smoking lamp in his cell and sharing them with his cell mate, with the same urbanity and hospitality that he once, in the days of his glory, showed to the bank presidents and the millionaires whom he entertained so royally and to whom, over the coffee and liqueurs, he described the new "interests" which he was promoting. When I first met him, he was ill; he had been stripped of everything he owned, except the clothes he stood in; he was facing a serious sentence, for the police had discovered his identity and were rejoicing at having caught a big fish; and yet he never complained, he was never disagreeable, never

depressed. I took off my hat to him then; and since then, I have taken it off many times. For while he was serving his long sentence with us, he, too, had some sort of a conversion; and he left us with the smiling determination to run straight for the rest of his life.

There was, however, no "running" for him. He had to crawl, to pull himself along on both knees, until he had forced people to believe in his new resolutions, and, hardest of all, to trust him—him who had once lived by misusing and outraging the trustfulness, the confidence of others. No one, besides myself and one other person, will ever know how many chances he has had to return to the exciting money-getting methods of his early life; and no one, except God, I think, will give him the credit he deserves for facing one disappointment after another, and for going patiently onward in spite of distrust and sneering skepticism, until he had won back, partially at least, men's confidence, and men's respect. But I who know him so well know this also: that he might have fallen by the wayside long ago, had it not been for one brave, faithful little woman who never faltered in her devotion to her husband, even during the darkest days of his disgrace. If there is any justice in this world—and occasionally one finds a little—I shall see her some day riding her own horse in the park, or gliding past me in her own motor car. Wherever she is—and where she is, her husband, my friend, will be also—I wish them both all happiness. They have earned it.

Yet where one professional turns honest, hundreds go on in the only way that they know. To them, a term in prison means only a bit of bad luck that might happen to anyone. It is like a broken leg, that might temporarily interrupt the career of some successful lawyer. It will heal after a while, and then business can go on as before. Delinquents of this type learn nothing from prison. If it happens to be a modern well-managed institution, they make the most of

every privilege, and get through their sentence with as little effort as possible. They are not red-eyed rebels, kicking against the pricks and longing to return to the outside world so that they can "get even" with society. They are simply professional people who were compelled to incur certain risks, the results of which, in spite of well-paid lawyers, they were not always able to avoid. If their prison is one of the few "red little hells" that still, unfortunately, exist here and there, they are very quiet, very obedient, and not averse to "standing in well with the Old Man" if for information received he is willing to keep his hands off them. So after their sentence they go out no better, no worse than they came in; and their professional colleagues welcome them back to the sphere of lawless activity in which they have been, of late, so sorely missed. Ideas of reform in such cases are ridiculous. In prison they will sing loudly in chapel, talk earnestly with the chaplain, and do anything—anything to make themselves agreeable, and comfortable. With men of this type, there must be some sort of mental upheaval, before even the conception of the possibility of an honest life can enter their heads.

Still they are, for the most part, good prisoners. Their behavior is excellent. If there be any commutation of sentence to be earned by good conduct, they earn it; but for all the good that prison does them, society might just as well keep them interned in a boarding house.

As crime becomes more and more specialized, so this group of delinquents increases. And they are a dangerous group, dangerous to property, and often to life. But they are pleasant people to meet socially, in prison and out.

CHAPTER X

ALCOHOL

NOWADAYS, the atmosphere of almost every discussion, from religion and politics down to crime and mental deficiency, is densely, and to me at least, most unpleasantly impregnated with the odor of alcohol. It is an obsession that one cannot get away from. Men of great intellectual attainments, whose conversation was formerly of stimulating interest, will buttonhole you for an hour in order to tell you just where you can get bock beer, as good, or almost as good as the real thing. Or to give you the address of some mysterious Italian who will bring to your cellar a harmless cask of grape juice which he will visit occasionally during the next few months and finally leave you in possession of as good a red wine as you can get in France, or almost as good. Not to speak of the addresses of quiet little places and reliable men where you can actually get anything that you need and good stuff, too. It becomes, after a while, utterly wearisome.

Occasionally, one gets a laugh out of this struggle for the "almost as good." In the city jail, I used to meet at more or less regular intervals, an ancient negress of elephantine proportions. "Drunk" was the usual charge against her, until the period of the "almost as goods" began. Not "drunk *and* disorderly," for Old Emma was peaceable in her drink. But one Saturday morning, several years ago, I found that she had been placed in the "dark punishment cell," because she had fought the policeman, had scratched both jail-matrons and had wantonly assaulted several harmless fellow prisoners. I went to the door of the dark cell to talk to her.

"Why, Emma," I began, "what's all this? I never knew you to make so much trouble before. What has been the matter?"

"Well, Doctor," Old Emma chuckled, pushing her face close to the bars and assailing my nostrils with a breath like a blast from a fiery furnace; "maybe 'twas a fit that took me. It surely couldn't have been that good-natured alcohol."

"The what?" I asked, completely puzzled.

"That good-natured alcohol," she explained. "I'd heard a lot about it. And I'd done drunk things that wasn't good-natured noways. So I got me a pint bottle of this good-natured stuff, and drunk most of it."

Why she was not dead I could not imagine. For, as she said, she had swallowed more than half a pint of *denatured* alcohol.

But the laughs that one gets out of alcohol, good-natured or otherwise, are, for me at least, few and far between. All the kindness, all the graciousness seem to have gone out of drinking. Men and women no longer sip some glorious old vintage; they merely guzzle raw, unmatured gin. And people, who were once meticulous and moderate drinkers, are now so excited when they see a bottle of good whiskey, so fearful lest they may not see another for a long time, that they immediately drink up half the bottle, unless some other equally fearful man gets ahead of them and drinks it all.

I once asked a distinguished medical colleague of mine why I no longer met him at big medical dinners. He said: "I used to enjoy them. But nowadays so many of the men are half-seas over before the dinner is half done, that it is no pleasure to talk to them, for they are in no condition to talk even coherently, let alone interestingly or profitably. And the worst of it is that those men, who were once moderate in their habits and whom I looked forward to meeting, are just those that seem to lose their heads with joy when

they get free drinks, and who have to be carried out by the waiters before dessert. That's why I don't care much for big medical dinners, or big legal dinners or any kind of a banquet. If there isn't going to be anything to drink, men won't go; or if they do, they go with their pockets loaded down with flasks or with their insides already as loaded down with alcohol as is humanly possible."

There is the same lack of gentlemanly restraint among much younger men. And I, who live in a university building or hall in which undergraduate and graduate students have their rooms, see things that irritate and distress me, not because they are inherently wicked, but because they are or seem degrading. During my own undergraduate days, I saw or took part in more drinking than was, I dare say, good for me. But our worst parties were quite different from the undergraduate parties of to-day. We never came together to drink, or to get drunk. The drink itself was not the primary object of our gathering. We dined or we supped together for the sake of good-fellowship and in order to amuse ourselves. One cocktail, before dinner, was sufficient; then there was wine with our meal, liqueurs with the coffee, and, if we sat long afterwards, whiskey and soda. If someone drank too much and had to be put away—well, we put him away as soon as possible and tried to forget about it. If he was disgustingly drunk, we forgave him once. For any man may be overtaken in his drink once in his life. But if this happened more frequently, we did not invite that particular person to our parties any more.

To-day, all this is changed. And, as I believe, for the worse. The drinking of wine or spirits has become divorced from our eating. And this is dangerous, always.

Suppose that modern undergraduates want to give a party. All of them love giving parties. Why should they not? And if they can't give a party in one place, they must give it in another. They have no longer, at their disposal, places

in which they can drink like gentlemen. They cannot, as a rule, find a really good hotel or restaurant or even a club at which they can eat well and drink decently at the same time, and at a reasonable cost. The hotel bars are gone. So are the pleasant supper places, where they could once get musty ale or porter with their food. The modern speakeasies are not particularly attractive places; they are places, not to eat in or to talk in, they exist only as places to get drunk in. And few young men nowadays can afford a dinner at one of the few good restaurants, where red wine or champagne may be purchased at inordinately high prices. So, as a result, most undergraduates, when they give a party, give it in their rooms. At their university hall or dormitory, at their fraternity house, or their boarding house. Here they cannot give a decent dinner, as a general rule. But why waste time eating anyhow? The party is a drinking party. James Jones has just manufactured a gallon of gin with almost pure alcohol from the laboratory, some *aqua* more or less *pura*, and a little bottle of "gin essence," that contains all the "oils" of real gin and that can be purchased at any corner drug store. This "gin" (God save the mark) is made into some sort of a punch, or taken plain. And they drink it without food, while they play cards, or smoke. The chief amusement does not seem to be pleasing conversation or even good fellowship; it consists rather in discovering who will "pass out" first.

In a college room the results of such a party—and there are many of them—are often appalling. I have frequently surveyed the scene of the morning after. And the results are frequently so unbelievably disgusting that servants sometimes refuse to clean up the place. And one can scarcely blame them. What one really seems to need is a large fire hose.

I do not wish to be misunderstood. I am not, in any way, blaming the young men themselves. In my own day, we did

all the things that they do. But we did not do them in our rooms. There were other places, hotels and restaurants and bars, where our drinking was done and its results decently concealed. And, as I have said, we did not go to these places, primarily, to get drunk; we went there to enjoy ourselves. And having enjoyed ourselves, either decorously or indecorously, we went home or were carried home, to our rooms, and we woke up next morning in pleasant surroundings, and not in a pigsty.

I honestly believe that there is more hard drinking among undergraduates to-day than there was in my own time, twenty-five years ago. I believe also that it coarsens mental fiber and deteriorates physical reactions much more than it used to do. Until a few years ago I never saw a woman reeling silly drunk, except in the lowest of London streets. To-day at a college dance you may see girls of twenty so intoxicated that they have to be led from the room by their escorts, unless they turn "drunk ugly" and refuse to leave at all.

For all this I do not blame the younger generation. What *is* to blame then? I cannot pretend to answer the question. But something is very seriously out of kilter somewhere.

I hesitate even to use the word Prohibition. I am so deathly sick of hearing it. But if by Prohibition one means the existing legal conditions in America, which have produced all the things that I have mentioned in this chapter and ten thousand worse things too, then I am forced to pray that this Prohibition may soon cease. Men and women are constantly demanding of you whether you are a "pro" or an "anti." Apparently, one must belong to one class or the other. Yet I find myself unwilling to be permanently classified.

Anyone who does the kind of work at the courts that I do cannot be blind to the suffering and the tragedies that have been caused by alcoholism. But to-day I find just as much

suffering and just as many tragedies as I found in the days before alcohol was outlawed. Except, perhaps, that the Sunday-morning drunks, in the police courts, are more seriously poisoned by vile alcohol than they used to be by reasonably good whiskey. I admit that the outlawing of alcohol may have prevented many tragedies and much distress, and may have kept some men sober who might otherwise have become drunkards. But I can write only of what I see, and the prohibition of alcohol does not seem to have prohibited alcoholism.

I have often tried to set down the reasons for my opposition to the doctrine that alcohol is a virulent poison and should, therefore, be prohibited. It is difficult to express them but not impossible. For I can understand how a man may honestly believe in the toxicity of alcohol. But what I find it harder to express is my intense antagonism to the *spirit* of Prohibition; to the influence or the mental attitude of those men and women who have undertaken to exorcise with their spells the demon rum and have only succeeded in making him more powerful and much more devilish than he ever was before. This is often the fate of inexperienced exorcists who, after having had some small success in banishing a minor imp or two, attempt to summon into their magic circle some really powerful devil that snaps his fingers at their petty charms, pushes them out of their useless circle and, snatching up the wand of the discomfited magician, begins to do a little Black Magic of his own. The magician may think himself lucky, if he gets off so easily. It is a wretched business to try to dictate to the Devil, and then to find out that you are playing directly into his hands.

This, however, I can, and perhaps I may say: I am opposed to these attempts to outlaw alcohol:

First, because I am a physician. Because I believe that as a medicine alcohol is often of great value, because its dangers and its toxicity have been greatly exaggerated, and because

it is nobody's business except the physician's to tell him what medicines he is *not* to use.

Secondly, because I am, or try to be a criminologist. Because I have not seen that what we call crime has decreased during the past years, because I see more toxicity in the things that people now insist on drinking than in the things that they were once permitted to drink, and because I know from experience that you cannot make people temperate by legislation any more than you can enforce a law which the community in general refuses to acknowledge.

Thirdly, because I am, or pretend to be a scholar. Because I can see nothing demoniacal in the great god Dionysos and know, from what Euripides has written, that those who misunderstand or oppose him are only hastening their own destruction; because I realize that a great deal of the verse and the prose that I love would be utterly flat and silly if Bacchus and all references to him were eliminated; and because the world is indebted to this same divinity for some of the most glorious things that have ever been achieved by poets, painters and musicians. The highest compliment that I can pay myself or that others can pay me is to call me a humanist, a very humble follower of men like Desiderius Erasmus of Rotterdam, Thomas Linacre and Conrad Gesner. And there is an impassable gulf between the least human humanist and the most human prohibitionist, at least so far as my own experience goes. "A prohibiting humanist" is a contradiction in terms. Like Mrs. Harris, "there ain't no such person." And there never will be.

Fourthly, because I am, in a small way, connected with a very great university and partially responsible for the well-being of some of its younger members. Because, in comparing their lives with my own past undergraduate days, I see that they have lost "a gracious somewhat" that has been replaced by habits that are not gracious at all. Because they are exposed to new influences that possess new powers of

disintegration, almost of degradation, at a time in their lives when it is very easy to mistake brutality for manliness and dangerous dissipation for the amusements of a gentleman. And especially because, instead of wine, they drink alcohol.

Fifthly, and fundamentally, because I am a Catholic, who practices his religion imperfectly enough, but whose most sacred associations are connected with Bread—and Wine. Because, as a priest, the highest, most divine function of my priesthood, a function that places me, unworthy mortal though I be, on a spiritual plane higher than the angels themselves, centers about the blessing, the consecration of an outlawed substance which is said to be a poison, both dangerous and degrading, yet which, to me and to many others, becomes "the Blood of My Lord and God." Because I know that it was not "grape juice" that Christ blessed in Cana of Galilee. The great Jewish rabbis and scholars, who are learned in the liturgical history of the Passover, laugh in their beards at the "unfermented wine" theory of Prohibition Protestants. And because I am sure that "what God blessed once cannot prove accurst."

And finally, because the whole question bores me to extinction. If men and women would stop talking about Prohibition perhaps they would stop drinking in spite of it—or give up trying to make others stop drinking, by preaching it as the only true American gospel of health and of material prosperity. Prohibition is no longer a mere law. It has become an obsession. Some people are so obsessed in its favor that the mere smell of a cocktail drives them to the corner drug store to ruin their already disturbed digestions with grape juices and soda waters. They drink a chocolate soda as if they were waving the American flag and shouting the battle cry of freedom. Others are so intensely obsessed against it, that they wear themselves out and mess up their houses trying to make home brews, drink a great deal more than they want, and feel that they have done a boy scout's

"good deed" every time they visit their bootlegger. They toss about the cocktail shaker—and the bigger the shaker the better—as if they were reading aloud to their children the Declaration of Independence.

It would be amusing, if it were not pitiful, and if it did not become such a deadly bore. I have forced myself to write about it. I have not enjoyed the writing. I do not read what others write on the same subject, and I shall not blame anyone who refuses to read this contribution of mine. If they will only stop talking to me about it, I shall be perfectly satisfied.

CHAPTER XI

DRUGS

FIRST and foremost, let me protest with all possible vehemence against the use of two words, that are not only ugly but unjust and misleading. They are: dope and dope fiend.

The narcotics, that are commonly included under "dope," are among the most ancient, the most valued elements in every pharmacopœia. In the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, one reads of "pain assuaging drugs." But the heroes of Troy did not use "dope." Nor was Helen, when she gave a soothing drug to Telemachus, a "dope fiend" herself.

It is a tactless insult to refer to preparations, that have been of inestimable value to mankind, as "dope." The expression is, moreover, inaccurate. In our common speech, our very, very common speech, the word includes two very distinct and different types of narcotic drugs; the old respected and respectable preparations of opium (morphine, heroin, tinctura opii, etc.), and the more modern cocaine. Opium is, ultimately, always a sedative. Cocaine, as used by the addict and especially by the delinquent, is a stimulant. The effects of the two drugs are absolutely different. So why call them both "dope"?

Because their effects are different, the people who use them are different also. The morphine user is not the same as the user of cocaine. It is easy enough to tell them apart. The people who use both drugs are comparatively rare. Even they are, in the last analysis, either cocainists or morphinists. The habitual user of cocaine sometimes takes a little opium

to quiet the tension and excitement of repeated sniffs or injections of his drug, while the morphinist may take occasionally a little cocaine in order to overcome the drowsiness, the constant slipping off into slumber that is the final reaction of his particular narcotic. It is inaccurate, therefore, to call the users of these two different drugs by the same name, "dope fiends."

Even if one could, from a scientific standpoint, swallow the inaccurate implications of the word "dope," one must rebel against "fiend" as applied to any human being. A cocaine user may, now and then, commit a murder during some holdup, because he has been too artificially stimulated to use his judgment. Even then, this type of murderer is no fiend. The morphinist, so long as he has a supply of his drug sufficient to keep him reasonably comfortable, is never a killer. He is very seldom a criminal at all.

No lover of good literature should ever use the two words that I have mentioned because without opium there would have been no *Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner*. Without opium many chapters of Thomas De Quincey would have been dull and uninteresting. Heaven only knows how much of the best work of Edgar Allan Poe is the result of what modern people call "dope." Every self-respecting person, therefore, who respects English literature and the English language in the first place and who has any regard, secondly, for human nature ought to delete "dope" and the "dope fiend" permanently from his vocabulary.

Even the word that we commonly use, "addict," is far from satisfactory. For so many eminently respectable people are addicted to so many respectable things. I am addicted to my Sunday newspaper; if I miss it, of a Sunday morning, my Sunday morning is upset and spoiled. But, if something has happened to the newsboy and if there be no Sunday paper to be had, then, in spite of my addiction, I can get along without the paper and still not suffer tortures indescribable.

The addict, however—the man or woman whose bodily machinery has become accustomed to a certain amount of a white powder every day—is no longer free to get along without it. He *must* have it, if he is to be able to do his regular work and earn his living. And if, for any reason he cannot get it, he is very soon not only a sick man, he is in hell, a hell of such intense torment as to exceed the most fertile imagination of the cleverest medieval master of torture or of the most unconsciously sadistic monk in some ancient treatise on the eternal sufferings of the damned. He can get along without food if he happens to be hard up and loses his job; he can go naked if necessary; but, in order to live, even on the borders of the hell that is always gaping at his feet, he *must* have one thing, his little white powder, his drug.

But here again, cocaine differs from morphine. Cocaine is not an intensely habit-forming drug. A user, which is the polite word for an addict, may be abruptly deprived of his “snow” without suffering very greatly. But opium, in any form, is habit forming. And the man or the woman, who has the courage to try to rid himself of it faces a period of bitter suffering that very, very few have courage enough to endure until the end. Yet I have seen men and women try it. I have seen them win finally, without help from a physician, win through to a breaking of the habit; and then, in a few months, go back to their drug again. For the habit that opium forms, at least in this day of hypodermic syringes, is not only a habit of the body; it is a habit of mind. And this habit of the mind often reasserts itself, after the habit of the body has been successfully overcome.

There are, to-day, many users who, because of their wealth or ability to travel, maintain their habit and do their work in the world without arousing any suspicion. I was once told of a well-to-do successful business man, who died rather suddenly of pneumonia. Among his effects was found

the key to a private box in a bank. His executors, who expected to find it stuffed with bonds, or important papers, found it filled with packages of morphine tablets. A private stock, enough to last for several years, and probably renewed every now and then by purchases made in Europe, and smuggled into an American port in the owner's private luggage. If this same man had had a private cellar somewhere, filled with spirits and wines that had been smuggled in by a bootlegger, his executors would have smiled and thought it a pity that he could not have lived long enough to drink it all up himself. But the private box was full of "dope." The man was, not a gentlemanly evader of an impossible law; he was a "dope fiend."

I dare say that many of us would be surprised if we knew how many perfectly respectable, perfectly intelligent and successful people are so-called addicts. Not that there are so many of them in this country as is generally supposed. The number has been estimated by the Federal Narcotic authorities, and their estimate has given the lie direct to the calamity howlers who rave about the national danger of increasing drug addiction.

When you get a letter from one of these howlers, suspect it. At least once or twice every year, I receive a communication written on an imposing letterhead, on which is printed, as an advisory committee, the names of many distinguished men, and I, too, am asked to become a contributing member to a Great White Crusade against drugs, the initiation fee being anything from one to five dollars. Past experience, rather expensively purchased, has taught me to refer all such communications to our local narcotic agent. And almost always an examination of this Great White Crusade leads the investigator to a little, bare room in some large town, in which there is a single desk, and at the desk, one man who is the whole "crusade" himself. He has invested a little cash in letterheads; and in stamped envelopes and city direc-

stories. And he pays his expenses and lives very comfortably on the money sent to him by those credulous men and women who have become contributing members to his Great Crusade. I have known such men to write to the presidents of our universities and colleges; and I have known presidents who did not hesitate to send, not only a contribution, but the permission to use their names. The crusader uses them. They help him a lot. But they do not help the unfortunate drug addict; not much.

For the psychiatrist, there is a wide field of investigation open in connection with narcotics. We know a great deal, thanks to men like Professor Abel and other experimental pharmacologists, about the physical effects of medicines and drugs. But about their mental effects we know very little. We do not even take such effects into consideration. Here the homeopathists have got ahead of us, in spirit at least. For only the other day, I was reading an old homeopathic "medicine book," in which the various reactions of all drugs were described under the two headings of bodily effects and mental results. I am sorry to say that these mental results were usually foolish and almost surely wrong. But the idea was right.

A great many years ago, when I was wandering in China, I met an old Chinese physician. He had, at his fingers' ends, the whole of the ancient Chinese *Dreck Apotheke*, with its devil-frightening charms. But he had also some unusual knowledge. He was an opium smoker in a small way. He smoked his one pipe a day, much as an American physician of moderate habits enjoys one cocktail before dinner, or a tiny glass of cognac after it. It was this Chinese colleague who lectured to me for hours, on the swaying little boat or sampan that was carrying us slowly up to Peking, about the mental effects of drugs. And of opium, he told me that it was a sovereign remedy for those whose minds were "overstimulated by the fever of love."

We know, of course, that opium, if taken regularly, kills the sexual potency. But I did not know, or then believe that it could also kill sexual desire. A certain case, of which I have had knowledge for many years, may illustrate this.

I was once consulted by a colleague about a most painful, an almost hopeless case of what we call sadism; that blood-lust, that sidetracking of sex satisfaction in the joy of inflicting pain and even death upon others. The patient was somewhat of a personage in my colleague's town. He came of an ancient, highly esteemed stock. He was happily married; he was successful. But every now and then, perhaps twice a year, perhaps less, he would become the prey of an irresistible desire to torture, a desire to see blood, to kill. He would fight against it until his mind was confused and exhausted. He would lose all interest in his home, in his business. And then, some day, he would yield. And after that, he would suddenly come to himself, and realize what he had done. But, in spite of his remorse, he would feel released from torment. His mind was clear again and he could go on with the business of life. Several times, he had been on the brink of some scandal. Already there had been tales of animals, tormented or beaten to death, that had been hushed up somehow. But the next time anything happened, the hushing up might be no longer possible. That would mean disgrace, disgrace to a valuable member of the community which would ruin that value forever, disgrace to his family, the loss of everything that he himself held most dear.

My colleague was in despair, when he told me the story. And as I talked with him, I remembered my old Chinese physician. I remembered that sadistic desires are rooted in the sexual life. And I thought that if the sexual desires could be destroyed, the outbursts of sadism might cease. I have always questioned my wisdom in advising my colleague as I did. But, at any rate, he brought happiness to a tormented soul, and peace to an almost despairing family. All

this happened before the passage of the Federal Anti-Narcotic Law. But even had the law been then in force, I think that I should have given the same advice. As a result, my colleague made an addict, but he unmade a dangerous sadist. And I believe that, with those daily doses of white powder, he saved a soul. To do wrong in order that good may come is, no doubt, an indefensible proposition. But even to-day, I still do not believe that my colleague did wrong, even though he has to keep his patient an addict to the day of his death.

The connection between drugs and crime is a subject that has been treated *ad nauseam*. But something about that connection, if any exists, belongs here. I have a number of friends, or acquaintances who are either pickpockets or shoplifters. And many of them used to be users of cocaine. They took it for a definite purpose. If they went out on business, they fortified themselves with several "sniffs," because it stimulated them. It paralyzed fear. It made them willing to take longer chances, in the store or in a crowd at the races. It made their hands move more quickly; it made their minds more observant. It was just what they needed to overcome their inhibitions, their fears of the store detectives, or of the police.

Second-story men and holdup youths use cocaine for this purpose. But no criminal, who goes out on a job, unless he is already an addict, deliberately fills himself up with morphine. For morphine does not stimulate. It does do one thing for the criminal, and for this purpose alone he sometimes makes definite use of it. If you *have* committed a crime and have made a clean get-away, and then, next day, suddenly realize that one of your gloves had a split finger so that you *may* have left a finger print or two lying around, you are in agony of mind. Are the police after you? Is that cop at the corner waiting to tap you on the shoulder? You must go out, you must put up a good front. And you've got to get some sleep. The only thing that will inhibit, for

a few hours, that numbing fear of capture is a little morphia, or heroin.

But this is only an occasional use. The fact that we ought to get into our minds is this: a man does not become a user of morphine because he is a criminal and "dopes himself up" before committing a crime. On the contrary, a man often becomes a criminal because he is already a user. And because, come what may, he *must* have that white powder which keeps him able to go on living, either honestly or dishonestly. If he is deprived of it, he will rob, not because he is a robber or a criminal, but because he is an addict. He may even commit murder in the state of unbearable suffering that follows the withdrawal of his drug. If we can remember this, we will make fewer mistakes in our judgment of addicts.

You will find that the Federal authorities understand this perfectly. For in spite of what I have already written about what we call Prohibition, I have no quarrel with the Anti-Narcotic Law or with the men who enforce it. Some of these men I number among my most intimate friends. They are doing a very difficult job, and for the most part they are doing it very well indeed. There is nothing that I will not do to help them. And it is one of the boasts of our Court Medical Service that our relations with the Federal Courts and the Federal authorities have always been cordial and mutually helpful.

The only danger lies, I think, in associating the enforcement of the Narcotic Law with the enforcement of Prohibition, in combining the two services under a single head. For the enforcement of the Narcotic Act is *not* a police measure, while Prohibition, apparently, cannot be anything else. Up to the present time, however, Washington has realized this. The most important "narcotic agents-in-charge" are *physicians*. And so long as the majority of them remain members of my own profession, I know that the

enforcement of the law will be neither cruel nor arbitrary.

Some day, people will give these men their just dues. Just at present, at least in the Free State of Maryland, any Federal law-enforcement officer is decidedly unpopular. And because they know that they are unpopular, they often become short-tempered and occasionally downright rude, especially if they belong to the Prohibition squad. But among the narcotic agents, I have never met with anything but courtesy; and to most of them I take off my hat. For only a man like myself, who is in constant touch with delinquents and law breakers, can understand what they have achieved during the past twelve years, since the Anti-Narcotic Law was passed.

When I first began to work in our courts, narcotic cases were frequent. Our jail hospital was often filled with users who were petty delinquents, and who were learning, under our jail doctors' efficient care, to go without their "stuff." Just after the law was passed and the supplies of many users cut off, we were, of course, overcrowded with such cases. But nowadays, I hardly ever see a narcotic case. It is very, very seldom that I find a delinquent, whose case has been referred to me, and who is an habitual user. If there are so many criminal "drug fiends" as some emotional writers seem to think, I don't know where they are. Certainly, they are not in Maryland this morning.

Nowadays, there are no furtive men and women who slink into my office and beg me to write them a prescription for a few grains of morphine or cocaine. Occasionally, perhaps once a year, a case of this kind turns up. And what I do with it is typical of my attitude in the whole matter. I tell the patient that I cannot write a narcotic prescription for him, because I never write them for any of my office patients. But I do not throw him out; I tell him where he can find help. And I give him one of my cards with the address of

the narcotic chief agent in Washington or Baltimore. I advise him to seek that man out at once. For I know that if the patient's case is a worthy one, the agent, who is also my friend, will see that the man does not suffer unduly, and will, if necessary, make it possible for him to enter a hospital and get rid of his addiction altogether. I do not know how I could show more clearly my attitude toward the law and the men who are responsible for its enforcement.

If there ever was a drug menace in this country, it has disappeared. And so long as my own profession collaborates sympathetically with the Federal authorities, it will never return.

CHAPTER XI

JUDGES, BAILIFFS, AND JURIES

A JUDGE is always an imposing figure. He may wear all the glories of scarlet robe and full-bottomed wig, he may be satisfied with merely a black gown, or he may preside from the bench, as many American judges still do, in his everyday garments. He may be tall and imposing of stature; or he may, when off the bench, look small and insignificant. All this makes no difference, or very little. Once he is on the bench, and once the bailiff has called, "The Criminal Court is now in session. Draw near and ye shall be heard"; then that figure, which looks down upon his little kingdom of the courtroom, assumes an importance and radiates a dignity which even the dullest loafer, who is dozing for an hour on the public benches, understands and respects.

Criticism of our state judiciaries is common enough in these days. And it is cheap, too, because it is so easy. As a general thing, the judge cannot defend himself. But I have noticed that whenever criticism appears in the courtroom itself it is not spoken but whispered. For there is still such a thing as contempt of court.

Perhaps I have been more fortunate than others. But although I have served under many judges during the twelve odd years of my court activity, I have never met one who was not courteous, and patient, and dignified. For the bench has its apostolic consecration as well as the church. The talkative, fussy, ambitious priest, after his consecration to the episcopate, becomes, as a bishop, quiet and restrained. And I have watched many a short-tempered, undignified

lawyer become a long-suffering, impressive and dignified judge.

I have, I suppose, a weakness for judges. My life's work has brought me into contact with many classes or groups of my fellow men; but I know of no group or class, not even my own medical colleagues, with which my contacts have been more satisfactory and more even than with those men, gowned or not gowned, who dispense justice and decree judgment in our American courts.

Moreover, the development of a judge's official character and temperament is always fascinating to watch. For, as I have said, the bench has an atmosphere of its own; it changes and reacts upon every man who is elevated to it. In Baltimore, the judges of our Supreme Bench sit every year in a different court. And our two criminal courts, although most judges do not like to sit there, are the real crucibles in which a man's character is tried.

Whenever we had a new judge in a criminal court, a man who had just been elected or appointed and who had never sat in criminal proceedings before, I used to keep a record of his sentences. On the basis of this record, I would, at the end of his term, construct a curve; a curve of the length of sentences imposed. Curiously enough, this curve was almost always about the same; in the case of each new judge it showed, roughly, the same variations.

For the new judge would come to his work in the criminal court with a deep sense of his responsibility, with a desire to deal justly, but, above all things, not to be harsh; to sin rather on the side of leniency than on the side of severity. And so, for the first month or two, my curve would run along a low level, for there would be frequent acquittals, some suspended sentences, and short terms in the jail or the penitentiary. But then, something always happened. The curve would take a sudden trend upward. Fewer acquittals, fewer cases placed on probation, and longer, much longer,

sentences. The judge had, somehow or other, realized that he was too easy; that the criminal lawyers were not taking him seriously, but were putting things over on him and were abusing his good nature. I have seen a judge changed in a day by the discovery of some bit of chicanery, by the over-hearing of some comment on his rulings, by the realization that what he had meant for kindness and forbearance was being misinterpreted as weakness and lack of courage—changed from a paternal, interested, smiling man to a scowling, severe czar. And then, for a while, up goes the curve; and the amount in months of the sentences imposed during each week of court grows bigger and bigger.

No doubt there have been, and there still are, men on the bench who have never developed beyond this level; or rather who have allowed themselves to crystallize into petty, scolding, unreasonable tyrants; but I have never met them. For in all my own graphs, constructed for those judges whom I have known, the curve did not remain on the level of extreme and senseless severity. Its sudden jump upward was always followed by a slow but sure fall; a fall that, indeed, never reached the first, low level of extreme leniency, but that found and that maintained a middle way between the two extremes. So these curves and calculations of mine have taught me at least two things: first, that the work of a criminal court is bound to react in a marked way upon the temperament of a new judge, in a way that seems to me fairly constant; and second, that, in Baltimore at least, the men who have done that work and have been exposed to its atmosphere have been men of sound, mental stock who reacted automatically against extremes, and soon found for themselves that golden mean that has been, since the days of Aristotle, the ideal of the wise man.

A judge's personality affects the atmosphere of his court. This is so true that, in my daily wanderings about our court house, I can almost tell what judge is sitting on any par-

ticular bench by standing for a moment at the door of his court, where I cannot see the bench at all. We have some eleven superior courts. Each of our eleven judges sits in one court only for a single year; and yet in that single year, he impresses his personality so deeply on its general atmosphere that he himself can be recognized by it. One man has the slow, restrained dignity that keeps counsel from lounging over tables, and restrains even the oldest bailiff from lighting a cigarette before he is well beyond the outside door. Another is evidently so delighted at the day's work before him that he cannot resist a modest jest or two; his eyes twinkle at the tense lawyers when they are in the midst of some tiff, and he speaks to the weeping shoplifter in a voice that makes her anxious to tell His Honor all about it. His court is never a quiet one; perhaps it is undignified at times. Bailiffs and prison guards and witnesses walk in and out and around the aisles as if they were at home; in the corridor just behind the bench, two reporters are smoking; and, if the judge should pick up the gavel, that he never touches, and should hammer on the desk before him, everyone would stand petrified, imagining that the Day of Judgment was at hand. They are not afraid of him; they love him. And they will all do more for him than for the severest, most dreaded of his colleagues.

And so on they go, all our different courts, with their varying atmospheres. I like one just as much as another. And I count as my friends the men who rule over them.

As for the bailiffs; having been, as I have written elsewhere, a bailiff myself, for a short period, I am naturally much attached to them all. Each judge has two, but when a new judge is elected or appointed he cannot dismiss two bailiffs and appoint two of his own. He has to take over the bailiffs that belonged to his predecessor. And so, many of my once fellow bailiffs have held office for a long, long time. That makes them especially interesting. For after

the clerks of the different courts who are naturally the upholders of tradition and the chosen vessels of court history, the bailiffs form the real links with the past of our Supreme Bench. One of them, our "doyen," a tower of strength and traditional training, was the bailiff of the father of the present, distinguished governor of Maryland. Among the others, the older men—the Group of Elder Statesmen—are perfect mines of information about this former judge and that. One will tell you about fiery old Judge X, who rejoiced in extreme sentences, who loved to hang a murderer; and who in his early days had once been tried for murder himself. Another will describe a former Judge Y, renowned for his clothes, who always wore a frock coat and a glossy, high hat, and who carried gloves, in one of which he concealed the plug of tobacco that kept his jaws moving rhythmically during the longest trial.

People make fun of bailiffs. They seem to think that they have nothing to do, and live lives of lazy idleness. Nothing could be farther from the truth. They are the judges' secretaries, their bookkeepers, their errand boys, sometimes, their close friends and confidential advisors. I know one of them, who is also our court interpreter, who began life as a lawyer; and who, as he says, gave up the practice of the law because he wanted to die an honest man. However that may be, he is not only a trained jurist and a master of seven tongues, but also a scientific photographer and no mean pathologist. He knows more pathology than I ever knew; and his advice on difficult legal questions is always valuable and frequently sought. No. Bailiffs earn their salaries, such as they are; and they are not much for the work they do.

Another important person in a courtroom is the court stenographer. Very often no one notices the quiet, motionless figure that sits just below the witness stand with bowed head and ever-moving hand. Every word, every exclama-

tion, every expression of emotion produced by the witness is reproduced by the stenographer. He is the direct descendant of the ancient scribes who, in longhand and in laborious Latin, once wrote down on heavy parchment the proceedings of the medieval courts. He and his colleagues are the historians of criminology. Through their fingers there flows into writing the whole complex story of every trial; all the rough materials of human unhappiness, mistakes and suffering that go to make up every case, from the most insignificant larceny up to the most gruesome murder.

Among the stenographers of our courthouse I have at least two whom I may call my friends. One of them, at least, deserves a passing word of notice, for he is, I think, the bravest, the most gallant personality that I have ever known. In the bent and tormented body of this man there lives a spirit of stern attention to duty, a spirit of cheerfulness and of contentment even among the most difficult circumstances that often shames into silence my own petty complainings. He had been a stenographer for some ten years when the pathological process in the bones of his spinal column began: a progressive ossification of the joints which has slowly bent his head more and more toward the ground, although it has not been able to bend or to bow his spirit. No one knows the torments of attempted treatment which he has undergone in order, at least, to check the ever-advancing disease that is gradually solidifying the bones of his spine and that is bending his neck and shoulders lower and lower, so that now as he walks along he cannot lift his eyes more than a few feet from the ground. This process has been going on now for ten years. In spite of it he is in court every day. He is the most accurate stenographer that we have and he asks pity and consideration of no one. A few days ago I heard the tap, tap of his stick in the corridor outside my office and he came in with his head bowed down to the floor and with blood dripping from a long, open wound in his scalp.

He had been hastening to the courthouse and in crossing the street had been struck by the back of a passing motor car. Any other man would have reported himself as unfit for duty; but not so he. The wound, he insisted, was an insignificant one. If I could stop the bleeding he would go straight into court; and into court he went without a whimper, and did his work all that day without the slightest complaint. But there is more than this in the story, for the man's mind, despite his body, is a very remarkable one. He is interested in everything in this world that is beautiful and upright and straight and clean. His one ambition is to be able to write some of the stories that he hears day after day as he takes down with his firm, rapid hand the testimony of witness after witness. There is one story, however, that he will never write and yet this is the one story that for the sake of other men ought to be written: the story of his own patient fight against handicaps and obstacles that would have broken a less powerful spirit long ago. But since he himself will never write it, it is at least my duty to see that some mention of it be made, even although the story itself must ever remain among those many fascinating tales of bravery and achievement that are never written at all because the men who live them are too modest and too humble-hearted to realize their value.

How many, many panels of jurymen have I seen! And how they differ! They form, as it were, a sort of cross section of the community, cut out of society by the law and brought into court to decide the well-being or the undoing of so many unfortunate or rebellious people. The variations that strike one most are not the variations between one jurymen and another, but between a jury of twelve men in one year, and a jury of the same type in another year. It is the same cross section all the time; and yet the way in which the composite mind of that cross section works, changes in a most puzzling way. Of course, it represents the varying

reactions of our community in general toward crimes and offenses.

In one year, for example, in cases of sexual assault, the juries will find men guilty on the flimsiest evidence, and there seems to be a determination in that composite mind to send to prison anyone who is even accused of this one, particular offense. Two years later, a similar cross section, again representing the same community, will do exactly the opposite thing. And the State's Attorney wrings his hands in despair, because, in a case of sexual assault, he doesn't seem able to get a conviction, no matter how strong his evidence may be. For years I kept track of these varying reactions of juries, hoping to find some reason for them. I never did. But they are worth mentioning.

Anyone who has served in the courts for as many years as I have becomes known to many jurymen. And this fact has increased the burden of my conscience in no small degree. If I have to testify in some important case, I have to remember that there will be at least some men on the jury who know who I am, who know, too, that I have no legal ax to grind, and who therefore will attach to my statements a value and an objectivity that they do not attach to the testimony of some colleague of mine, who may know a great deal more than I do. And so, as time goes on, my responsibility seems to grow greater instead of less.

As one listens to the preliminary examinations of jurors, before some murder case, one is impressed with the increasing prejudice against capital punishment. What I, myself, think about this matter of the death penalty, I have already set down elsewhere. But it is puzzling to watch the variations of this same prejudice. Of course, a jury panel, which in a way reflects the attitude of the community in general, is influenced by the events in that community's life. After some particularly outrageous murder or holdup, you will find that the number of jurors who are disqualified

because they are opposed to capital punishment has decidedly diminished. But let the community be stirred by some bungled execution, in which a condemned man has been choked slowly to death at the end of a rope, and the State's Attorney will find himself put to it to secure jurymen who are not opposed, conscientiously, to the death penalty for murder. It is these variations of reaction that make the jury so insecure and so indefinite a legal mechanism. The murderer who happens to be brought to trial just after some shocking homicide with which he himself has had nothing at all to do but which has influenced the community against murders, and so incidentally against himself, runs a greater chance of being hanged than a criminal, charged with the same offense, who comes before the court after some unnecessarily brutal execution which has disgusted the community and the jury that represents it with the entire idea of a life for a life. This, manifestly, is not fair.

And quite as manifestly, these variations cease to operate and a more even course of justice is assured when the accused man's fate is decided, not by a jury but by the bench. In Maryland at least, the defendant's counsel and, what is more striking still, the defendant himself have come to feel that their cause is far safer in the hands of one or more competent and trained judges, than in the hands of the Twelve Good Men and True.

I have talked with hundreds of prospective jurors, as they have gathered in the courtroom, some of them frankly interested, others grumbling because they ought to be down at the office where everything is probably going to rack and ruin without them, and yet all of them impressed by the seriousness of their duties, and almost piteously anxious to do their very best. From these anxious ones I have often heard the same request, a request that I have never been able to fulfill. They all ask for a book.

"Say, Doctor, you've been round here for a long time.

Haven't you got some sort of a book that would tell me something about the men and women that get into trouble with the law? Something about the different kinds; the dumb ones, the clever ones, the crazy ones. In the jury box we only hear about the crime; about what the man or the woman did. We never get anything about the people themselves; I mean, not what they've done, but why they've done it, and what they are. In the bookshops you see all kinds of guides. There must be some book about how to be an intelligent jurymen. Lend it to me, will you?"

And when I shake my head despairingly, and tell them that no such book exists, they often say:

"Well, then, you ought to write it."

How I wish that I might—that I could. Perhaps some day some modern lawyer, trained in forensic medicine and experienced in dealing with delinquents, will write that book. I should like to order several dozen copies in advance for my friends among the jurymen.

Judges and bailiffs, jurymen and witnesses, court clerks, stenographers, and guards—all these and more go to make up the mass of interesting humanity, amidst which I spend so many hours each day. As for the lawyers, I should need an entire volume in which to write intelligently about them. One hears a great deal, nowadays, about the low-class criminal lawyer, the mouthpiece of the Underworld (an expression that I detest); and, in the course of my work, I have met a few such men. A very few. One of the greatest of our criminal lawyers, a man who was said to be dishonest, unprincipled and corrupt, hand in glove with murderers and thieves, I counted among my friends. I count him so still, in spite of the fact that, in these days, our courthouse sees him no more. Some of the things that his enemies said must have been true. I found him always big-hearted and generous, courteous and respectful. He is almost the only criminal lawyer I have ever known who, during a trial, never

lost his temper, and who never snapped at his opponents or sneered at the bench. If he adequately represents the much abused type of low-class criminal lawyer, then that type has a worse reputation than it deserves.

As for our prosecuting officers, our State's Attorneys, I think, with all due regard for similar officials in other states, that we may call ourselves, in Baltimore, fortunate above our deserts. During the period of my own court work, three men have held this high office. The first one, now our mayor, was once a tower of strength to me, a constant source of encouragement during the dark, disappointing days when I was trying to establish our Court Medical Service. The present incumbent, a young, efficient man—a man after my own heart—has, with the help of our judges, established a record for expeditiousness that is, so far as I know, unequalled. His cases have been presented for trial with such promptness that our criminal docket has been cleared of all the old cases, and has been kept up to date so persistently that every now and then there are not enough cases for our two criminal courts, and one court has to hear cases of other kinds. In Baltimore such justice as we have—and it is as equable as it is expeditious—is dispensed without delay. With us, men without money for bail do not wait in jail for months until their case happens to come up. Occasionally, very occasionally, in my rounds of the trial men at the jail, I have come across a man who for some reason or other seems to have been not lost, but temporarily misplaced. A word about him to the State's Attorney's office, and either he comes up for trial at once, or he is released. Moreover, I am rewarded by the State's Attorney with as gracious a smile of thanks as if I had found for him a pearl of great price, instead of a misplaced, half-forgotten, petty delinquent.

As for the witnesses in the criminal courts, what a fascinating, stimulating crowd they are! Pompous little trades-

men, fuming and fretting because they have to wait an hour or two in court before they can identify the ragged vagrant who stole a cap or a pair of shoes from their stores. Terrified women, tense with emotion, and in fear of the witness stand, women who have been robbed or assaulted and who know that soon they must stand up before all this listening crowd ("Talk louder, madam, so that the Court can hear you"), stand up and identify the man who did to them those things, the memory of which horrifies them still—the things that they want to forget but have not been allowed to. Discouraged, bedraggled wives, with little babies in their arms, too discouraged to be frightened, yet dreading to face, not the judge or even the courtroom, but only those unshaven, sullen men, who have deserted them, who drink and who won't work, or, what is far worse, who have found some other women—the men whom they remember as the smooth-checked, affectionate youths, their husbands, of whom they were once so proud.

And then the mothers and the fathers—you can pick them out at a glance. Their eyes are always fixed on the door just to the right of the bench, through which the prisoners are brought up from the lockup. They sit in stony silence, with their hands clasped in front of them, until finally that door opens, for the sixth or seventh time that morning, and their baby—their son, or their daughter—comes into court, glancing anxiously, shamefacedly, over the rows of heads at the back of the courtroom until his or her eyes suddenly come to rest on some familiar face. Then the eyes drop again, the shoulders slump, and the boy or the girl follows the prison guard to the prisoner's seat, facing the judge, the seat from which they can see no one in the room behind them. And for this small mercy, they thank whatever gods are left to them. But, back of them, among the witnesses, there are one or two pairs of eyes that never move but that, all through the trial, stare fixedly at the back of a loved

head, at the rounded, discouraged shoulders fenced in between two men in blue coats. When the trial is over, and sentence is being pronounced, there is a moment's silence: "Guilty on the first count. Six months in jail," or "Five years in the penitentiary"—and then, in the silence, from one of those back benches, you hear a quick, indrawn breath of agony.

When I hear that—and my ear has been trained to recognize it during many years—I slip down the aisle of the courtroom. Because, as like as not, there will follow upon that indrawn breath a long-quivering scream, like the scream of a wounded animal; the judge's gavel will thunder on his desk, and I shall have to beckon a bailiff or a guard to help me carry from the courtroom a fainting, moaning old woman, whose hat falls over her ear and whose lined face is furrowed with tears as she moans and sobs and wrings her hands over her boy—her poor, innocent boy. This is one of the many times when my large fat bottle of aromatic spirits of ammonia comes in very handy.

Every day, while court is in session, I pass up and down the aisles of our two criminal courts, at least once every hour of the morning. I come to recognize ahead of time the danger spots. Here, among the witnesses, sits a man who looks like an epileptic; his hands are tremulous, his eyes seem rather glassy. He may pull through the morning, with only an unnoticeable attack of *petit mal*; but he may kick up a bad row. And here is a young girl to be tried for shoplifting, the clerk tells me; she is fumbling at her lips, she is twisting and fussing with her gloves, with her collar. She looks absolutely desperate. She will probably get onto the witness stand safely enough. But once there, if she finds that the cool, patient questioning of the State's Attorney is forcing her more and more into a corner; if she begins to see visions of jail in the judge's eye, she will probably—almost surely—"throw a fit." In other words, she will become sud-

denly rigid, apparently unconscious, and I shall have to have her carried into my office, where she will twitch and moan and bend herself backward into a bow—for just as long as anyone pays her any attention. Here, my fat bottle of ammonia is of no use. In Scotland, I believe, “psychopathic patients” of this kind are brought back to consciousness by “exposing a portion of the patient’s person and smacking at it with the end of a wet towel.” This, however, is rather too severe for us, and might possibly be misinterpreted by the female patient, especially the first part of the Scotch prescription. However, the “no attention cure” usually works quite as well. The patient, if left severely alone and without an audience, soon sits up, asks “Where am I?” and on being told, puts on her hat and gets out her lip stick. Nevertheless, she has succeeded in interrupting the case and, what is almost as bad, in interrupting me. I do not mean, of course, that such attacks are mere malingering. They are, heaven knows, real enough to both patient and physician. But, had this particular patient been more stable emotionally, she could have checked herself, before she let herself “slide over the top” of her attack. Once over the top she could not stop herself. However, she had to be stopped. And it is part of my business to do the stopping.

Expert witnesses, so called, are in a class by themselves. They are the aristocracy of the witness box. They do not sit with hoi polloi at the back of the room; they are given places, chairs of their very own, just behind the State’s Attorney or the counsel for the defence. Here they swing their eyeglasses at the end of long black ribbons or lean forward to whisper some word of wisdom into counsel’s ear. Here they doze peacefully during the dull moments of a trial; or stare upward at the ceiling as if some angel had written there an important hypothetical question which only they, in their wisdom, can answer. Or they gaze in a benign, friendly way at the judge, as if they were saying, “Ah, you

and I are the only persons of real importance engaged in these proceedings. Others may be puzzled or in doubt about the facts of the case; but not we."

I have sat among them often enough. I dare say that I have assimilated many of their peculiar reactions. But, I know that they mean well. They mean to be absolutely objective and fundamentally scientific. They tell the jury so. If only the jury believed them! But unfortunately, nine times out of ten, the jury listens with respectful patience first to three "eminent specialists" testifying under oath to one set of facts, then to three other specialists equally "eminent" testifying, objectively and scientifically, to another set and intimating, objectively and scientifically, that their colleagues on the other side are liars—and then, after having listened, pays no attention to either group, but retires to consider its verdict with the determination "to chuck out all that expert stuff and get down to facts."

Nothing makes me more uneasy about the scientific attainments of my profession than such "tournaments of experts." Of course, there is room for a difference of opinion among medical men. But the fact remains that, if our knowledge of a mental or a physical condition were really scientific and accurate, there could be no divergence of opinion at all. Jurymen know that intuitively, and judges are coming to believe it also. If, after a careful examination to the best of my ability and to the extent of existing medical knowledge, I am asked to testify to what my findings have been, I try never to offer an opinion, but merely to state the results of my examination. My findings may be wrong. I am quite ready to admit that. But my findings, whatever they may be, never represent any addition to my bank account.

We cannot, I suppose, get entirely away from expert testimony. But until both sides of a case agree on one or two experts, to be paid conjointly by both sides and by whose decisions both sides agree to abide, we shall still keep on

holding these tournaments of experts, which are often redeemed from tediousness by some element of humor, just because those who have a part in them take themselves so seriously.

I should be blackening my own honor if I seemed to suggest that in court procedure there was no place for objective science. A great part of my own work in legal medicine is scientific. The determination of the nature of a stain on a woman's dress is achieved by chemical and microscopic methods in a scientific laboratory. And if my laboratory technique is good and not sloppy, then my results will be objective and dependable. I remember several cases in which a female witness insisted that a stain on her dress was of a certain kind, so that the fate of the accused man depended on the laboratory examination of the dress itself. The discovery that the stain in question was a soap stain, and not what the overwrought woman imagined, gave an innocent man his freedom. In matters of this kind "science" has a most important place. And that place grows greater every month and every year.

"Scientific policing," so called, is at work in only a few of our large American cities. In Austria and Germany, the professors and assistants of the University Institutes of Legal Medicine are attached to the courts. In Paris there is the most marvelously complete Institut de la Médecine Légale in the world. In Lyons, in France, Dr. Locard,¹ at the head of the Lyons police is, to-day, probably the greatest existing authority on "scientific police methods," although, in my own youth, it was Professor Hans Gross,² of the Austrian University of Graz, at whose feet sat all those men of all nationalities who were studying criminology as a science. In America we are beginning to catch up along

¹ Dr. Edmund Locard: *L'Enquete criminelle et les Methodes Scientifiques*. Paris, 1920.

² Dr. Hans Gross: *Handbuch für Untersuchungsrichter als System der Kriminalistik*. Munich, 1922. Seventh Edition. 2 vols.

these lines. But we have a long way to go yet. One thing, however, is sure. The further we get from our present method of paid experts for the prosecution and paid experts for the defense, the nearer we shall be approaching to truly objective, scientific criminology.

CHAPTER XII

PRESENT AND FUTURE

DURING the past twelve years I have lived through a most interesting period in the development of our American criminal procedure. Twenty years ago the judge of one of our criminal courts had, with the exception of his bailiffs, no mechanism for dealing with cases that might puzzle or interest him; no means of finding out anything about his delinquents except by questioning them in his own court. He was like a hand without fingers. Nowadays, what with probation departments and medical services and mental clinics, he has fingers enough; more than enough in the opinion of some ultra-conservatives. Indeed they would like to amputate a few, for their conception of a judge's work is static, not dynamic. He should, so they say, be nothing but a well-trained machine, made only for the purpose of hearing evidence, weighing it, saying "Guilty" or "Not guilty," and then imposing sentence. Our modern concept, however, makes the judge not a machine, but a human being. Perhaps, in our extreme American manner, we have gone too far in loading down some courts with too many departments and subsidiary aids to the administration of justice. We are too apt to create a new institution before we have trained the men to staff it. We have, at the present time, more places, let us say, for probation officers than we have adequately trained men and women to fill them. But, after all, these are difficulties that will eventually take care of themselves.

And we have made great strides in yoking to the car of

justice the trace horses of medicine and science. When the then Mr. Conan Doyle wrote about Sherlock Holmes and his knowledge of stains and cigar ashes, the picture was held to be as unreal a work of the imagination as Jules Verne's Captain Nemo and his submarine. But what Jules Verne imagined has become the commonplace fact of to-day. And what the thin, saturnine Sherlock was supposed to do in his laboratory is being done nowadays by fat, cheery police officials and medical officers in the well-equipped laboratories of many departments of police. Here again, in America at least, we lack men more than we lack laboratories. The medical student has very little opportunity during his four years course to get any training at all in forensic or legal medicine. In Austria, Germany and France, such training is an integral part of his medical studies. And so, in America, the number of men who are adequately trained medical officers is a small one. But, as time goes on, we shall get the men we need; for legal medicine is a fascinating field. The marines are "soldiers and sailors, too." The medical officer, who, in many states, has replaced the old-time inefficient coroner, is "doctor and detective, too." And what more fascinating combination can one imagine?

Our criminal courts, moreover, have become much more even in their functions. The mentally diseased, the mentally deficient are weeded out from the group of more or less normal delinquents, and are kept from becoming "habituals" and "unsuccessful professionals," wandering in-and-out of prison all their unhappy lives. While the man and the woman, who have been handicapped in the struggle for existence by physical illness and mental maladjustments, have an opportunity to make these handicaps known to the court, without having to pay money that they do not possess to some "expert" who will, for a price, testify and overttestify for them before a court that cannot help suspecting his testimony.

So one looks back over the past ten or twelve years, with a feeling of partial satisfaction, but of abiding thankfulness. The satisfaction is partial, because so much still remains to be done. But the thankfulness abides, because one has been privileged to help a little in making our criminal courts no longer places of fear and rebellion but rather abodes of sane justice and human understanding. The game has been well worth the candle; for it is a game that is played with the fascinating counters of men's and women's lives, while the candle, even if it has occasionally guttered and almost gone out, is now well alight and has thrown its beams into some very dark and hitherto mysterious places in the rebellious human souls of those people whom we call "criminals" but who, under their skins, are our sisters and our brothers.

How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

I count it among the achievements, among the great blessings of my own life, that I have been permitted to kindle a little light in a dark place. I believe that it will not go out. In the hands of younger and wiser men than I its light will increase, until, in the criminal courts at least, there is more light than darkness. Like the runner in the old torch races of the Greeks, I hand on to the man who is somewhere waiting to take up my work this "little candle" that I have shaded so carefully from the wind as I stumbled on in my race, tripping, falling, making many mistakes but getting up and going on again somehow, knowing that from it he may light, not a candle, but a flaming torch of his own that will shine out upon the faces of the men, the women, the children who line his path on either side, and that will bring them out of their darkness as he dashes by. For he bears, not a sword to slay, not a rod for punishment, but the pure light of understanding and of justice.

PART II
THE PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE

CHAPTER I

A BEGINNER AT FORTY

I SHALL always have the keenest sympathy with the young medical man, who, after his period of apprenticeship as a hospital interne, sets forth along the highroad of private practice. Why it is called "private," I have never understood. For the more "public" it is, the better for the practitioner. However, unless a man intends to spend his medical life "researching" in a laboratory or teaching in a medical school he must, sooner or later, cast himself on the bosom of the community, hoping to find there at least enough sustenance to pay the rent of his new office and the original cost of furnishing it. But the bosom of the community sometimes seems rather barren. To the incipient private practitioner it comes to look less and less like the inexhaustible swelling mammae of the glorious Goddess of Medicine, and more and more like the flat, unfruitful chest of a man-hating, modern spinster. But wet or dry, the young physician must make himself a place there, or else go hungry. Fortunate is he, indeed, if he has some friends among those nearest the source of nourishment, who will occasionally stand aside, when they themselves are reasonably filled, and make a little, just a little place for the newcomer.

All this is hard enough, even if you happen to be a hungry medical pup with all the strength and push of unbroken youth. It is ten thousand times harder if you are nearer to middle age than to youth, nearer fifty than thirty. For occasionally a medical man who has spent the first fifteen odd years of his professional life in a hospital or a laboratory, as

medical examiner to some insurance company or as an official in some Federal service or state institution, determines that he wants to get into touch with life again. So he gives up his position, the position that has meant bread and butter for so many years, and, although he may eventually succeed in getting into touch with life, he gets into touch with a lot of other things that are much less pleasant.

A man who has studied medicine abroad and who has never made the contacts and friendships of medical school life at home is at a still greater disadvantage when he tries to begin practicing in his own country. My own case was rather unusual. And I should not advise anyone to follow my example. For if, in spite of everything, I have achieved any small meed of success, this has been due not primarily to my own abilities, but to my good fortune in finding big-hearted and generous friends. And that is a piece of good luck that every man cannot count upon.

When I decided to study medicine, I had, in a sense, the whole world to choose from in the matter of medical schools. I might have entered the school of my own university, but I knew nothing about professional life, nothing about the way in which physicians were trained and made. I only remembered that almost all the successful American physicians that I had once known, had laid the foundation of their careers in Vienna, or Paris, or Edinburgh, whither they had gone for so-called postgraduate work, after taking their medical degree in their own country. So I reasoned that if the European schools had so much to give to a man who was already M.D., they would give even more to anyone who was willing to put himself under their direction from the very beginning of his medical training.

For a time I thought of English schools: of London, and of Edinburgh. For in London I had at least one intimate medical friend, a woman physician—one of the first English women admitted to practice—a very remarkable personality

who had had not a little to do with my determination to study medicine. But for some reason or other, the Austrian and German schools had, in my mind, associations of scientific attainment that finally determined my choice. Besides, at the time I was living in Tyrol, among the towering, white-topped mountains, in Innsbruck, where I had been working on some Syriac and Aramaic with a learned Jesuit of the theological faculty of the university. In order to do this I had been enrolled, on the strength of my A. B. degree, among the theologians, and it was easy to ask for a transfer to the medical faculty. This I did, and I have never regretted it. For in the smaller Austrian universities, like Innsbruck and Gratz, the professors come into very close contact with their students. Moreover, these same professors are the coming men, who, within a few years, will be holding the important chairs at the great universities of Berlin and Vienna.

To the professors and students of Innsbruck, I was a *rara avis* indeed. There had been plenty of Americans, as well as other foreigners, who had been birds of passage there, spending a few months in the laboratory or the clinic of some distinguished professor. But until I came no American had ever attempted to begin at the very beginning, as a first-year student, or had had the courage to study physics and chemistry and biology, and to sit cheek by jowl with other men in the dissecting room. At first my fellow students were a little suspicious; for they seemed to feel that, as a somewhat privileged person, I might secure from the professors opportunities and advantages that were denied to them. However, as soon as they realized that I was ready to take everything as it came, their attitude changed. Some of them who were not killed or utterly embittered in the war are still friends of mine. When I go back to Austria and am strolling through the streets of some little town, I often see, on the other side of the street, a dignified, bearded person

yelling at me and waving his hat; a person who comes tearing across the road to pat me on the back and to draw me off into the nearest *Bier Stube* where we talk for hours over the old days in Innsbruck.

In Austria and Germany you do not have to take your entire medical training at the same university. After you have passed your *Physicum* and have been admitted to the freedom of the wards and clinics, you can go off for a semester or two to some other university. Usually, we chose the summer semester, from April till June. Munich, Kiel, Heidelberg. Delightful places they were for a time. But, like a real *Tiroler*, I always returned to Innsbruck. And it was there that I was finally promoted to the degree of Doctor of Universal Medicine by the Rector Magnificus, Professor Fick, now Professor of Anatomy at Berlin and one of the greatest scientists of his day.

Five long, but very happy, years. They do not rush things, or they did not rush them once, in Austria. And you got a good training. But what examinations! No mere written questions. Our examinations were all *viva voce*. My anatomy examination, I remember, lasted for seven hours. At the end of that time, my professor had found out exactly how much I knew—and how much I had never known or had forgotten.

Then, out of a clear sky, came the war. At that time, no one thought for an instant that America would ever be drawn into it. And I, having been born in the regular army, having watched the end of the Russian-Japanese War and being always fascinated by all things military, determined to see what I could of this "big fight." Remember, no one then supposed that it could last for more than six months at the most. Among my medical friends in Austria, which was a most cosmopolitan country in those days, there were several "neutrals" besides myself; a Swiss, two South Americans, and others. We offered our services to the

Austrian army. I do not know what luck my friends had. As for myself, I had lived long enough in Innsbruck to acquire a legal residence. So the exact status of my citizenship was ignored and I was formally called to the colors. I took the usual *Fahnen Eid*, and soon afterward I had my commission as a Lieutenant of the Medical Corps, and my light gray uniform.

In the rooms that I live in to-day, over my fireplace, hangs my sword—for except at the front medical officers wore swords in the Austrian army—and my old field cap with its worn leather visor, and at the peak of it the tarnished monogram of Francis Joseph, King and Emperor.

I served with the Austrians for over a year before I fell ill. The story of my doings during that period does not belong here. It would fill a book twice as large as this one. But, like all other men who have seen war face-to-face, I have never cared to talk much or to write anything about these experiences. I do like to remember, however, the kindness and the friendship of the men with whom I served. The Austrian may have been inefficient as a soldier, but, unlike some of his allies, he was a gentleman always.

My adventures had no glorious end. After more than a year's service, I reached New York on a Dutch boat, with only about three dollars in my pocket, shabby and sick, and oh, so glad, so pitifully glad to get home. My people had heard nothing from me for months, until I sent them a "wireless" from the steamer, two days before we reached New York. I did not expect to see, on the dock, a soul that I knew. But as we drew in, I caught sight of a familiar, upright figure, with its hat set just a little over one ear and the look of an army officer; the figure of my father, come to welcome his only son back from the wars. That is the kind of father that I have been blessed with. When you need him, he is always there.

So I came home, a physician, and yet without the faintest connection with my own profession in my own country. Moreover, I had been serving with the "Boches," and that did not make me over popular with the pro-Ally group among my colleagues. I did not care much. When I landed, I had no intention of practicing or of working at all. I wanted to rest, and to go on resting for many, many days. Nevertheless, I had not been at home two months when I was offered a place on the house staff of a great mental clinic in Baltimore. I accepted for I was tired of loafing already. I came to Baltimore during the last months of 1915. And I have lived here ever since.

I doubt whether anyone ever realized how desperately lonely I was during my first year at the Phipps Clinic. The men and women on the house staff had known one another in the medical school; they were a close corporation. And I had been dropped into their midst as a perfect stranger, with no points of contact at all. My immediate chief was a man of very broad sympathies, without whose help and encouragement I should not have had the courage to go on at all. But I had little direct association with him. My duties brought me closer to an associate professor, a man of intense feelings and prejudices—English or Scotch born—and afire with the divine duty of sweeping the Boches into hell. When he discovered what I had been doing during the previous year, he drew his professional skirts aside from contact with my polluted presence. Of course, in those days, none of us were quite normal, quite objective in our judgments. I understood his reactions perfectly. But they did not make life any easier for me.

Two years of work in the mental clinic, and then I determined to start in private practice. But I had to have a license to practice in Maryland; I had to have money to rent an office and to furnish it, and I had to have patients. The license I got, after a special examination arranged through

the unexpected kindness of some new friends. The office I found, again as if by Providence, in a building owned by a man who had known and loved my father. My office is still there. Not all the professional buildings and medical-arts apartments in the world, with their modern suites of offices and superb service could lure me away from the two little, rather dark rooms, into the possession of which I first entered so many years ago. As for the money—well, I had a small paid-up life insurance, and I borrowed upon that; borrowed just enough to get me started and to keep me going for one year.

What a lot of things I bought for my office with that borrowed money! What utterly useless things, while the one thing that I needed most I never thought of at all. I could have managed without instruments, but without a so-called secretary—at least a part-time one—I was handicapped indeed, although I did not know it.

A psychiatrist gets little casual practice. People don't drop into his waiting-room to have their intelligence tested or their emotions stabilized, as they come to have their hearts examined or their blood-pressure taken. Most of the work that he gets, at least at first, is "referred" work. Some general practitioner or some diagnostician may have a case that seems to show mental symptoms, and this case he refers to the psychiatrist for examination and report. The success of the psychiatrist often depends on these reports. If he can send to the referring colleague a neatly typed statement which, in a few pages, gives a clear outline of the patient's personality, his methods of reaction, the elements of stress and secret strain that are unconsciously influencing it, then he has rendered his colleague a distinct service, and he will have other cases referred to him in the future. If he makes a mess of this report, tries to write it out in illegible handwriting, does not make it concise and hence useful, he won't get any more referred cases at all. Hence, the need of some

kind of a secretary. And it was two or three years before I realized just how necessary one was.

Then, there were misunderstandings, all my own fault. As I look back, I wonder how I could have been so dumb, but I still felt myself a good deal of a stranger. I knew, as I have said, nothing about medical life and relationships in America. Even the anatomical terms of my colleagues made no sense to me who had been trained in the German pronunciation of them. It is a wonder, I think, not that I made mistakes, but that, after all, I made so few.

One example—a painful one to me—must suffice.

When a diagnostician refers a case to a psychiatrist or to any other consultant, he expects that that consultant will take the name and address of that patient, and send him or her a bill for his services. I had, remember, no secretary; no one to keep my books, and no ability to keep them myself. I tried to send out monthly statements, but I got them all mixed up. And in the referred cases, I supposed that my fee would be paid by the patient to the referring diagnostician, and that he would, in due time, send it on to me. Hence I kept no record of the names of referred patients, no note of their addresses; and naturally, I never sent them any bills. At the end of a year, I was counting on a certain sum from these referred cases; and when no money came, I was emboldened, after many failures because of my own diffidence, to ask the secretary of one of the great men who had referred cases to me where this money was. Then, for the first time, I learned that I was expected to collect, I or my secretary, God save the mark—these fees ourselves. I never got those fees, or the major part of them. I had no record of names or addresses; and in the busy offices of my distinguished colleagues there was no time to go through the records of a whole year and find out exactly who had been referred to me.

I was an idiot, I know. But it was disappointing, just the same.

And my borrowed money grew less and less each month. If I had not had my work at the courts, which at that time brought me in nothing, I should have had time to brood and to grow discouraged. As it was, there were always men and women in prison and out who needed my help; I was too busy to get depressed—except in the evenings. And the evenings were bad times; for, even at my age, I was a helpless sort of person. I was a home-loving body, and yet I did not know how to make a home for myself. Women must realize how helpless men are. That is why they want to take one of us, and make a home for him.

I tried living in a small apartment. The evenings became so desperately lonely, that I gave it up. Then, I tried taking a room on the top story of a house owned by some people whom I knew. I had to go out for my meals. Often I was too sick to go, and then I stayed at home hungry. It was ghastly. As I look back on it, I wonder why I was such a fool. And, finally, it was only by luck or by Providence, that I found a place that for five years became home to me, a house in the suburbs that belonged to a very lovely lady, who gave me a comfortable room and most delightful food, in company with seven or eight other people like myself who were willing to exchange dollars and cents for the home atmosphere that we had sought elsewhere and had failed to find. No mere money could ever pay for the peace and happiness that I discovered in that house. But I did not find it until I had spent three wretched years of lonely evenings in other surroundings, where the people were kindly enough, but out of which, somehow, I could not make a home. During those same three years, I was fighting at the courts to get our medical service started, I was doing my best to pick up a little private practice, I was getting poor food, I was

half ill most of the time, and, as I look back, I wonder how I ever got through it all.

One reason why I did survive belongs to the last part of this book. And that reason begins with one dreary evening, in my room at the Phipps Clinic, a month after I had come to Baltimore; it begins with a visitor who came to see me that evening, all the way across town; the only man, belonging to my past life, who had heard that I was in Baltimore, and who had determined to look me up, for an old friendship's sake. How glad I was to see him. I had known him, in my pre-medical days, at the General Theological Seminary. Now he was rector of an important city church. And our friendship, begun so long ago and renewed on that December night in the quiet corridors of the clinic, endures until this day, unbroken and unchanged. Had it not been for him and what he stands for, those first three years of private practice might have been the end of everything for me.

Because of all this, I am always especially tender-hearted toward the young men of medicine who, with swelling hearts, watch the little brass plate that bears their name, as it is fastened below the window of their new office. And I have an even deeper feeling of sympathy and admiration for any man and for any woman who, in middle age, sternly teach their clumsy fingers to weave an entirely new pattern into the woof of their lives, making endless mistakes, pulling out thread after thread, until they finally achieve at least some outline of the design that has fascinated their minds, and that has persuaded them to throw away the blotched work of their past youth, and to begin, slowly, painfully, patiently, to begin their life work all over again.

CHAPTER II

THE OFFICE

THE patients who consult a psychiatrist, or who are sent to him for examination and analysis, are in a class by themselves. Almost always they are oppressed by fear; by fears of various kinds, which they will not acknowledge to themselves, much less confess to anyone else. For, thanks to our unsatisfactory attitude toward mental illness of any kind, people are more terrified by the thought of what they call "insanity" than by the possibility of cancer; more afraid of their "peculiar thoughts" than of tuberculosis. Because of all this, it is very important that they should not be frightened any more. The psychiatrist, whose imposing or forbidding appearance inhibits his patient and makes him uncomfortable even for a moment, will not be able to establish easily that rapport of confidence which is so necessary to a satisfactory analysis. One forgets that, although it may be easy enough to talk to a physician about your arthritis, it is often very difficult indeed to speak frankly about the creaking joints of your mind. You *want* to speak frankly, but you are ashamed to tell the things that sound so silly and unimportant, but which are of the most fundamental importance to you in your present condition. Often you are absolutely unable to tell them. And so the psychiatrist must charm them out of you; he must make you feel that he is the only person, thus far, who really understands and who, thanks to his experience, can read from your mind an entire

sentence of which you are able to give him only the first word.

Yet, experience and even training are not everything. Over and above these things, the psychiatrist needs certain indescribable gifts of temperament, that are like the receiving set of a radio and which tune themselves up to the confused S.O.S. calls that the patient is sending. The old Hippocratic ideal of medicine is more important in psychiatry than in any other domain. The ideal of medicine as an art—not as a science that may be learned by any high-grade moron if he will study it long enough—but an art, that requires initial gifts of temperament and personality. It is, in a sense, easy to be a psychiatrist; but to be a good psychiatrist is a very hard job indeed. And just how hard, only those of us know who are conscious of their failings and who remember their many mistakes.

The people who come to my office are often like frightened, shying horses. And the purer the strain of their ancestry, the more blue-blooded the pedigree, the tenser, the more suspicious they are. If a horse shies at a certain post on your daily road, you try to go round some other way, or else eliminate the post; later on, you may be able to teach the horse that a post is not to be feared. Therefore, in a psychiatrist's office, there should be nothing to make the patient shy. And this is not easy, since people shy at the most unexpected things. I remember one woman, with whom I could do nothing and whom I utterly failed to help, because I had put a few drops of cologne water on my handkerchief in order to counteract the smell of the cigarette which my last patient—a woman also—had insisted on smoking. She shied at the smell of cologne.

So one arrives at the proper furnishing of one's office and at the proper adornment of one's person by a process of exclusion. I try to make my waiting-room and office, especially my office, as unlike a physician's office as possible.

There are no instruments anywhere. There are no half-closed doors, no screens which suggest that some keen-eared secretary may be lurking behind them. There is no smell of disinfectants; no magazines on the table; no drab depressing colors. My office, I dare to think, looks like a gentleman's study. It reminds, or I trust that it reminds, many patients of "Father's library at home." There are only three chairs, comfortable ones. Of these two stand near my desk. Not one on either side of it, for I do not sit behind a desk and stare across it at my patients. Both the patient and myself sit on the same side of my long table. Nothing separates us. From where I sit, I can, in moments of difficulty, reach forward and give the knee of my patient an encouraging pat. But I am too far off to do anything more. Chairs in themselves are important. I was once told by a distinguished official at New Scotland Yard that, in examining a suspect, the prisoner was always made to sit in a chair that was much lower than the one in which his inquisitor was enthroned, for this made the prisoner talk up to his examiner, made him feel inferior and dominated. In dealing with psychotic or psychasthenic patients, this feeling of inferiority is the one thing to be avoided. Most of them are tormented by it enough already.

So my patient's chair, that faces the window, is higher than mine. Of course, if I happened to have a patient who was cocksure and excited and superior minded, I could change the chairs around. The main thing is that the two chairs should not be of the same height.

On the walls of my office are hung the engravings from my father's old library. They give me exactly the atmosphere that I am seeking. Moreover, in a cabinet or on a small table are one or two really beautiful things. The importance of having something in your office that is really worth looking at cannot be overestimated. A Japanese Kwannon in her dull gilt, "looking down above the sound

of prayer"; one good bit of Chinese porcelain; some wood-carving from Tirol, all reds and blues; these and things like them rest tired eyes and turn tired thoughts from the noise of the street outside and the hoots of the hurrying motor cars. Finally, there is not too much light. What there is, falls almost directly on the patient. But by pushing his or her chair a few inches aside, the patient can gain a shadow that does not conceal him from me but that seems to shelter him. How often has this unconscious shifting of the chair away from the light told me more than I could have seen in the brightest illumination on the carefully composed face of the patient who was seeking, with all his powers, to throw up a defense against my questions, while persisting that there was nothing the matter with him—"Oh, nothing at all."

One last word about doors. It is fatal to have only one door into your office. The patient who has been with you for over an hour, and who has been putting into halting words things that hitherto he has scarcely dared to let himself think about, has no desire to show his drawn face, or her red eyes, to a roomful of waiting fellow sufferers. The people in the waiting-room whisper to themselves: "Look, she's been crying. He must have been psychoanalyzing her and asking her nasty questions. I'm next. I wish I hadn't come." As the result, the "next one" comes into your office in a rebellious, suspicious mood that may take you half an hour to overcome, or that may defeat all your attempts to understand and to help. Also, the patient who has just left you, after running the gauntlet of all the curious eyes in the waiting-room, leaves you, not comforted and at peace, but fussed and annoyed: fussed, because her nose is red from crying and she can't find her powder puff; annoyed, because he "had opened up wide to the doctor in there" and everyone who looked at him could see what a fool he had been. Two doors, therefore, if you please. One, that leads into

your office from your waiting-room. And the other, a discreet little door, that opens into some shadowy hall, by which your patient can escape utterly unobserved. If I were richer and could afford it, I should have three rooms; a waiting-room, then my office, and on the other side of the office, a very quiet dim retreat, with a place for straightening cravats and for powdering noses.

All these new "profession buildings," with their tiers of freshly painted, sunlit offices, are attractive enough to the internist, the gynecologist, the dental surgeon, and to all the specialists of all the medical domains, but not to the psychiatrist. For a mental patient is not happy in that kind of a building. There are too many kinds of different doctors; there is the suggestion of too many operations, of too much treatment, of too much pain. That is why, in spite of advice or even abuse, I have never moved into one of them. I prefer, and I think that my patients prefer, the slightly shabby but reassuring little office that looks like "Father's library at home."

It is a strange but fascinating procession that has passed into and out of that office of mine during the past ten years. I keep no case histories there. A mental patient who sees you taking notes of what he or she is saying very soon stops saying anything at all. So, gradually, I have learned to carry in my head all the details of each case, carrying them to bed with me at night and putting them there into a permanent shape, which I dictate, next morning, to my secretary. Not a very easy task; and that is the reason why I cannot examine more than two or three cases in an afternoon. When you have turned inside out the minds of two or three individuals, individuals who differ *toto caelo* from one another, you are more than ready to give your own mind a rest.

Mercifully, one's powers of memory are distinctly limited. After a week's work, I have scarcely the slightest recollection

of the cases that I have examined and reported upon. I can, of course, revive my memory by reading a copy of the report that I made on the case to the physician who referred it to me. But, without this, my mind is washed clear, every Saturday night, of the case material of the preceding week. I have forgotten all the confidences, all the secrets, all the unsuccessful strivings, the paralyzing unacknowledged fears that I have heard. It is not my business to remember them. And those who have ever been patients of mine know intuitively that they can meet me, a month or a year later, and never read in my eyes any suggestion of the things they once told me, when they came to lay bare the secrets of their hearts, and to ask for help. The only things I do remember are the thanks that come occasionally when those who have asked for help, have not asked in vain.

CHAPTER III

A BOUQUET OF PATIENTS FROM A PSYCHIATRIST'S GARDEN

BECAUSE I remember so few of the details in each case, because I so often forget even my patients' names, it is possible and permissible for me to write something about these patients themselves. Not, of course, about individuals. Not by giving the history of some interesting case, after putting in dashes and asterisks for proper names and for places. But rather by trying to make a sort of composite picture that may combine the elements of many cases, and exhibit a type without describing any one man or woman. If, in such a description, some people should think that they recognize themselves, they will be doing me a grave injustice.

Many such types are so common that they are not interesting to anyone, except perhaps to those who might imagine that in them they recognize their own cases. I must attempt to pick out some of the rarer flowers in my collection. I must try, also, to give a few of the more usual ones, because this will be beneficial to those very people who imagine that their cases are unusual and who, therefore, often deal unfairly with others who happen to be exactly like themselves.

The Spinster Who Is Afraid of Being Psychoanalyzed

Her actual years make no difference. She may be twenty-five, she may be seventy. But she is a spinster, either by nature or by circumstance, and she has acquired a spinster's habits of mind. The one thing that she most profoundly dis-

trusts is Sex, with a capital S. And, from what she has heard of psychoanalysis, she believes that it deals with the most intimate sexual experiences. Moreover, when she learns from her diagnostician that he is sending her to a psychiatrist she is all aquiver with awful anticipation. She runs over some of her childish memories; and she determines ahead of time that "if the man asks me anything about *that*, I shall simply not answer him." Moreover, she frequently takes it for granted that every psychiatrist is a psychoanalyst. Yet she is not quite able to refuse to see one. There is a kind of unholy horror about the whole business that attracts her. And then she comforts herself with the thought that she can "just refuse to tell." Not tell a lie, of course—her conscience would not allow that—but "just slide away from the subject and pass on to another."

I wonder how many such spinsters I have disappointed of their unholy hopes. Often when they bid me good-by, I hear them murmur, "Oh, Doctor, if I'd only known that it would have been like this, I shouldn't have been so scared." And all the time, at the back of their eyes, is a sort of half-disappointed gleam; the same look that you see in the eyes of people who have set out to see some "immoral play," not because they wanted to go but because they thought they ought to be broad-minded, and who have wandered, by mistake, into a theater where *Hamlet* is being given.

I have been sorry to disappoint them. But I have not needed the technique of modern psychoanalysis to get at the real elements of unhappiness or of imperfect adjustment in their very limited lives. For almost all of them have an unrecognized hunger for the thing of which they profess the most fear. And always, if they would recognize not the evil aspect but the beauties of the thing they hunger for, then they might go on being hungry, but they would at least get some good out of their fast.

Usually, like most of their type, they fall into two main

divisions. First, the women who have had no sex experience, who have not married, because of external circumstances over which they have no control. And of these, there are two subdivisions at least. Those who are physically unattractive and who are acutely conscious of it. Then those, who though attractive enough, are kept from the experience of matrimony by some real or imaginary impediment. Here belong what I call the Iphigenias. Those girls who are sacrificed on the altar of their parents. Daughters who are tied to selfish mothers, or who are cursed with too-loving fathers; those fathers who, without understanding the physical elements in their love for their daughters, understand enough about their own comfort to keep the girl, during her most attractive years, out of touch with young men of her own age. Selfish parenthood is responsible for a great deal of the trouble which brings the spinster, and the bachelor too, to the office of the psychiatrist.

One may redivide this group in another way. There are those who are kept from sexual self-expression either by unattractiveness or by parental tyranny, and who are hungry, unconsciously but bitterly hungry, for the love that only a man can give. Whatever my psychoanalytical brethren may say, it is not always or even often a purely sexual hunger. What the lonely woman wants is not physical passion half so much as companionship and affection. She wants her man not merely in one aspect of their relations, but as her devoted comrade, her guide, on whom she may safely depend. It is ridiculous to exalt sex to the supreme motive of human life. And it is unjust to imagine that every psychasthenic or depressed old maid is secretly longing for the fiery embraces of an unwearied and unwearisome lover. There is of course a hunger of the body for sexual expression. But this is not so hard to bear; it is not so disintegrating and tormenting as the hunger of the heart for affection and companionship. Then, those who, kept by ugliness or circumstances from

matrimony or its secondary outlets, are hungry not for their men but for their children. I know no more pitiful type than the unmarried woman who is supremely and above all else a mother. I had, in times past, an aged spinster aunt, who had lived for over eighty years in the chaste odor of spinsterhood, and who, in a momentary outburst, told me that "every woman ought to have a right to at least one baby and no questions asked." I hope that she has passed into a state in which her starved motherhood may find expression. During her life, like so many others of her type, she poured out her affection on cross little lap dogs and mysterious gray cats. One of the cruelest things that I see in our modern life is the waste of human love; the love that is showered upon cats and dogs and birds because there are no babies to be had—except at a price. And that price is too high for most women to pay. Rightly, too.

Secondly—and this group is a much smaller one than the other—there are those unmarried women who are cut off from the outlets of matrimony, not by their unattractiveness, not by the domination of parents or by social conditions, but entirely by their own particular temperament. If they do marry, they are supremely unhappy. If they do not, they often come to the psychiatrist, complaining of this and that petty ailment, and with one question on their lips, a question that they seldom dare to ask. Yet on it their happiness depends. They ask you, or they try pitifully to ask you, why it is that from childhood onward they have never been like other girls. They have never cared to play with dolls; they have been tomboys, and their most intimate friendships have been with women. Men, as sex animals, have repelled and disgusted them always. But the whole wealth of their pent-up affections has been showered upon some girl or older woman.

And there is only one answer to their question. They do and feel these things because they have been born with, or

have acquired by habit formation, a type of reaction for which they are not responsible and which, if properly understood and accepted, may become a source of strength and happiness rather than of disappointment and rebellion. On the basis of carefully conducted scientific enquiries and tests, we know to-day that, at the lowest possible estimate, there is one such woman among every hundred. Imagine, therefore, the number of such types in a city of a million souls. Of course, there are all sorts of border-line types, between the woman-loving woman and her man-loving sister. Nature does nothing *per saltum*.

If this answer be properly made to their hesitating confused questionings, they may gradually come to understand that they are in no sense abnormal. They are not pariahs and outcasts; beyond the pale of decent society. Far from it. For they form a social group from which some of the really great women have come: the George Eliots, the Rosa Bonheurs, the singers of undying songs, the painters of great pictures, the great organizers, the important executives, without whom the world would be poorer, less beautiful, more unhappy.

In dealing with these women, and also with those men who are not women-lovers but who are, for all that, no more effeminate than these women are over-masculine, there is only one road of safety and success for the psychiatrist to whom they come with their starved hearts, their rebellion, their sense of inferiority, their despair. They must be made to see that the temperament, which hitherto, has been to them a source of shame and confusion, may be made the source of self-confidence and of self-expression. What has seemed to them a handicap may become an advantage. In other words, the things which they have written into the ledger of their lives as "liabilities," may be transferred from that side of the page, and entered forever under "assets." This does not invite them to a life of uncontrolled sexual

expression. Exactly the opposite. We tell them, we are bound to tell them, as men of objective judgment, that they are not responsible for the trend of their desires. And, if we tell them that any kind of treatment can turn them into man-loving wives, we are lying—lying to people who are sick and tired of lies because they have been forced to live one all their lives. But—and there *is* a but, although not responsible for the direction that their affection is bound to take—they are, like everybody else, responsible for the manner in which these desires are expressed. Not responsible and not abnormal for *wanting* to do and to say and to be things that ninety-nine women out of a hundred abhor; but responsible for what they do do, for what they do say, and for what they become.

Here lies their way of safety and success. If they can take the raw material of the desires, that have in the past so confused and frightened them—the desires that they have kept secret as if they were plague spots of leprosy—and from this material make for themselves a means of self-expression, if they are willing to sacrifice what is purely physical to higher, more enduring ends, then they will have achieved something that is worth more than mere marriage, something that is worth almost as much as motherhood itself.

All so-called “normal” women and a great many men judge the type of which I am speaking from an absolutely unjust point of view. A man may be deeply attached to a woman, to a number of women; he may dance with them, dine with them, spend long evenings in their company, and yet the motive of all this is not a desire to go to bed with them. If it were, those of us who have sisters or daughters could not bear to see them in a ballroom with a man’s hands around their waists; we should want to strike or to kill every male that addressed them, and shut up the women themselves in convents. But we do nothing of the kind. We know that

our women are safe enough: safe as a general rule from everyone except themselves. Nevertheless, when it comes to a woman who is not a man-lover, or to a man who is not a woman-lover, people in general, forget all this. They do not seem to realize that the love of a woman for one of her own sex may be as clean, as self-restrained, as that of a mediaeval knight for the lady whose guerdon he wore. If they see a girl who attaches herself to some older woman, or some older woman whose entire life seems to center on some girl, they take the worst for granted. And then the stones begin to fly. And this unjust attitude often forces a woman of this type into lower levels of self-expression; for she says, "I know what they think of me. It is all wrong. But if I am to be stoned anyway, why not give them some real reason for stoning me?" I have nothing but the deepest respect for the woman who refuses to be jockeyed into physical passion by the world's injustice; the woman who says: "My way of loving may not be your way. But I hold it as highly, and as sacred as you do yours. And nothing that you can say or do will lead me to defile the most precious thing in my life."

Women of this type are fairly frequent visitors to my office. They make up a part of the group of spinsters who are afraid of psychoanalysis. For they have a secret to hide. Usually they do not realize how easy that secret is to read. But when they have once come to understand that their secret is to the psychiatrist no great secret at all; that it may be made an advantage not a handicap, an asset and not a liability, they leave your office with a pathetically thankful expression in their dry eyes—for they are hardly ever "weepers"—a look that is worth ten thousand words of thanks and gratitude. I take pains, always, to pay them especial marks of respect, to be very courteous, punctiliously polite. For I am trying to give them back something that

they thought they had lost, their own self-respect, and also their respect for the things in their lives that they have held sacred while others have cursed them as impure, their respect for their loving and their loved.

The psychiatrist has a great number of vocations and avocations. He must be not only a specialist in mental disease, but also an exorcist, and a house cleaner. He has to exorcise the devils of fear, of inhibition, of obsession; the lesser demons of worry, and tenseness, and self-pity. Then, having got the devils out of the house of the mind, he must do something at least to clean the house. And after cleaning it, he has got to furnish it with new habits of thought, new interests, new ambitions. But here his work stops. He has nothing to say as to what kind of people are to be, by the owner, invited to enter in and dwell there. It is unwise for him even to make suggestions as to a patient's future "mental visiting list." He may give him a sort of mental Who's Who or Social Register. But he cannot force the owner of the house to confine his companions and his visitors to any such approved list of respectable thoughts and habits. This is a sphere into which he should not intrude. If he does try to intrude, he only makes a mess of his patient's new house, and tempts the man or the woman to throw out all "these new stiff-necked highbrow people" and to ask back some of those old easy-going cronies, the very people who originally broke all the furniture, drank all the gin, frightened wife and children, and finally made the house so impossible to live in that the owner had to go all the way to a psychiatrist in order to make the old place habitable once more. Plenty of psychiatrists burn their own fingers in such attempts. I have learned to avoid them. For this particular part of the job belongs not to the specialist in mental diseases, but to the specialist in human souls, to the minister or to the priest.

The Tired Business Man Who Is Tired of Himself

In another book (*Fear*) I once tried to describe the rather typical case of a business man whose body and mind had been gradually poisoned by the complex emotional reactions that we call fear. But there are cases enough of the same general make-up in which fear is by no means the predominating factor.

I remember so many of my male patients, who originally came to us not because there was "really anything the matter with them," but because they just "wanted a general going-over." Often enough they presented a most barren field for my kind of examination. They were not afraid of anything; not they. They were not worried; not depressed—at least not very. Their physical machinery was working—not as it used to work twenty years ago perhaps—but still functioning as well as one could reasonably expect. But all of them made one admission: they were all *tired*.

This tiredness was not primarily physical. They believed that if they did not feel so tired in their minds, they would not notice their lack of pep when they got up in the morning. But this mental tiredness had extended, gradually, like a poisonous cloud, over their whole lives. They were tired of having to shave every morning, tired of putting the buttons in their clean shirts, tired of eating the same breakfasts that they had been eating for the past twenty years. They were tired of their old friends at the club; they simply couldn't stand listening to old Colonel T tell that moss-grown story of his about the two Jews. The moving pictures tired their eyes, the theater tired their ears; they couldn't hear half that was said, even if they sat far up front. And as for their families, their wives, their sons and daughters—Good Lord, they were the most tiresome things of the whole lot.

They generally made one final admission, dropping their voice a little as if betraying some shameful secret. "And, Doctor," they said, "the worst of it all is that I am

. . . yes, I am actually tired . . . tired of my own business."

This particular kind of tiredness seemed to puzzle them especially; seemed to terrify them, as a sign of approaching dissolution. It was conceivable that they might grow weary of their wives, of their homes, of their friends, of their amusements. But not of their business, the thing that they had created and made, and to which they had given their very life's blood; the thing that stood in their minds for position and success—their only *raison d'être*—the thing that set them apart from other men as "our Mr. Smith, of Jones, Smith, and Company."

In every one of these cases, one found a similar life history. It was always the story of a life that had been unconsciously sacrificed to mere material success. The man had "made a business." Business had gradually made the man, made him forgetful of the fact that man does not live by bread, or by business alone. In no case could I find any traces of any outside interest of any hobby, any sphere of self-expression outside of the daily office routine. Business had gradually encroached upon the whole stretch of the personality until it filled every nook and corner. And having done this, it betrayed the man who had made it, the man whom it had made. For he had centered his desires and his emotions around the attainment of material success; the attaining had exhausted them; and now that attainment itself had come, there was nothing more to do, nothing to plan for, nothing to desire.

The man was tired. Not tired of home and friends and amusements; not even tired of his business. He was tired of himself.

In making his business he had allowed it to make him, until it had made him into something that he himself disliked; into something that made him tired.

A man in this condition is as helpless as a baby. All the

comparative values in his life have shifted. The things, the business interests, that had formerly been to him of supreme importance have become wearisome, unattractive, positively distasteful. I have sat for many, many hours listening to the same woeful tale: of how the patient had got so bad that he had to force himself to go down to the office in the morning, had to push himself to dictate even a single letter, and hurried away as soon as he decently could. The worst of it was that, after hurrying away from the office, he had nowhere else to go. He had shut himself for years into a tiny room, had closed the door on all the glories and interests of the world outside; and now the atmosphere between his four walls had become so distasteful that he was driven to open the door and to go out into a place that meant nothing to him, and in which he felt utterly helpless and lost.

It is a hard task to teach such a man how to enjoy himself without being lazy, to show him that a man may be good at business and yet have a little goodness left over for something else. Usually he has adequate means; his business, in spite of what he thinks, will get along for a while without him; he has health of body, and he has the whole world before him in which to disport himself, in which to give happiness to others and pleasure to himself, if he can only learn how. How pitiful, how groping that learning often is. And on what strange staffs the men, whom I have known, have leaned in the learning. One began by collecting the early directories of his old town; another by learning something about the history of painting; another by poring over a seed catalogue and pottering in a garden. Still another, now a recognized authority, by searching old bookshops and secondhand catalogues for the works of minor, very minor and often painful, early American poets. Each in his own way, and on his own crutch or stick, hobbled out into the world, and found what he was looking for, the reason why he was tired and the means of never being tired any more.

There have been some, of course, who have made light of hobbies and have laughed at the childish interests of once sensible men. They may laugh all they please. But they are still tired. And tired they will die, unless, as is very likely, they develop a typical depression and grow so tired of life that they leave it of their own accord. What an end for a successful business man!

The Woman Who Is Fighting Time

She looks better with her hat on. The hat shades her face, and even in the direct light from my office window I do not, at first, see the lines about the nose and the corners of the eyes. Moreover, she has not been sitting opposite me for a moment before she instinctively moves her chair into the shadow. That move betrays her. To her, perhaps unconsciously, light means the sun; and the sun rises and sets, unfortunately, once every day; and three hundred and sixty-five settings make a year; and forty-five years is too old for a woman of her physical gifts—much too old.

I admire fighters. I cannot help it. And it does not make so very much difference to me what the fight is all about. I am impressed by the attitude of mind that refuses to yield to external influences, that says, "I shall go on being I in spite of them all."

And so, when I sit down opposite a woman who refuses to take off her hat and who moves her chair into the shadow, I cannot help saluting her, as two fencers in a *salle d'armes* salute one another before engaging. For I know that I, who have long ago surrendered to fifty times the 365 settings and risings of the sun, am going to have a very hard time during the next hour. It will take all the finesse, and all the courage I possess, to make this particular patient tell me just exactly why it is that she dyes her hair, why she insists on assuming that soft, provocative smile and that youthful-looking attitude of female helplessness. In spite of

all this, I know already that, inside, she is hard as nails. And her mind is old, even older than her body.

The effort to appear youthful is harmless enough, and not very interesting. But what does interest psychiatrists is the reason for it. Why should a middle-aged woman with a clear, logical mind, clever in her way, experienced, and very critical of others of her own sex, why should she torment herself and make herself constantly uncomfortable in order to assume a transient look of youthfulness which might possibly deceive an aged misty eye, but through which the clean eye of youth—the very youth which this woman is trying to assume—pierces easily with outspoken pitilessness. In other words, what is she trying to get out of it all?

And is not the answer to this question, if one can get at it, the real cause of her "nervousness," her emotional instability, her "general run-downness," all of which things are responsible for my having the pleasure of seeing her sitting before me in my office this afternoon? Probably. But she will never admit it. Nor will she answer the question herself. Yet, if you are clever enough to discover, or to deduce the answer without her direct assistance, and if you do not throw it brutally in her face, she may tacitly accept your knowledge, she may even do what you tell her to do, if she can save her face by believing that your knowledge of her real self is not the only basis for your therapeutic suggestions.

Women do not "dress" for men. They will tell you that most men never know what a woman is wearing anyway. But the other women know. On the other hand, women do not try to look young for their sisters' sakes. They realize clearly enough that their attempts to disguise Father Time with a lip stick do not deceive, for an instant, the members of their own sex. These attempts tell the discerning psychiatrist that, in spite of his patient's age, she feels that her happiness is still dependent on a man, or on men.

This man may be her husband. Then her fight against

Time is rather to be pitied than criticized. She loves her husband; she is trying to hold him. And the fact that she is *trying* says, loudly enough, that he does not love her as much as she loves him. Or at least, not in the same way. A woman may live with a husband for years and yet misunderstand his love. For, in the sphere of sex, men and women differ so fundamentally from one another that there is greater opportunity for misunderstanding here than in another part of their relationships. A wife may, and often does, believe that her husband, who at fifty still looks like a young man, cares for his wife only so long as she looks like a young woman. And so she tries—how hard she tries sometimes—to look as young as he does. Often enough these attempts of hers distress him far more than they attract. He knows, and he believes she ought to know, that she is the one woman in the world for him, no matter whether she looks old or young. And I have known cases in which the husband has been alienated from his wife by the very artifices which she uses in the hope of retaining a devotion that was unquestioningly hers until she, by her own actions, showed that she doubted it.

On the other hand, if the husband really has a “roving eye,” if youth and youth only attracts him, then his wife may frequent all the beauty parlors in Christendom, she may anoint and paint herself like the Queen of Sheba; yet she will not deceive her Solomon. The very fact that she is making of herself a travesty of the youth that attracts him emphasizes to him the realization that she no longer possesses the thing that he seeks. Here again, her efforts to look like something that she can never be again only brings about the very catastrophe that she has been fighting to avoid.

So if the woman who is fighting against Time be fighting for the physical expressions of her husband's love, she is beaten before she begins.

Her safety lies, as it lies for most of us, in being ourselves.

If she gives up her fight, dresses in accordance with her years, and drops the little affectations of youth, she will have a much greater chance of holding a husband who loves, not the way she looks, but what she is. And if the husband's affection does happen to be wavering, she will never, never win it back by pretending to be something that she can never be again. By being herself she may not be able to retain his affection, but she will at least keep his respect.

It is noticeable that this type of woman is not often a mother; and hardly ever the mother of a large family. It flourishes among women to whom marriage is not Holy Matrimony, but only a temporary civil contract that may be dissolved, after certain foolish legal formalities, by either one or by both of the high contracting parties. The divorced woman who, *en secondes nocces*, has married a man younger than herself, a man who may be, unluckily for her, the one real love of her life, battles against Time with the intense fury of despair. But, as a rule, she too is fighting for a cause already lost.

The mother, especially the mother of many children, has no quarrel with Time. She finds in him her best ally and friend. For it is he who makes it possible for her to watch her baby grow into boyhood, and from boyhood into the man, whose future is to her far more important than her own. If her husband's affection begins to waver—well, she does not expect or attempt the impossible; he has given her already what she wanted most, her children; and in their love and her love for them, even though divorced or deserted or humiliated by her husband's open infidelities, she is ten times a conqueror.

The man who holds marriage to be merely a temporary contract does not pay the same price for his beliefs that the woman does. He does not have to look young in order to find, after a divorce from his first wife, some other woman willing to marry him. He can go on from one divorce, from

one marriage to another, until he secretly weds the nurse who washes his wrinkled old body and combs his few remaining hairs, the quiet middle-aged, cook-like female who, after his death, surprises all his expectant relatives with her patient's last will and testament, and goes on her way rejoicing to marry someone else. Such a man, while he lives, may have a child or two somewhere about; the offspring of one or more of his divorced wives. But they have never meant anything to him. He has had his way with Holy Matrimony; he has had, successively, or *almost* successively, more wives than a Mohammedan; and for all this he has paid, so he thinks, such a small price—the price of fatherhood. It may be, however, that, as he lies dying, the conviction will come to him that the price has been too high after all; too high for the things he bought with it, the things that he would now willingly barter for the sight of sons and grandsons, of daughters and granddaughters, standing around his death-bed to do him honor, to pay him reverence and to follow his soul with their love and their prayers into the life of the world to come.

But the woman who passes, by the way of the divorce court or without it, from the arms of one husband to another pays the highest price of all. She undertakes a struggle in which she is absolutely sure to fail. Because "time and tide wait for no man"—and for only a few, few women. Money may lend to this type of woman enough attraction to secure some sort of a mate, no matter what her age may be. If she simply buys one, she may be comfortable, even if not supremely happy. The trouble is that she so often loves the man she buys, or thinks that she does; and then their respective positions are reversed. He has the whip hand. For she wants from him something that even her money cannot buy. And her efforts to get it and to hold it lead her into the most pitiful and transparent travesties of youthfulness and attraction. In the end, after she has had her last divorce and has

lost or is losing her last husband, she finds herself beggared indeed of everything that hitherto has made her life worth the living. She has paid out, one by one, the golden pieces of motherhood, of home, of lasting affection and respect, of love itself, for a mess of pottage that is turning to ashes between her painted lips. No wonder she develops fears and obsessions, no wonder that she feels her grip on life slipping in some mysterious way that terrifies her. So she also comes, sooner or later, to the psychiatrist. Not with the true tale of her real troubles, but with a thousand complaints of physical distress and mental uneasiness. And the psychiatrist must feel his way slowly through all these surface reactions, and get down to the bedrock of truth.

Even when this is done—and it is not easy to do—what can he say or suggest, what help can he offer; what words of comfort and reassurance can he give? To what latent power in her personality can he appeal? What source of vital strength can he find in ground that has been stamped hard by the dancing heels of pleasure and self-indulgence? Yet under that trodden sod there may lie hidden springs of clear water that will make the apparently barren land above them to bear a flower or two, at least a few patches of fresh green grass. If he can only find them.

Here again the same old rule holds good: the turning of liabilities into assets. The woman may have been a woman of many loves; but, at sometime in her life, she has been a loving woman; perhaps she is a loving woman still. Her loves may have lived and moved on the lower levels. But where love has been or still exists, even in its most unlovely manifestations, there is always a power present that may be used and guided and developed.

I remember an extreme case of this kind: a woman of seventy, who confessed herself "not quite forty," a woman of many loves and lovers, who, at the end of her life, found herself with nothing left except her love for her lap dog.

The dog was a vile-tempered, ugly little thing. It did not love her. But she loved it; she had left herself nothing else to love. But anyhow, she had gone on loving something. And, drawing my bow at a venture, I took her to our "pound," the place where the lost dogs of the city are penned until some one claims them, while the ownerless animals are chloroformed or sold to a laboratory. I suggested, without much hope of success, a home for lost or masterless dogs. By sheer good luck, I had chanced on one of those hidden springs that lie, often in the most unexpected places, beneath the surface lives of men and women whom the world calls hard and unfeeling. From homeless dogs the road to homeless children is not a very long one. My patient was not a very wealthy woman; but, in the pursuit of what she called "her homeless hobby," she learned to restrict her own expenses, to sacrifice some of her small personal indulgences for the sake of the homeless dogs, and, later on, for the sake of the homeless children. *Her* dogs, she called them. And *her* children. To my distress, she became a violent member of the anti-vivisectionist society, and only tolerated me because I was a "mind doctor" and did not "cut up innocent animals." However, her "cure" was cheap at the price.

The Hard-boiled and the Half-cooked

The most difficult, the most hopeless cases with which we psychiatrists have to deal are the men and women who are "hard" and who rejoice in their hardness. However, it is a comforting fact that many people who announce with gusto that they are "hard-boiled," are in reality, only half-cooked. Their hardness is merely a kind of protective armor, with which they have tried to hide their innate sensitiveness from a world that they feel is cruel and unjust. If you can prove to these people that the world is neither the one thing nor the other, they begin to take off their armor. And it is another of the psychiatrist's jobs to be a squire, and to help

his patients to disarm; to coax off the greaves to unlace the helmet, to insinuate that the breastplate is really not much of a protection after all; to get the armor off, piece by piece, to make the patient look it over as it lies before him, and yet to keep him, while unarmed and unarmored, from feeling naked and ashamed.

So many men come prancing into my office, like medieval knights entering a combat, rattling their harness, thumping their cuirasses with their mailed fists, and pulling down their vizors, so that they may present no vulnerable spot anywhere to the enemy. To them, every one is the enemy. Even the harmless psychiatrist whom they have come to consult. Not to consult about themselves, not at all. For themselves they do not show to anyone. But about their armor. Because their coats of mail seem to be wearing thin in some places, their vizors do not close quite as well as they used to do, so that the enemy may have a chance at them, unless they can get their armor repaired.

And, instead of repairing their armor, it is the psychiatrist's business to take it all off, to persuade them of its uselessness, and to free them forever from the burden of carrying it. Not an easy or a simple task. For the hard-boiled armored personality is innately suspicious. Every one is his enemy, and, unless he is safely and completely encased in his habitual harness, he is always afraid. Afraid of the most peculiar things; for the dangerous enemies of a knight may often, according to the old tales, disguise themselves and look harmless enough. These people are afraid, for example, of being in a crowd, any crowd, afraid of going to church, unless they can sit at the end of the pew whence they may easily escape, afraid of going to the moving pictures, to the theater. Because, when they get into a crowd, they are overwhelmed by the panicky thought that the air is bad, that they might faint, or fall ill *and not be able to get out*. So they make themselves bits of protective armor; and gradu-

ally they let other people know that they "do not believe anything," and so they don't go to church; that the moving pictures are indecent and degrading, so therefore they will not watch one; and that they refuse to go to the theater, because they are deaf and can't hear. They have made themselves, outwardly, into unbelievers and censorious critics; they have made themselves deaf, just to protect themselves. This is their armor, or a part of it. In matters of religion, or of amusement, they announce that they are hard-boiled. Really, they are only half-cooked.

They can be uncooked, thank Heaven. But this is a long and difficult procedure. These are the patients who need long periods of mental training and readjustment, at the hands of some patient and clever psychiatrist. They demand a great deal of time and attention. And they need, I have come to believe, a young, vigorous, active man, from whose very vitality they seem to draw new strength. Long, difficult cases of this kind are often too much for an older man like myself. For I have gradually, I fear, acquired an armor of my own. And who am I to attempt to disarm a brother? My only advantage is that I know the weak spots in my own harness, and can point out to others how useless such a means of protection usually is, and especially what a burden the armor itself becomes, until it grows more exhausting to bear than the dangers against which it was originally, not manufactured, but mind-made. Many of these hard-boiled, armored patients break down, mentally and physically, not so much from inner fears and conflicts, as from the burden of bearing the heavy coats of mail that are meant to protect them and that do protect them—from being themselves.

Occasionally, one does come across a man or a woman who is really "hard." Such people are not armored; they have not, for the sake of an imaginary protection, armed and superficially hardened themselves. They need no armor at all. Their skin, their thick, hard skin is enough, more than

enough. And a psychiatrist must possess some secret softening emollient, if he is to be successful in piercing that thickened integument to the soul underneath. Here, it is not possible to remove, piece by piece, the various parts of a protective armor. Here the operation is far more difficult. To get at the real man or woman, you must skin them. And because of all this, the really "hard" patient is the most difficult to help; for he does not want to be helped at all; helped in the sense of changed. He is perfectly satisfied with his thick skin. He feels that it is much superior to the most perfectly cut clothes. If he comes to the psychiatrist, he comes because, somehow, he is not feeling as comfortable as usual, and he wants the psychiatrist to make him comfortable again. To suggest that he can never be thoroughly comfortable or happy in his thickened, calloused integument is to insult him in his only tender spot, his belief in his own superior hardness.

Still as long as there *is* one tender spot, there is some hope of getting through. If one can shake the patient's sense of hardened superiority, one may make at least an attempt at a peaceful penetration. But the psychiatrist's mental instruments must be sharp. He must be, for a time at least, as hard and as superior as his patient. He must force the patient to his knees; make him acknowledge the psychiatrist as his superior.

In the treating of such cases, I have never had any appreciable success. No matter how hard and domineering I try to be, the patient soon finds me out. Besides, it is discouraging to try to help a man who does not want your help; or who wants, or thinks he wants, help, only not the kind of help that you are anxious and able to give. As a boy in the gymnasium, I never could "skin the cat." And, in later years, I have been even less successful in skinning the really hard-boiled.

Exorcist or devil-chaser, mental interior decorator, a

handy esquire for the disarming of unhappy knights, and skinner of the hard-boiled—all these activities are expected of the psychiatrist. He is also, occasionally, called upon to advise people as to the way in which they place their bets.

People Who Pyramid Their Bets

One spring morning, many years ago, I stood, for the first and last time of my life, thus far, at the roulette tables in the Casino at Monte Carlo. I had already lost a few hundred francs on a certain pet combination; and I had begun to watch the play of the other people around me.

Just in front of me, as I leaned over the table, sat a very stiff, determined-looking English woman of middle age, who had been playing single numbers for some time without much success. Abruptly, while I watched her, she changed her method of betting. She placed a gold piece on the red. Red won. She left her stake still on the red, together with her winnings. Red came up again. Once more, she left her two winnings and her original stake on the same color. For six consecutive times red turned up. She looked at the accumulation of notes and gold pieces lying before her on the red leather, while the croupier called out his mechanical warnings and started to spin the wheel. She made a gesture, as if she would sweep off at least part of her winnings. But just as her hand reached out, the croupier called "*rien ne va plus*" and the ball began to spin. Of course, it *might*, for the seventh time, have dropped into one of the little red compartments in the whirring wheel. But it didn't. It dropped into a black one, and away under the croupier's little rake, went all the English woman's winnings, and her original stake.

Some people play the game of life in the same way. They insist on pyramiding their work and their interests.

Mrs. Manifold Jenkins, for example, has a big house to run, and a large family to look after; she has also many social duties. She is president of her woman's club, secre-

tary of a hospital board, and is on the executive committee of the Woman's Auxiliary. Her house is run well, for she is a successful housekeeper; her children are well and happy and a credit to her, for she is a successful mother. She has "won on the red" twice. But she has won more often than this. For she is a good executive, a reliable secretary, a valuable member of the Woman's Auxiliary to the Board of Missions. She has "pyramided" her interests. When she takes on a new duty, after having just been successful in performing the last one, she never thinks of dropping one or more of her old successes. She will not, for instance, allow her elder daughter to help her with the housekeeping. "There cannot be," says she, "two mistresses in one house." And she has come to believe that nothing about the house will be properly done unless she herself keeps her eye on it. Gradually, she "wins on the red" time after time. She never withdraws any of her winnings, and she keeps on taking chances. Now she becomes interested in politics. She is elected to an important position on a political committee of women, a position that involves a great deal of effort, much organizing, and some unavoidable absence from home. In order to find time to do this new work well, does she turn over the house to her daughter; does she resign from the Woman's Auxiliary or from the Hospital Board? She does not. She goes on "pyramiding her bets." And finally, of course, the red of successful achievement does not turn up. The wheel spins, and this time, it turns up black. The black of a physical breakdown, or a depression, of a mental exhaustion, the black of failure. And then—she has to resign from all her various committees and presidencies. She has to give up her position as mistress in her own house. She has to go away to a nursing home, and to a rest cure, and to . . . to a psychiatrist. For she has pyramided her bets, until she has lost everything, even her original stake of happiness and health.

She who has insisted on "having her eye" on everything has to shut both her eyes and rest for a long time. And she has to be taught that no one mind can thoroughly oversee twenty-one jobs without breaking down sooner or later; and that any executive who does not know how to delegate authority to others is only an inefficient busybody, and no executive at all.

But women are not the only "pyramidiers." Men are quite as bad. That is one reason why I often astonish some of my male patients by asking them to give me a list of their clubs, committees, lodges, bank boards, secretaryships and presidencies, attaching to each of them the date on which the patient was elected or nominated to each position, as well as a list of all such offices that he once held and from which he has resigned. A glance at such a list, even if it be a very imperfect one, will tell you in a moment whether a man is a pyramider or not. And often no one is more surprised than the patient himself to see set down on paper an exact list of the manifold activities that are constantly preying upon his energies and his time—from the chairmanship of the membership committee of his local rotary club, up or down to the last directorship of the last bank or the newest corporation. It is the dates attached to the various activities that tell the pyramiding tale. For apparently a man is always secretly flattered to be elected or appointed to anything, and once appointed he almost never resigns. He may scarcely ever go to the meetings of some subsidiary board, but he likes to see his name printed among the other directors, and he will push himself to the point of exhaustion after a hard day in order to be present at one or two meetings a year, forcing himself to the edge of a physical or mental breakdown just so he may not be asked to resign and to yield his place to some younger man who is only a beginner in pyramiding.

This type of patient needs to learn how to resign, how to

reduce. How to chop off the unimportant branches of his Tree of Life, in order that there may be enough sap left in the trunk to nourish properly the branches that are fruit-bearing, even if not quite so ornamental.

Thus, still another type of activity is added to the work of the already overburdened psychiatrist, who must, apparently, be a Jack-of-all-trades and at least partially a master of them all, as well. He is a consulting mental surgeon; a Tree-of-Life specialist. He must know something about roots, as well as trunks and branches. He must be able to pick out the "deadwood." Unfortunately, he is unable to cut off the dead branches himself. He must persuade the owner of the Tree to do that. And nothing distresses the psychiatrist more than to see a patient sitting firmly astride of some branch that is inherently rotten and dangerous, and insisting that it is not only beautiful and safe but also gives to the one who sits upon it a satisfactory outlook and a sense of placid superiority. Even when the psychiatrist has succeeded in persuading his patient that his position is perilous, his branch rotten, his outlook restricted, and in making him admit that that part of the tree must go, he still has a further task to perform; for he must show his patient how to creep back from the dangerous branch to the main trunk of the tree, so that the branch may be removed without removing the patient himself at the same time. Just here, many of us go wrong. We chop off the rotten branch; but we chop off the patient, too. We leave him sitting helpless on the ground, and with no one to help him to climb back into a safe position on his Tree of Life.

A psychiatrist is also a consulting mental engineer. He is, or he ought to be, a specialist in human material. He must know what the material is being used for, and what the strains and stresses are to which it is exposed. He is like an engineer called in to examine some bridge, some tall building. Such an engineer must first examine the material from which

the bridge has been built; he must consider the workmanship that has been expended upon it in order to make it a bridge; and finally, hardest of all, he must discover if he can just how much weight that particular bridge may be expected to bear, and with this he must compare the tugs and the strains to which it is exposed, day in and day out. He must find out how many people, and what kind of people pass over it; what kind of general traffic it is supposed to carry. For a bridge that has been erected as a footway can hardly be expected to carry freight trains. Finally, he must get at the weak spots in the bridge, if there are any. And no human bridge was ever so well built that it did not have a place of least resistance. These places he must reënforce. He must insist that the bridge should not be exposed to a greater burden than it can reasonably stand. Before all else, he must put his finger on the concealed weaknesses; the rusted rivets, the slightly bent supports that are concealed by the apparently strong superstructure. And he must, or he ought, to do all this before it is too late; before the material is so bent and strained that it can never be repaired at all. He may have to insist that, for a time at least, all traffic over the bridge shall cease. He may have to set up red lanterns at both ends, and a sign "bridge temporarily closed for repairs."

Unfortunately, so many human bridges and buildings are brought to the psychiatrist after they have broken down. When that is the case, he must show the bridge owner how to build a new one, how to discard all hopelessly unsound material, and to use only what is still unimpaired and strong. This is not half so hard a job as the saving of a bridge that only threatens to break. For often enough the bridge owner is sure that it will last awhile longer, and that the weak spots can be tinkered up and made to hold for awhile yet. A man of this type will not be easily persuaded to make expensive repairs. Least of all will he be willing to stop all traffic and to declare the bridge temporarily

closed. And so, the unfortunate consulting mental engineer has to evade the guards that keep "snoopers" off the bridge, he has to slink across it, pretending that he is just an ordinary foot passenger or a regular freight train, and often in the dark, to listen for the squeak of an overstrained pier or to find by touch and sometimes half by guess some crack that may suddenly widen into deadly danger. Finally, he has to confront the bridge owner and tell him all this. And nine times out of ten, the owner does not believe him.

There is no such discouragement, in our work, as such a fruitless confrontation. No such disappointment as to hear the bridge owner, or the patient, laugh away our careful findings, make fun of us as alarmists and "nut bridge-doctors," and go away in a rage, like Naaman the Syrian in the Bible, because we have told him outright that the foundations of his life are out of course. He wants somebody, just as Naaman did, to come down to him and to strike his hand over the place and to recover him, instantly, of the "blueness," the "lack of pep," the general sense of impending disaster and of all the other petty little discomforts of which he complains and which have brought him to our office. He won't realize that these petty, little things are the signs of an overstrained, a weakened, perhaps of a falling bridge. He *will* realize it, some day; the day when the bridge falls. And because the psychiatrist knows this, it is very hard to let a patient of this kind go. For you see exactly the dangerous direction in which he is going, and yet he will not allow you to stop him before it is too late.

CHAPTER IV

REWARDS AND DANGERS

I HAVE tried to outline only a very few of the various types of cases that pass through the office of a practicing psychiatrist. I have suggested also only a few of the various things that he is expected to be and to do. Surely, no other medical man has such a diversified activity; such an interesting job. And at the same time so many discouragements, so many failures. For we are only at the very beginnings of psychiatry. In a hundred years, I suppose, psychiatrists will look back upon our clumsy technique as the modern surgeon looks back on the instruments of Greek medicine. But we have our rewards, at least occasionally.

Thus far I have said nothing about "mental disease": about those mental conditions that are symptoms of some definite well-defined illness of the personality. But you may read in textbooks and in other kinds of books, too, about dementia praecox or schizophrenia, about cyclothemia, and paresis. They all have names that frighten the ordinary overcurious lay reader into mental fits. And I have known much harm to come from the cursory reading of just such literature. The "letter"—the written, big, Greek word—often killeth; or, if it does not kill outright, it almost frightens people to death. The "spirit"—the simple meaning of the big word—may not give life; but it often gives comfort and it is understandable of the people. Cyclothemia might be almost any hideous form of insanity to a casual reader who learns what its usual symptoms are, and who is instantly convinced that he is exhibiting all these same

symptoms himself. But no one is frightened overmuch if he is told that some people run, at times, to the extremes of emotional reaction; that at one period they are very depressed, and at another much elated, or "up in the air." For the big, Greek word only means a condition of extreme emotion that runs in a circle. First depressed, then for a time elated. Or vice versa.

Perhaps, some day, a kindly and wise psychiatrist will write a little book on mental conditions for laymen, and will leave out all the big Greek and Latin words. Often and often, in my own practice, I have longed for a book like that. It would doubtless be criticized as unscientific. But that is a stone which it is unwise for any psychiatrist to throw. For the psychiatry of twenty years ago looks and sounds unscientific to us. How shall we sound in the ears of our successors?

The practicing psychiatrist—and by that I mean the man who has an office and sees private patients, in contradistinction to the man who is on the staff of some great mental clinic or hospital—sees, as a matter of fact, comparatively little of mental disease in the strict sense of the word. He may see the beginnings of it. If he does, he will do wisely to send the patient to some hospital or clinic. The internist, who diagnoses a case of tuberculosis, does not attempt to treat and cure the patient himself; he sends him or her to a T. B. clinic or sanitarium. The same thing holds good of the psychiatrist. What he does see, however, is much harder to diagnose, much more difficult to cure, for example, than a cyclothemia. And, in the preceding chapter, I have tried to give some idea of what his work is, of what his patients usually are like.

So, I shall not touch on mental disease. In another part of this book (Part I) I emphasized the importance of not being afraid of it, of treating it just as one would treat any illness of the body. And anyone who can help psychiatrists

in changing the attitude of people in general toward mental illness—anyone who will teach them that it is nothing disgraceful, nothing to be covered up or lied about—will have done a work of inestimable social importance.

Every social worker, every probation officer, should have some knowledge of mental disease, and should be able to recognize the symptoms, should be able to differentiate, roughly, between what is dangerous and ought to be reported at once, and what is benign and may be safely left to itself, without forcible interference. In other words, between the cases that should at once be committed to some mental hospital, and the non-committable cases that may be cared for in some out-patient department.

The psychiatrist, who has so many different aspects to his work, and who is, as I have said, so often discouraged, has some peculiar rewards of his own. He also runs some peculiar dangers.

In the first place, to a man acutely interested in the mysterious mechanisms of the human personality, the work of a psychiatrist is, in itself, reward enough. During my own medical life, I have had only two medical loves: surgery and psychiatry. They seem strange bedfellows for one and the same mind; and yet, in some ways, they are very much alike.

Surgery fascinated me, first, during my student days in Austria. It was not so much the operative technique, although that was wonderful enough to keep me watching the same operation over and over again, until I could have gone through it almost in my sleep. It was rather the surgical diagnosis. The assembling of a number of facts or symptoms, part of them produced by the patient himself, part of them coming from the laboratory as reports on material from the patient's body; the judicial weighing of these symptoms; then the final decision; and the diagnosis. If the reasoning had been accurate, if the data had been

objectively sound, then the diagnosis must be correct. In surgery, there was as a rule a definite test of its correctness: the operation. If the operation disclosed an internal condition, a knowledge of which had been reached beforehand by exact reasoning on a basis of objective fact, then one experienced a sensation of almost divine satisfaction. For, while the human integument was still whole, before any incision in it had been made, your human mind, after having assembled certain information, had penetrated into the inside of a human body and had determined the exact thing that was impairing its health or threatening its life.

I have never regretted my years of surgical training. And, when one comes to think of it, that training I still use day in and day out, now that I can call myself a surgeon no longer. For as a psychiatrist, I work in very much the same way; and my end is the same. Only it is infinitely more difficult to achieve.

As a psychiatrist, I have to take the reactions that I get from my patient—the mental reactions, so easily misunderstood and misinterpreted and so difficult to control as to their objective truth and accuracy—and, on the basis of what I have learned, I must try and find out what is going on, not in the patient's colon or gall-bladder, but in his mind. I must grope my way into the inner chambers of his personality, without any mental X-rays or fluoroscopes to guide me; I must get hold of reactions that he is doing his level best to hide; and, having done so, I must make up my mind whether there is something here so seriously, so fundamentally wrong that he must be sent to a mental hospital, or whether I am facing a condition that I can cure or try to cure myself.

Getting at the presence of some basic fear or obsession is much like diagnosing a carcinoma of the pylorus or a gastric ulcer. Only, with all due respects to my surgical colleagues, it is much more difficult, and, because it is so difficult, infinitely more fascinating. For in one case you are

dealing with the impeded activities of a stomach, while in the other you are at grips with the impeded and poisoned activities of a human personality. People have always been more interesting to me than stomachs anyway.

Hard work—interesting work—is its own reward. The harder it is, the greater our satisfaction over our successes. And the more interesting it is, the more patient do we become over our failures. But just as mental suffering is often infinitely harder to bear than purely physical pain, so those of us who are privileged to help or to cure a mental patient sometimes receive a reward of gratitude that is greater, even though it be less deserved, than the gratitude given for the relief of bodily suffering. And this is all the more true because mental agony is so often misunderstood; it is so often left to itself, so that anyone who can stretch out toward its loneliness a helping hand of understanding and relief may count on a reward of gratitude that is often unexpected and overwhelming.

Especially is this true with patients suffering from a deep depression. In their depressed condition, they can see no hope, no help anywhere. They are sure that they are either going to die or become insane. They cannot think; they cannot decide the simplest thing. And so frequently, in the background of their clouded minds, there lurks the suicide devil masquerading as an angel of deliverance.

Psychiatrists differ in their attitude toward such mental conditions. Some of them believe that proper physical and mental treatment in a nursing home or hospital can shorten the period of the illness, and may give the patient a "short-cut" back to health. Others believe—and I believe with them—that, at present at least, we can do very little to shorten the depressed or excited period. It must run its course. Treatment in hospital and nursing home merely protects the depressed patient; it holds the suicide devil at bay; and it makes it easier for the patient to wait until his or her

illness comes to its appointed end. For the one comfort that you can give to a depressed patient is the absolute assurance that his illness is, in itself, definitely determined as to time; that it will surely come to an end, as surely as the sun will rise to-morrow; and that every moment the patient lives brings him nearer the end of his suffering. He must, above all things, be patient. He must give up trying to "fight" his depression, and not waste what little mental vitality he still has in a fight that only exhausts him without shortening by an hour the determined period of his illness.

Of course you may say this over and over again; but the depressed patient does not believe you. He can make an act of intelligence, and tell himself that you *must* know what you are talking about; but all the time he feels that you are wrong, that he is never going to get well again. Yet he clings to your repeated reassurances like a drowning dog to a tossed stick. For a few minutes, for an hour perhaps, he believes what you say. Then the hopeless feeling sweeps over him once more. But for those few minutes of relief he is pathetically grateful, and it is your business to see that he gets as many of them as is reasonably possible. When the depression does lift, as lift it surely will if depression it be, then he will never forget that, in his agony, it was you who carried to his lips an occasional cup of water, and gave him a few moments of hope, when everything looked so hopeless. Among those patients of my own who have become my best friends, I can count a whole group of men and women who overestimate my powers and who have repaid me ten thousand times in kindness and loyalty, just because I was once able to give them a glimpse of light in their darkness and to hold out a hand that they could cling to at a time when they believed themselves lost, damned and forgotten even of God Himself.

One must, however, differentiate between gratitude and dependence. The only kind of gratitude that a psychiatrist

may really rejoice in is the kind that comes from a patient who has been ill and who is now well, who was once unable to find his own way and to whom you pointed out a road of deliverance, who was once too ill to stand on his own feet without your help, but who is now able to go on his own way, and on his own feet, rejoicing. On the other hand, there is no permanent satisfaction for the psychiatrist in a patient who has become so dependent upon the physician that he or she—generally it is a she—cannot get along without him, and has to be running to his office three or four times a week to tell a new dream or to expatiate on some new obsessive, indecent thoughts. With such weaklings, the psychiatrist must be patient for a while. Then, in order to be really kind, he must seem to be cruel; and he must look to it that he does not add to the patient's weakness, instead of contributing to his strength. Until a patient can take up his or her own life and go on with it, although they may feel and express gratitude unending, the psychiatrist has no real right to it.

Finally, the psychiatrist has the reward of knowing that he is devoting himself to a task that is, more or less, new in the world of medicine. The tools with which he works cannot be bought ready-made from some medical supply shop. He must make most of them himself. His "science" is not really a science—yet; but he may help to make it one. The field of his activity is so wide, so little trodden, that he may stake out a homestead for himself without danger of intruding upon others. For the whole human personality is his field. And although one stomach may look and be very much like another, although your kidneys and mine may possess the same anatomical structure, yet one human mind is never exactly like another, and no two personalities are ever exactly the same.

But, in spite of the many rewards, the psychiatrist runs certain dangers. Often enough, he is not conscious of them.

Sometimes, he denies that they are dangers at all. In matters of this kind, one can only speak of one's own experience, hoping that others may have been more fortunate, or less impressionable.

Many of my colleagues, I know, deny the possibility of what we may call mental infection. In a way, they are right. No one, I suppose, ever developed a schizophrenia from associating too closely with schizophrenic patients. On the other hand, the depressed, the psychasthenic, the obsessed, the jumpy, the tense, the self-centered, all create an atmosphere of their own; and I maintain that it is dangerous to breathe it constantly. The psychiatrist, who goes from one such patient to another, is constantly giving out his own mental vitality. He is encouraging, explaining, reassuring, day in and day out. His own mental resistances become gradually but surely exhausted. And who is going to encourage and calm and reassure him? If he does not take care, he will become depressed, jumpy, tense and self-centered himself. And then what use can he be to others? He is in danger—in danger of losing his clearness of vision, his patience, his power of logical thought; in a word, his power to help. Losing the very reason for his existence.

Every psychiatrist must meet this danger in his own way. And the way in which I was fortunate enough to meet it myself led me to a new source of strength and refreshment, a source that is inexhaustible, humanly speaking—a spring from which the great men of yesterday derived their happiness and which is still frequented by scholars and philosophers, the Pierian spring of the Muses' ninefold choir.

In less poetic diction, I got rid of the dangers of my professional knowledge and practice, by recognizing my ignorance in other directions, and by humbly going to school again. Not to a medical school. I went to a university—a very famous one—and I studied not psychiatry, but Greek.

PART III
THE UNIVERSITY

CHAPTER I

MY RETURN TO THE MUSES

DURING my life, I have become an alumnus of three very distinguished seats of learning. Harvard was and still is my Alma Mater. The Imperial University of Innsbruck—now, alas, imperial no longer—where I studied medicine for five years and which conferred upon me the degree of Doctor of Universal Medicine, Innsbruck, circled by the great snow-covered mountains of Tirol, was, and still is my Mater Almior.

But the Johns Hopkins University, to which I owe so much, and within whose hospitable shadow my wandering tent has been pitched for the past seven years, is my Mater Amatissima.

Not so much because she made room for me among her children, or because she put around my shoulders the hood of a Doctor of Philosophy, but rather because within her borders I have found a protection from many dangers, a rest for the sole of my foot, and peace. That humanistic, that academic peace which emanates from many books and many book-loving men, and which, evening after evening, receives and restores me as I return to it after a long day's work.

I do not know whether the prescription that I made for myself would cure in others the same illness from which I had begun to suffer. At any rate, in my own case, it was eminently successful. Moreover, there was something mysterious, something predestined about the whole thing. From one step to another I was led on, until I reached a goal that I had not even imagined when I started moving toward it.

It all began with Pindar. Pindar's *Odes* are not easy reading. In fact, during my undergraduate days at Harvard, I had not read any of them. And what put Pindar into my mind some six or seven years ago, I cannot tell. I only know that I bought a Loeb edition of him, with the Greek text on one side of the page, and the English translation on the other. At the time, I was living in the glorified boarding house that had been home to me for several years; and, one spring morning, a Sunday it was, I opened my new book and began to try to read.

It was a discouraging attempt. Pindar is hard Greek. And I had not looked at a Greek text since I began to study medicine. I soon gave up trying, for the moment. And then, into my mind, there slipped the thought that I happened to have a slight acquaintance with the greatest Greek scholar at the university.

Unless one knows Johns Hopkins, it is hard to understand my position. I had been living in Baltimore for five or six years; during the first two I had been on the house staff of our mental clinic, at the Johns Hopkins Hospital, and I knew many professors and students in our medical school. But of the university itself I knew nothing at all. For the university buildings—the library, the philosophical building, the chemical and engineering buildings and many others—are nowhere near the hospital. They are quite on the other side of town. And although I had to pass by them every morning, as I came into town from where I lived, I had never been inside the university grounds.

The only person connected with the university proper whom I knew at all well, happened to be the Professor of Greek. And I remembered to have heard that he was a great authority on Pindaric studies. As I sat in my little room, that Sunday morning, staring hopelessly at the *First Olympian Ode*, I remembered this man, who had once been interested in a patient of mine at the hospital and to whom

I had felt instinctively attracted, although I had talked with him only once or twice. So that same Sunday, I wrote to him. I told him about my Pindaric ambitions.

Even if he had not, afterwards, become my teacher and my ideal of a scholar, I should still be grateful to him for the kindly courtesy with which he answered that cheeky letter of mine. Suppose some layman had written to me, informing me that he had "studied a little psychiatry" and wanted to "read Freud" with me. I should have sent him a very firm reply, telling him to mind his own business, whatever it was, and not to bother me, whose time was too valuable and too limited to spend on any wild layman. But that was not the kind of answer that I received.

For this distinguished scholar, who was so busy and so conscientious that he often worked in his university office until three in the morning, gave me, willingly, two evenings a week. It only took him a few minutes to show me that I did not know much about Greek verse; and still less about Pindar. But he was patient, and I persevered. I was rewarded, almost at once.

Deep down within me somewhere there must have been an element in my personality that had been overlaid and almost choked. I do not know what to call it. Love of literature; love of the classics. Such bromidic terms do not express it at all. What I mean is the kind of emotional joy-reaction that flows up from somewhere into my consciousness when I hear a chorus of Euripides, or read a few lines of the *Iliad*; the peaceful happiness that comes from deciphering the abbreviated marginal notes on some Greek manuscript, the realization that you are gradually getting at the meaning of what this hand, dead so many hundreds of years, had once written there as his comment on the Greek text that he loved.

People who do not have this type of emotional reaction are either bored or amused when a man of my age tries to

tell them something about the glory that was Greece. I dare say that there are others who get the same reaction out of economics, or physics. If they do, if they happen to be psychiatrists who have "gone a bit stale," let them get to their physics or their economics as fast as they can.

Why do men get the idea that education stops with their last year in college, as if the A. B. degree bestowed upon them some final and glorious achievement of intelligence beyond which it is impossible to go—and rather "bad form" too? Why does the business man think that when he has once learned his business, he is through with learning for the rest of his life? To stop learning is to stop growing. That is why the minds of so many men and women are dwarfed and atrophied. And men and women who are innately intelligent resent subconsciously this invading atrophy, and become unhappy or depressed.

Nothing that I can do or say will ever repay my Mater Amatissima for the lesson that she taught me. She did not ram it down my throat all at once. She led me on, step by step.

I wish that I could write a "picture gallery" and sketch the men who came to rule my academic destiny, the men who gave me encouragement when I seemed overwhelmed by difficulties, and who smoothed out the difficulties without hurting my pride. But the sketches would be too easily recognized. And anyone who has ever lived, and moved, and had his academic being at Homewood, among the university buildings, knows who these men are without my trying to paint them.

Thanks to Pindar, I had got an exhilarating whiff of Greek literature once more. And now I could not get along without it. So the next step was simple enough, although it was hard for me to take. Finally I put my pride in my pocket, went to the office of the registrar of the university, and asked to be enrolled as a graduate student. My major

subject would be Greek; my first minor, archaeology; my second minor, Latin. But once I had become a "student," I was treated like one. And that did me a lot of good. For I had first to satisfy my friend, the Professor of Greek, that I knew enough Greek to *be* a graduate student at all. And during the next four years, I plodded patiently through the work that is demanded—and rigorously demanded—by the Johns Hopkins University, of anyone who aspires to its coveted degree of a Doctor of Philosophy.

Remember that all this time I had my regular work to do. I had to be at my courthouse office not later than ten. If I got up very early and walked from my room to the university, I could hear the whole of an eight-o'clock lecture, and the major part of a nine-o'clock one. In those days, I still rode in busses. And the moments that I spent on the tops of busses were precious chances to read a few more lines of Thucydides, or to memorize another Aeschylean chorus. And from Aeschylus, I would plunge into the work of the court, from the court I would hurry to my private office where I would see my patients and get through with them, if possible, by a little before four. At four, another bus; on the top of the bus, a cigarette and another Greek text. And from four to six, I was at the university again.

Often I would get there utterly tired out, with my mind as dull and as soft as an old dishrag. But five minutes of some lecture on archaeology, and I would be far off at Tiryns, or at Mycenae; or standing below the Arch of Titus in the Roman forum. Once every week we had our Greek Seminary from four to six. Those were great days. At six, I would walk home across the athletic field, toward my distant rooms, whistling, or measuring with my regular tread the rhythm of some difficult chorus of Aristophanes.

Out of my four years' study, one whole year—or rather all my free time in one year—went to the preparation and the writing of my Doctor's dissertation. Night in, night

out, from half-past seven to half-past ten, I worked at that dissertation. It became a perfect Frankenstein monster. And when I had finally finished it, I felt as if my world had suddenly come to a breathless end.

Here again the threads of my academic fate were curiously interwoven. My friend and master, the Professor of Greek, was not only a great scholar; he was also a very wise man. And during the second year of my graduate work he got me interested in Greek medicine, and especially in the Greek text of Hippocrates. It was here that I laid the foundation of a fairly accurate knowledge of Greek medicine that has since then stood me in good stead. Had it not been for my friend, the professor, I should surely never have been able to be a professor myself, a Professor of the History of Medicine.

As I walked to the university every morning, I began, during my second year as a graduate student, to pass a new building that was being put up on Charles Street, the new dormitory. Hitherto, all our students had lived in boarding houses or in fraternity buildings. But now the alumni had gathered enough money to build a dormitory that was to hold some two hundred men. I used to watch the walls as they gradually rose. And I used to make daydreams for myself. How wonderful it would be if I could only live in a place like that! If I had not studied theology, but had kept on with my undergraduate Greek, I might have been, by this time, a university instructor or associate professor; and I might be privileged to live in such a dormitory—just as, in the old days at Harvard, George Santayana had lived in Stoughton Hall, with the young life around him that seemed to keep him persistently young himself. Of course, I realized that, in my own case, these dreams of mine could never come true; but I kept thinking about them just the same.

Kipling has some verses somewhere about "The Dreamer

"Whose Dream Came True." I had been a dreamer, I fear, for the greater part of my life. Only my dreams had never come true. I had given up expecting them to do so. But in this one thing, come true they did. And I look back upon it all to-day with a sort of placid stupefaction.

In the new dormitory, there were small separate suites for younger professors. But somehow or other, our younger men on the faculty showed no great desire to occupy them. Meanwhile, the dormitory had been completed; it was to be opened for occupation within a month. At the same time, my own possessions had begun to expand. As I intend to explain elsewhere, in connection with the romance of my library, all the books that I had once possessed, and that had been lying in Innsbruck in broken cases and in a tumble-down warehouse, had been redeemed from their long bondage and were on their way to me in Baltimore. I had to have some place to put them. I had managed to live somehow without them for six years; and I was not going to be separated from them again. But my little room in my home boarding house had space enough only for my own poor person, with just sufficient room around it for a very few thin-backed volumes. If I put even one-tenth of my approaching library into it, I myself should have to depart.

But the God of Books sent help to his faithful worshiper. To me, by good chance, he sent the president of our university. By one of those strange twists of circumstance, the president was lunching at the University Club one afternoon in early autumn, as he had come to town rather sooner than usual and as his own house was not yet open. If, at that time, his wife had not failed to secure a temporary cook, I should probably never have become the warden of Alumni Memorial Hall. But fortunately for me, there was no cook for Mrs. President, and no luncheon at home for the president himself. And so we met in the club dining room.

I owe the president infinitely more than I can ever repay.

He has been to me not only a wise counselor, but also a most kind friend. Nevertheless, the wisest advice and kindest counsel that he ever gave me was given that autumn afternoon in the club dining room, when he suggested that I "come out to Homewood and take rooms in the new dormitory." Somehow, it had never occurred to me that, as a regular graduate student, a candidate for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, I had a right to live there if I wanted to.

When I went back to my home boarding house that evening, torn between the joy in my new abode and the unpleasant necessity of telling my dear landlady that I could abide with her no longer, I had already taken a suite of three large rooms at the dormitory, as it was called then, the rooms that have become my refuge and that now enclose my peace of mind. After looking over the whole building, I had found myself irresistibly attracted to a suite intended for two men; a small entrance hall, a large living room with a big open fire, and two smaller rooms opening out of this one. One of these two would be my library, the other my sleeping quarters. The number of the suite was thirteen.

Among my own private fears and obsessions is a fear of the number thirteen. My family, especially my unmarried sister, my closest companion and helper, all believed that I would never on any account sleep in a room that had 13 on the door. Yet here I was, shutting my eyes to that same evil-omened number, and choosing among all the rest an entrance door to my new quarters on which this number was clearly painted in white. For, when I chose those rooms, I made an Act of Faith. I said to myself: "These are the rooms for me. And in spite of the thirteen, I will have faith, and here I will abide."

It is true that to-day there is no 13 on my door. I owe the number 16, that is now partially hidden by my brass

knocker, to my sister who helped me to move into my new quarters, and who, by some mysterious influence exerted upon the dormitory authorities, had the 3 changed to a 6.

During my first year in the dormitory, my three rooms were rather barely furnished. For all my household belongings, with the exception of part of my books, had been engulfed by the confusion of the war in Austria. But what was left of my books arrived safely in Baltimore, and the little room that I called my library was soon filled with bookshelves, from floor to ceiling. To-day, after some five years "in residence" as we call it, those same three rooms of mine are so crowded that one can just move about with moderate care. There is not an inch of wall space left anywhere. And there are books on the tables, on the chairs, even on the floor. Indeed, the book that I am looking for especially, is almost always sure to be the lowest of a big pile on the floor in a dark corner. I should like to have a small piano, for I love music; but the books forbid. Or a good Victrola; the books, like the Mad Hatter at Alice's tea party cry out, "No room, no room." And the infernal machine that people call radio, I will not have on any consideration. In order to give it room, I would not sacrifice even the most tattered of those ancient French novels on the lowest, dustiest shelf of all. The young man in the room next to mine has a radio. And that is enough. More than enough; very much more. I can get better, more satisfactory music out of one of my many copies of the *Colloquies* of Erasmus than he can get from the most blatantly clear broadcasting station in the world.

I became an inmate of the new dormitory without any special privileges, without any peculiar position. I was merely one of the graduate students. To-day, after five or six years in residence, I am, by the kindness of the university authorities, the warden of Alumni Memorial Hall. And, in my heart of hearts, I am, I think, prouder of this

title than of my black-and-gold lined hood of a Doctor of Philosophy.

But how all this came about is a story in itself; a story that ought to have some meaning to those who are interested in the development of university life, and even for students of history. For it is the story of an attempt at pure democracy, at the realization of an ideal that, in the end, proved itself too idealistic to be understood and appreciated by the very people who should have benefited by it. The average academic citizen, be he graduate or undergraduate, is, in the final instance, not democratic at all. He likes a little dignified authority, he respects some order and decency of life; and if he happens to have within himself the makings of a scholar he is, fundamentally and incurably, an aristocrat.

CHAPTER II

AN EXPERIMENT IN DEMOCRACY

THE internal history of our dormitory or, I may as well call it by its present name, of our Alumni Memorial Hall represents *in parvo* the governmental history of many a state or country.

At our university, in the undergraduate department, what is known as student self-government has been, as a rule, eminently successful. Breaches of order and discipline are reported by the dean of the college to the student council, the council hears the case, examines witnesses, and determines the penalty. As a general thing, the only work that the dean has to do is to persuade the council not to be too severe. For, as every one knows, a committee of students is much less merciful to rebels of its own age and status than any mere professor or dean would dare, or would want to be; just as any wife will say things to her husband or to her sister that she would not dare even to whisper to any other man or woman. Truly a man's foes are those of his own household.

At any rate, when our Alumni Hall was first opened, the idea of the faculty was a most democratic one. The building was to be handed over to the men who lived in it as if it were their own clubhouse. They were to govern it, to make rules for it, and to respect it. They were to feel the same pride in it, the same responsibility for it, that a man feels for his own club, for his own house. The running of the place, that is, the staffing it with servants, the preparations of the meals, and all that, was placed in the hands of a

very efficient woman, without whom I, for one, could never have managed to live in it at all, let alone live comfortably and in comparative peace. The students, the inmates, were to be the ultimate source of authority in all other matters. They were to elect a house committee, at the beginning of each year; and this committee was to maintain order, to hear complaints, and, in a general way, to rule the roast.

The idea seemed sound enough. Perhaps the reason why it did not work was to be found in our diverse and ununified electorate. For just as the American electorate is composed of men and women of widely varying nationalities and traditions, just so in Alumni Hall was our electorate composed of excited inexperienced freshmen, of partially stabilized upper classmen, of serious graduate students, and of quiet busy younger instructors and associate professors. We were too heterogeneous a body altogether. But it was fascinating to watch the machine attempt to function; the machine that, on paper, had seemed such a simple satisfactory mechanism. And for two years, I sat, as it were, on the side lines and watched.

During those first two years I assumed only one permanent function; the function of an occasional entertainer. Our house committee had, at first, very ambitious ideas. Our large and most comfortable common room was to be the scene of weekly entertainments given by the home talent of the dormitory. On the night of our second entertainment some of this home talent gave out at the last moment; and I was asked to do something to fill in. From my criminological collection I snatched up all the material I had on the famous Parkman Murder in Boston in 1848 (I have spoken of it at length in a preceding chapter), and, for half an hour, I kept my uneasy audience quiet with a description of Professor Webster's efforts to destroy completely my ancient kinsman, especially his false teeth. I had a success

that was due more to the interest of the story than to the ability of the teller. And my "murder talks" came to be a recognized part of our dormitory amusements.

Even to-day, no semester at Alumni Hall is considered complete without a "murder talk" from the warden. Very soon I shall have exhausted all the great historical murders, and shall have to make up a few out of my own head.

But, for the first two years, except as an "entertainer," I had no direct connection with the government of the dormitory. I simply watched. I sometimes wonder how we managed to get through those first years without some serious disorder, or some dangerous smash-up. For I could not help but know everything that was going on around me. I was not a member of the house committee; but those who composed it were frequently friends of mine, and they would spend hours in my room bewailing their inability to make "the other guys do the right thing," while I had other friends, who were not members of the committee, who would entertain me with the stories of their own unregenerate doings. If I reasoned with these last, pointing out that they were putting their committee in a difficult position, I got almost always the same answer, "Oh, what do we care for that bunch?" And if I went further and asked them why "that bunch" had been elected, I was told, "We elected them at the beginning of the year; we didn't know what fatheads they were. Somebody told us they were all right, so we voted for them." I wonder how many members of our American electorate have given the same answer under the same circumstances.

There was comedy in the situation. But there was tragedy, too. For I remember at least one member of the house committee, a man who took himself and his duties very seriously, and who tried to enforce the rules that he had made *vi et armis*. At the beginning of the year, he had been

very popular, hence his election. But toward the close of it, he was the most disliked man in the place. And he could not understand it. I shall never forget the sight of his white strained face, as he came into the big dining room one evening, after some well-meant but rather high-handed bit of discipline, and how the men stopped eating for a second, and then burst out into a chorus of hoots and sneering cheers. He stuck it out until the end of the year; but he never came back to us. And I don't blame him. For I had watched him change from a clear-eyed, self-confident youth, who may have been just a little above himself, into a suspicious, tortured, introspective man, on the verge of a mental breakdown.

One trouble with our first house committees was their informality. Young men like and respect a certain amount of form, of mild pomp and circumstance. But these first committees did not know how to assume it. They tried to exercise authority without investing themselves with any of the signs and symbols of it. And that is fatal to good stable government, in dormitories and elsewhere.

At the beginning of our third year in the dormitory, I was honored by a visit from the dean and the president. The hall had just been opened for the academic year; and I had suggested that the president and the dean dine with me at my table in the big dining room, and then hold a meeting in the common room of all our residents, in order to explain to them our ideals of local self-government. This meeting was a success. And the dean introduced an innovation into our "constitution" that came to be of great importance to myself. Hitherto, the house committee had been elected in a block from the entire population of the hall. From henceforth, it was to be called the Board of Governors, composed of twelve members, two elected from each of our six entries, so that each entry should have two representatives of its own peculiar interests. One student in each entry was

appointed to go through his "territory" during the next week, and to collect the votes.

I live and have always lived in "Symington," in Entry F. And that night, after the meeting, as the president and the dean and myself went across the quadrangle to my rooms, the dean, while speaking of the new board of governors, said to me: "It would be a wise thing, I think, if you yourself would get into it."

I did get into it. I explained to the student in charge of the voting in Entry F that I should feel honored if I were elected one of the two representatives from that entry. He was a clever young man; he saw to it. And ever since I have been president of the Board of Governors.

My rooms are one of the larger suites in the building. What more natural than that we should hold the first meeting of the new board there? And when I got my newly-elected members there with myself, I pointed out that a "Board" was not like a "Committee." A board of directors must have a presiding officer, who would be, of course, only a figurehead (I had to keep them from imagining that I was trying to usurp any undue authority), as well as a vice-chairman, and a secretary to keep the minutes of the meetings. So we organized the board with great form and solemnity.

I was elected chairman or president. I was the oldest man there and the chairman was to be "only a figurehead" anyhow. Then, by secret ballot, we elected our other officers. The remaining members were divided into three committees; a House Committee, an Amusement, and most important of all, an Executive Committee. This last committee of three was to be the "hands" of the board. They were immediately responsible to the board for keeping order in the hall and for seeing that the rules of the board were enforced. I produced a large red-backed ledger, which I handed to the newly-elected secretary for his records.

Strict parliamentary order and procedure were maintained. We had assumed the form and the outward semblance of constituted authority.

At the end of that first meeting I did something that has since then become a custom with us, at the first and last meeting of every year. I brought out a bottle of port. Not bootlegged, as I took care to point out; not pre-war either; but bought by me as a physician with the direct documentary permission of the Prohibition authorities. For we, the representatives of legal authority in the hall, must, so I said, have no shadow of illegality about our own activities. I found, somehow, thirteen small, very small, wineglasses, and I filled each one half full. When I say that one bottle of port has lasted us for over two years, one can imagine how much or how little each man drank. But it was, and it still is a symbol; a rite. And so at that first meeting, we all stood up, we of the new Board of Governors, properly organized and constituted, and we drank to the success of the board during the coming year and pledged ourselves to uphold its authority. We drank, as too few young men learn to drink these days, as "gentlemen unafraid." And if our board has never taught its members anything else, this one lesson may be well worth the learning.

My final touch was, I believe, the buying of a gavel. It is a good-looking one; the most imposing gavel that I could find. It has a silver ring around it. And on the ring is engraved: the Board of Governors of the Alumni Memorial Hall. It stands or lies on my mantelpiece, in front of everyone who comes to my rooms. And it is only removed when taken to a duly called meeting of the Board. It represents authority. Like the *fascēs* of the Roman consul.

It is now three years since our board came into existence. And although our government is often inefficient, and although the presiding officer is often enough too tired at night to do all his duty, still Alumni Memorial Hall is a

much pleasanter place to dwell in than the old dormitory ever was.

Finally, out of the kindness of their hearts, the university authorities created for me the title of Warden of Alumni Memorial Hall. This makes me, ex-officio, President of the Board of Governors, makes me a representative of academic authority, and, at the same time, the connecting link between the board and the university. It has seemed thus far to be an ideal solution of our governmental problems, although many of my young friends, who have never heard of the Warden of All Souls, Oxford, insist that the only wardens they have ever seen have been wardens of jails and penitentiaries. But since I still keep up my bi-yearly "murder talks," they do not find this fact unintelligible.

In this way, the dream that I once dreamed, six odd years ago, as I walked from my far-distant room past the rising walls of the new dormitory on the university grounds, has been more than fulfilled. And on great occasions, when the alumni are meeting in our big common room and I wait, in the hall outside, in my best silk gown with its blue velvet facings, wait to welcome the president to the hall—the hall that I have come to call my home—I wonder, like the little old woman in the nursery rhyme, whether "this can really be I."

"And if it be I, as I suppose it be," then I am surely more blessed than most men, blessed in my habitation so close to the Spring of the Muses, so close to the fountain of youth and strength, blessed in opportunities for the future, so long as God spares me to achieve some of them. For, indeed, "the lot has fallen unto me in a fair ground."

CHAPTER III

THE ROOM WITH THE OPEN DOOR

No one can live as I do, from five o'clock each evening until nine the next morning, in the midst of a group of young men, ranging from eighteen to thirty or more years of age, without being forced occasionally into rather close contact with their troubles, their anxieties, even with what they so often miscall "their sins." And, as one grows older and more and more selfish it requires an amount of self-sacrificing interest, which one does not always possess after a hard day's work, to listen for hours on end to a young man who is keeping you out of your comfortable bed by talking and talking about ten thousand utterly irrelevant things, because he has not the courage to mention the one important matter that is burdening his mind and for the sake of which he has come to consult you. Just a little sign of impatience after the first wearisome hour, just a mild yawn, and the thing that your visitor really wants help about flies back to the recesses of his mind, and he gets up to go without obtaining the help that he may so greatly need.

They often remind me of little mice, do these things that my visitors so often fear to put into words. You know that the mouse is there. You sit patiently before its hole, until you see one little whisker thrust out, one little gleaming eye. These disappear; then they appear again. You can never tell when the mouse itself will really come out. And one impatient movement will send him scurrying back to his hole, and you may never set eyes on even his whiskers again.

Patience and a little sympathy, but not too much, with a simple technique of mind reading; these things you need most in situations such as these. Sometimes—very often—your visitor leaves you without getting his troubles to the surface at all. But at least, he may come again. You have not definitely discouraged him or frightened him away.

Moreover, I have taught these seekers that they may seek me out at any time; and I have established a sort of a sign or symbol of my presence, of my willingness to help—a sign that is always before their eyes, and that has become a kind of tradition. If I were the warden of an English college, I should say that “I never sport my oak.” That is, whenever I am in my rooms, the front door, the only door of my suite that opens into our main hall is never closed. Day and night, that door stands open. If it is closed, then I am not only “not at home”; I am not to be found anywhere in the building at all.

So many a man, who has been out for a lonely, unhappy walk at night, catches a glimpse of the light from my open door and turns back from the stairs that lead up to his own room to tap softly on my brass knocker, or to slip in without knocking at all, perfectly sure that he will find me within. Sometimes he finds me in bed, for I am a humble follower of the late Samuel Clemens: His motto, “Bed is Best,” is mine also; and I had rather read in bed than in the most comfortable chair. Especially since I now sleep in the room that was once my library; a room that contains one small bed, one smaller table, one moderately safe chair, and that is lined, every inch of its walls from floor to ceiling, with books—my books.

However, even when I am in bed, a late shy tap at my open door never disturbs me. Occasionally I do not hear the tap, and look up from my pillow, over the top of my spectacles, at an unannounced dim figure that seems to have been suddenly materialized out of the surrounding

darkness. I put down my Homer with a carefully repressed sigh of disappointment, I reach out an arm and sweep some books off the one moderately safe chair beside me, and then the dim figure sits down there and accepts a cigarette. This is my most refined form of self-sacrifice; for smoker though I be, I dislike smoke in my bedroom extremely. However, in such interviews, the cigarette is of great importance; it is like the offering of bread and salt by the Arabs. It sets your guest at his ease; so much so, indeed, that in the excitement of his conversation he is likely to drop his hot ashes on your blankets. But these are insignificant details. And the interview almost always begins in the same stereotyped way. "I just happened to see the light from your door, so I thought I'd drop in for a second, to . . . borrow a book. You don't happen to have a copy of Marlowe, do you? We're reading him in our English course."

Drop in for a second! The second may lengthen into hours. And as for the book—well, if I have it, my visitor makes a perfunctory search for it without finding it or apparently wanting to find it; and if I do not possess it, this does not seem to bother him at all. Only occasionally do I throw such a visitor out neck over crop. And that is when; after asking, let us say, for Marlowe, he comes by chance upon a translation of Boccaccio or Rabelais, and, with a snigger of embarrassment, suggests that "this book will do just as well." Then I tell him to get out; and *not* to take the book with him.

It is natural, although often disagreeable to a middle-aged and very sleepy man, for a younger person to find his tongue loosened by the later hours of night. An undergraduate who, in the broad light of day, would rather bite out his tongue than tell me about his troubles will sit, late at night, in the dim gleam of my fire, or huddle himself on my one bedroom chair beyond the rim of light cast by the little lamp above my bed, and will open his heart and will bring

out from his inmost consciousness; as if they were something new and strange, the old; old bugbears and devils of adolescence and young manhood: the worries about girls or about one girl, about gambling and drinking, and less frequently, alas, about studies, bugbears and devils that are, to the weary listener, so desperately familiar, yet of such intense importance to the youthful seeker after knowledge of the Tree of Life.

One learns, after many such interviews, that the seeker has not come to you for advice. He may insist that he has. He may even listen to it respectfully. But he does not really want it; and he very seldom takes it. What he does want, however, is some one to talk to, some one before whom he can put into words the things that torment and puzzle him. And if you can make him talk and keep on talking until his troubles are talked out, you will have done him a far greater service than if you had given him the most valuable advice in the world.

One learns, also, not to talk about "sin." I have almost deleted the word entirely from my topics of conversation with my consultants and confidants. And I have learned also not to talk about "religion." Very occasionally, a young man enters my open door with a plea that he desires to be enlightened as to the existence of God. I do not mean to insinuate that I have no visitors who would not willingly be enlightened upon this subject, if they really thought much about it. But those who really believe in God never ask others much about Him. There are many more of these than a casual knowledge of their lives might lead you to expect. But they prefer to *do* rather than to *discuss* and to ask religious questions. They will get up early on Sunday mornings and go to church; or they will give their spare evenings to teaching boys in the slums. But they do not come to me in order to ask about the existence of God. Those who do ask such questions are usually four-flushers,

malingers. They have something up their sleeves. Their religious questions are *captationes benevolentiae*. They think that because I happen to be a priest I will be flattered if they profess to approach me with their religious doubts; and they seek to flatter because they want to "get something out of me." For their mincing queries about the Almighty are soon overshadowed by their imperfectly repressed desire to find out whether I know that they were members of the little group that came home drunk last night and smashed the fire apparatus in their entry.

As Warden of our Memorial Hall, I am called upon to care for men's bodies as well as their souls. I keep a first-aid kit just beside my open door. And even when I am away from the building, that door, though closed, is never locked. Young chemical students, for instance, are often interested in the making of bombs; bombs that are intended to explode outside the door of some unpopular colleague, but that have a way of going off unexpectedly in the hands and in the faces of their makers. To me, the noise of such explosions, is sometimes upsetting; and yet I need a steady hand in order to pick the grains of powder from the endangered eye of some young man who may, one day, be an eminent professor of chemistry, and who will need both eyes for his work.

Serious cases of illness I cannot be expected to cope with. All such cases are reported to me; and then the patient is instructed to send for his own physician. The university furnishes him a list of trusted medical men, and he chooses his own doctor. My own tendency, if the sick man can be moved, is to ship him off to his own home. If a young man must be ill, there is only one satisfactory place for him, his home. The home may send him to a hospital if necessary; but it will be a hospital near home, and not hundreds of miles away in a strange city. Of course, in acute cases, such as appendicitis, we are able to transfer our patients to

one of our own hospitals within a few hours. At any rate, I am sure that a dormitory, or a hall is no place for a really ill young man.

The mental illnesses, however, are much more difficult to deal with than the purely physical cases. And that is largely the fault of the parents. A mother will snatch her son away from the university if he has broken his leg, or has developed pneumonia; but tell her that her son is showing symptoms of a dementia praecox, or that he is dangerously depressed to the point of possible suicide, and she will bitterly resent your suggestion that she should come and take him home, when "there is nothing the matter with him at all." I have had cases of acute depression that I watched day in and day out, in constant fear of some tragedy, and that I could not send home because the parents would have promptly sent them back again to us. "There is nothing wrong with my son," such people write. "His bowels have been inactive; but I have given him a good dose of castor oil, and am sending him back to the university at once."

Among a group of some two hundred men, there is sure to be a certain amount of mental illness. The physical sickness we can deal with, for a young man will tell you if he has a bad pain in his stomach. But if he has a worse, more dangerous pain in his mind, he cannot tell you, because he does not know what is the matter with him. You have got to find it out for yourself. And having discovered it, you are in the difficult position of having to make his parents understand it. During the six years of my life at Alumni Memorial Hall, I have often thanked God for my training as a psychiatrist.

Our life is, on the outside, so apparently carefree, so young and so buoyant, that one forgets the many sources of mental stress and strain that lie beneath its surface. One takes it for granted that every one is happy and contented. And so one makes mistakes. I remember one case of schizo-

phrenia or dementia praecox in a very reserved, very able new graduate student from a distant state. That he kept by himself, made no friends, scarcely ever left his room, did not impress me during the first three months. So, one evening, when he came to my room in a badly confused mental condition and behaved like a young unruly bull in an ancient and dignified china shop, I—God forgive me—I thought he was drunk. For the first time, and I hope for the last time, I took one of my own men by the scruff of the neck, threw him out of my room by main force, and shut the door in his face. It was only next day, as I went over the man's behavior during a conference with the dean, that I began to realize how great a wrong I had done him. Later on, in a mental clinic, his case was diagnosed as a typical schizophrenia. I have always reproached myself for the way I treated him. He came to me, confused, suspicious, antagonistic, mentally ill; and I, instead of understanding, instead of trying to quiet him and to get at his own twisted point of view, thought he was drunk and insulting. And I threw him out, out of my room. And I shut the door. The door that always stands open. Never again, God helping me, will I ever shut that door in any man's face.

Two periods in each academic year are to me periods of uneasiness, the periods that precede and follow the examinations. In our hall, we have over fifty graduate students, men who are working for their doctorate in philosophy, who intend to become teachers, and who are studying with intense earnestness and application. The most dreaded time, for them, is the last few months of their three years' work. They have finished their dissertations, and are tired out anyway. But now they must face the final written examinations, and worst of all, the oral examination before the entire faculty. I happen to be able to sympathize with these men from my own past experience. I know what it means to work, month after month, on a dissertation; to get

an entire chapter all wrong and have to revise or throw out the work of weeks; to discover, at the last minute, some publication by an obscure scholar who wrote on the subject of which you are treating and whose opinions must be met and controverted. I know what it means to sit writing an examination that seems endless; for your time is limited only by the twenty-four hours of the day on which the examination is set. If you begin at nine in the morning, you can write on till midnight, or till nine next day, if you like. And worst of all, I remember how I felt, as I paced up and down the hallway, outside the examination room, within which were gathered the members of the philosophical faculty, who were about to beset me with questions for an hour or two, as the supreme test of my worthiness to be enrolled among the Doctors of Philosophy of the Johns Hopkins University.

For the Johns Hopkins has high traditions, and high standards in these academic matters. Old Professor Gildersleeve, that famous Grecian, used to quote an old Greek proverb to the effect "that a man who had not been skinned, has not been educated." And our examinations for the doctorate are quite as painful as the removal of the epidermis.

Under this strain, some men break. Not so long ago, two graduate students were sent to my town office, to "get patched up." They were inmates of our hall; they were sent to me by a professor whom I knew very well. Both of them had finished two days of their written examinations. The first day, they had written from nine o'clock one morning until midnight. Then they had snatched two hours' sleep; had been up early on the second day to put in a few hours of review, and then had started on the second examination, on which they had worked for some fifteen or sixteen hours. There was to be, now, one day's intermission; then would come the third written, and finally the

great oral examination. When they came to my office, one of these men was quiet, tense, but he looked like death. His face was ashy white; and his lips were blue. But he was a Spartan. He had himself as yet under complete control. The other sat down in my office, a man of nearly thirty, and cried and cried like a broken-hearted child. He was at the end of his strength; he could not think clearly any more; he would never be able to do the examination next day; he would fail to get his degree; he was disgraced for ever and ever.

I do not know how other psychiatrists would have treated such cases. Probably I did the wrong thing. I took the men to my club, and gave them a drink. To be accurate, two drinks. Then I made them go to a good restaurant, have a good simple luncheon, and, when they reported to me after luncheon, I sent them to the movies. This may have been quite wrong. At any rate, both of them are now Doctors of Philosophy.

The other unpleasant period is just after the mid-year's examinations. This is a bad time for my undergraduates. Our academic rules are severe. If a man does not come up to the required standard, out he goes. A bad time for the butterflies; the cheerful, laughing young underclassmen whom I have watched somewhat anxiously as they enjoyed their carefree lives for so many happy months. And suddenly, the butterfly's wings droop, and the young man, with uncertain, fumbling hands and quivering lips, comes into my Open Door. He who has never darkened my threshold before. He had been having too good a time to need me. But now out comes the old story of the father who is so proud of him, who has skimped and saved to send him to the university, who wants him to be a doctor or a lawyer, and who will be so disappointed, so bitterly disappointed when he learns that "his boy" has failed. For now "his boy" must pack up his few books, his many tennis rackets and lacrosse

sticks, his varsity sweater, all his pictures of teams and of fraternities and of girls, he must leave the room where he has had such a good time, with the worn hole in the carpet where he and "his crowd" used to play crap—all the things that have meant to him life and happiness. And he just can't do it. Isn't there some way out? If I will help him, he will do anything—anything in the world. And . . . and would I mind talking to his . . . to his "old man" when he comes to-morrow?

Under such circumstances it is easy enough for the young man to promise "to do anything." And, in some of the cases in which I, for my part, "have done something," the promise has not been kept. Nevertheless, I look back on four or five men who are at present in the professional schools, after taking their A. B. degree with us—men who were once broken-winged butterflies and who came to me in their trouble; men for whom I vouched and who were "readmitted" by the university authorities; men who kept the promises that they made. Our own dormitory life would have been the poorer, I know, if my door had not been open when these men found their way to it for the first time.

CHAPTER IV

ACADEMIC RELIGION

My position as Warden of Alumni Memorial Hall entails many responsibilities. Among these responsibilities there is one set of duties in which I fear that I am very remiss. Often enough my clerical colleagues speak to me enthusiastically, after a visit to the hall, about the great possibilities of influencing the men who live there with me in the direction of what they call "religious beliefs." My colleagues seem to feel that I have a remarkable and God-given opportunity of converting to the Catholic faith all the graduates and undergraduates that make up our heterogeneous population. My colleagues may be right. The opportunity may be there, but I must admit that I have never been able to make very definite use of it. Perhaps if I were a younger man with a more intense emotional urge to make every one around me see life as I see it and to think God as I think Him, I might be able at least to present my own point of view to the young minds that surround me. As one grows older, however, it grows harder and harder to talk freely with younger people about spiritual matters, commonly so called. In middle age our own religion becomes ingrained in us; it becomes so intensely personal and so inexpressively precious that it is very hard for us to put into words the things that we believe. However, it has been my experience that, in dealing with younger men, what one *says* is comparatively unimportant, so far as influencing other minds is concerned. What one *does* is infinitely more powerful.

These same young men spend the greater part of every day listening to the words of their teachers, words upon words, and ten thousand words upon ten thousand more. They get a surfeit of it and, as a result, although they may listen politely to anything that you may have to say about religion, they will relegate it to the same corner of their minds in which they keep a more or less blurred record of their teachers' lectures and their professors' outpourings.

So if I do not talk much to my men about religion, and if I make no use of those great possibilities for conversion with which my colleagues reproach me, I have at least some reason, except my own mental laziness, for acting as I do. I know that a man who gets up early on Sunday morning in order to slip off somewhere to Mass, and who is seen by the sleepy eyes of others that stare out of our windows at his hurrying figure, does infinitely more for religion than if the same young man should stand up before us in the common room and preach twenty sermons. Younger men are always secretive and shy, especially about religious matters. If one attempts to overcome this shyness by the hurrah boys type of Christianity of the Y. M. C. A., the result is either to put religion on the same level with gymnastic work and social service, or to make it so common and middle class and stale that the more cultivated minds among undergraduates are repelled and disgusted. I feel, therefore, that as a missionary the Warden of Alumni Memorial Hall is a distinct failure.

This whole subject of religion among younger men is one that still puzzles and worries me. During the past five years I have taken the trouble to watch very carefully the religious tendencies of the men who have lived with me. Our university buildings are surrounded on two sides by broad streets on which stand at least five Protestant churches and one Christian Science Temple. Slightly farther off is the Pro-Cathedral of our Diocese. The ministers and pastors

and priests of all these churches, chapels and temples take a keen interest in the students of our university. They make definite efforts to attract them, especially the undergraduates, and it is very interesting to watch what attractions are brought to bear on the undergraduate mind and what the result of these attractions is. I speak with a certain amount of definite knowledge, for on a number of occasions I have been asked by the pastors of some of the Protestant churches to speak at their Sunday evening meetings for young people. At meetings of this kind I have been often greatly surprised to see among the congregation residents of Alumni Memorial Hall, who, I thought, had no interest in religion whatsoever. I used to jot down their names, and then later on asked them what had attracted them to the particular church or chapel in which I had seen them. The answers were almost always the same: they had not been attracted by any definite interest in religious teaching itself. They had no real hunger for God, no definite desire to worship Him; indeed, most of them had very little reason at all for coming to these Sunday evening meetings. Usually they went, so they said, because there was nothing else to do on Sunday evening, inasmuch as we have no Sunday movies in Baltimore. Secondly, the church was a pleasant place in which to sit for an hour after Sunday supper and a place to which one could take the young lady in whom one was temporarily interested. I noticed that my students almost never attended one of these meetings alone. If they did not appear with a woman friend or companion, they found some companion there before the service was over and took her out for a walk afterwards. It was impossible to believe that the type of "religious entertainment" offered at these meetings could attract a graduate or an undergraduate of intelligence and cultivation.

The meetings themselves were all alike. They were held just before the main evening service, from seven to eight,

usually in the basement of the church. Some young man gave out a few hymns which were sung in a rather desultory manner and accompanied on the piano by some attractive girl who had three or four young men standing around her in order to help her turn the pages of her hymnal. After the hymns there were a few poorly expressed and very routine, extemporary prayers; and after that came "the speaker of the evening." The speaker of the evening hardly ever spoke about religious matters. He was either a social worker or some prominent Y. M. C. A. man who had been in China, or some local business magnate. After the address there were more hymns and more prayers. Then when the meeting had been closed, the men and the girls split up into little groups, sat around and talked until the main service in the church above began. I noticed, time and time again, that not more than five per cent. of the young people present went upstairs to this religious service. The whole thing seemed to be perfectly ineffectual and without a spark of enthusiasm.

Surely it is not too much to say that such meetings never helped any young and struggling mind to find its way to the truth or to get some glimpse of what the worship of God really means. And yet, as I have said, the men do come to these meetings. No matter what their reasons for coming may be, come they do; and it seems a pity to me that those of us who profess the Catholic faith and have had Catholic opportunities of worship should not be able to bring to the minds of these young men and women the great and the wonderful things that they are missing. Often, when I have been asked to make the "speech of the evening" at such a gathering, I have been tempted to cast aside the theme that I had selected and to speak simply and directly of what was in my mind. Had I done so, I suppose that I should never have been asked to speak there again, and I doubt whether I should have done very much good anyway. However, I

do know that I come home from a meeting of this kind with a sense of intense discouragement and disappointment.

When one thinks of what the Catholic Church could offer to the young men and women who wander into the basements of Protestant churches to Sunday evening meetings; what glories of music, what beauties of architecture, what possibilities of true worship and of coming close to God Himself, one feels that the young people of our day and age, especially those connected with the university, are being somehow robbed of a part of their birthright. They have a *right* to know what the Church can offer; the happiness and peace that it can bring. Once they have known it, they may, if they please, reject it; but at least, after they do reject it, the blame will be theirs; and it will not rest on the shoulders of those of us who have allowed these same young people to become so muddy-minded and confused that they find at least some satisfaction in the young people's meeting in the basement of a Protestant church because the glories of their Father's house, the house that is theirs by right, have never been disclosed to them.

I have no desire to criticize the Protestant churches for the manner in which they seek to attract our undergraduates or for the types of religious service which they provide for them. I do feel, however, that the men who come to these services show a desire, by their coming, for religious experience and instruction of some kind, and that they are being fed not with the Bread of Life, but with some inferior type of candy.

This feeling was accentuated in my mind by an experience in connection with a so-called "church supper" that was given in a spirit of kindness and hospitality to our new undergraduates by a group of the five or six Protestant churches nearest the university. The men invited were almost all strangers to the city. Few of them had any

definite religious domicile, and as they were mostly young and inexperienced they would naturally be easily influenced. For them, first impressions would be very important.

The five churches that acted as hosts gathered these young men together in the basement of one of these same churches. Here long rows of tables were set up. In our strange American way each guest was tagged with a card pinned to the lapel of his coat, a card on which his name was written. The hosts had invited as many young women as there were young men. These young women were not connected with our university, but belonged to one or another of the five churches. Each young guest, therefore, had a young woman on each side of him at the table. This arrangement intensified the purely social aspect of the evening.

Had it been simply a supper given to the new undergraduates with the intention of bringing them together, of giving them a good meal, and of introducing them to a number of delightful young women, there could have been no criticism, at least to my mind; but the fundamental purpose of the supper was not a social one. Its purpose was to attract these young men to one of the five churches concerned; to give them a definite religious domicile and an environment in which their religious life could expand and develop. The atmosphere of the supper was, therefore, an atmosphere of social enjoyment, mildly tinged by a little religion.

The food, itself, was beyond criticism. After we had finished eating, a distinguished official of our university was asked to speak, and after he had spoken I was introduced to the gathering. It was a very difficult group to address. I had planned to say something about the value of the religious life to the university undergraduate, away from home for the first time, and somewhat unstable amidst strange and possibly disturbing influences. Before I spoke, however, there was an intermission during which a song was

sung. All through the evening, every now and then, the pastor of one of the five churches, a young and very energetic man, had risen and had led the assembled gathering in a song. These songs were rather typical of the atmosphere in which they were sung. They were the ordinary college songs and the young Methodist pastor walked up and down among the tables leading the singing with graceful, if rather profuse, physical contortions. Before I spoke, a song new to me was chanted to a familiar melody: the tune of "John Brown's Body." It had a refrain that took the place of the ordinary one, "But his soul goes marching on." Instead of these familiar words, over and over again to different types of verses in which some activity of John Brown was described, there came the peculiar chorus: "And he wrapped it up in chewing gum." This burden was always accompanied by the same pantomime. Each person in the room, except myself, while singing this refrain, would lift his or her hand to his or her lips, draw it out slowly as if pulling at a long piece of elastic chewing gum, and then bring the hand back to the mouth as if replacing the gum under the tongue. It was an amusing scene, and the pantomime, if a little startling, did not fail in its effect. Nevertheless, the sight of the young Methodist parson walking up and down the aisles like a cheer leader and expressing by pantomime how John Brown did wrap it up in chewing gum was, to me, very upsetting. It was so upsetting that I could not make the address that I had planned. It seemed perfectly out of place. I mumbled, therefore, a few words of no import and then gave place to a young clergyman, a chaplain of undergraduates at a distant university, who seemed absolutely at home in this "chewing-gum" environment, and who spoke with the greatest ease about what he called "religion."

He said, in a way, somewhat the same thing that I had planned to say, and yet what we each meant by the word

"religion" was so entirely different that there seemed no possible meeting ground, between us, of a common understanding. He spoke of religion as a getting together of all the active, young men and women and of combining them in a sort of social unit that would give them all an opportunity to express themselves religiously and to be reasonably happy in so doing. The man who sat next to me at the table summed up the whole situation that was bothering and puzzling me. After the young clergyman had finished speaking my neighbor leaned over to me and whispered, "He is talking about the kind of religion that is wrapped up in chewing gum."

I knew exactly what he meant, although his remark may have sounded somewhat unkind. The type of religion that was being talked about, the type that was being offered to these young men and women had exactly the same relation to the dignity and beauty of the Catholic Faith that chewing gum has to the Bread of Life.

I came away from that meeting doubly discouraged. I realized that the kind people who had arranged this entertainment had been really trying to offer something to the new university students and that they had done their very best. The trouble was, it seemed to me, that they had really nothing valuable to offer.

In contrast with the meetings of this type I know of at least two groups at the university that are approaching this problem of religion from a different standpoint. First of all, there is the Carroll Club which consists of all the Roman Catholic members of the university and which meets every two weeks on Sunday afternoon. I have spoken before this club and I was impressed by the number of men and women students who attended the meetings. These gatherings are not purely religious exercises. The club has a chaplain, a young Benedictine priest, and almost all the speakers at these meetings deal with some modern aspect of religious

thought. But there is, also, a social element, although it is subordinated to the religious one.

At our university there is also a small group of Anglicans who call themselves the Episcopal Club. I have pointed out that this title might imply that all members of the club were bishops; but the name still stands. This club, once a month, has a corporate communion at the early Mass at the Pro-Cathedral, which is just a stone's throw from the University. This group of young men, who have been working hard all the week and who, like most healthy young animals, look forward to a long, lazy sleep on Sunday mornings, get up on Sundays at seven o'clock, walk across the quiet university grounds to the Pro-Cathedral and kneel about God's altar in order to receive God's Body and God's Blood. After the Mass is over, they breakfast together at the house of the canon-in-charge, and they return to the university by nine o'clock, having, as I think, done more for the development of their spiritual life and for the good of their souls than could have been accomplished by a hundred suppers and a hundred talks on the kind of religion that is wrapped up in chewing gum.

Perhaps, some day when the Cathedral is finished there will be an opportunity to show our average undergraduate the dignity and the beauty of Christian worship. That day may be long in coming. Meanwhile, one must be patient. As things stand, it is difficult to persuade the ordinary undergraduate to come all the way downtown on Sundays to some church where he may find proper opportunities of worshipping God. Nevertheless, all that one can do now is to attempt to influence individuals in the right direction. This may be slow work; but I see no other alternative.

Possibly, at some future date some wealthy individual will build for us a small chapel near the university grounds, devoted primarily to the use of university students; a building that will be perfect and satisfactory in its architecture

and that will have sufficient endowment to keep up a type of worship that could give to the youthful mind a more adequate conception of what the Church can offer and that might become for it a haven of refuge and a source of abiding peace.

CHAPTER V

ACADEMIC ATMOSPHERE

It is customary for a certain type of critic, like Henry Mencken, for whom I have the warmest personal regard and admiration, to speak of university professors as dried-up pundits and dull-headed grammarians; and to suggest that the atmosphere in which such men live must be stuffy and stupefying, an atmosphere of four-wallishness, of cold, close classrooms, smelling of dead thought and sour minds. On the few occasions, when I met Mr. Mencken in this academic atmosphere, he seemed unusually ill at ease; and I always believed that he was sniffing about for the sour minds and the dead smells, and was uneasy because the air was really so fresh and invigorating.

Just as there is still a class who disparage hospitals, who believe that a patient, going to one of them, is turned over to the students to experiment upon, so there is a class who make wretched fun of a university, because it is, so they think, full of feeble-minded professors who put lumps of sugar on the fire and lumps of coal in their tea, and of wildly cheering students who wear striped sweaters, steal signs and carry hip flasks. Both classes are critical, because they are afraid—one afraid of the hospitals, the other of the universities. And this fear is built upon lack of knowledge and experience.

In Baltimore, however, these two classes are less numerous than in any other community in which I have been privileged to abide. For Baltimore is innately proud of two things: of the Johns Hopkins Hospital and of the Johns

Hopkins University. Ask any average Baltimorean five reasons for the preëminence of the city of his birth, and Hospital and University will be two out of the five.

So, with the possible exception of Mr. Mencken, one does not, in Baltimore, find it necessary to defend either of these two institutions. If such a defender were needed, I think that I might plead certain qualifications for the position. For, having been once a graduate student myself and being still in touch with a large group of graduates and undergraduates at Alumni Memorial Hall, I cannot help knowing and understanding the general reactions of what the newspaper men call the "student body." And since it has been my good fortune to work under and to be associated with a number of our great men, I can also bear witness to the fact that to share, even in some small way, the atmosphere in which they live is to find oneself walking upon the high hills instead of in the stuffy valleys.

I was, indeed, a stranger among them, and they took me in with a big-hearted kindness that often made me afraid, afraid that they were taking for granted abilities and amenities of personality that I did not possess. Thanks to them, I became a member of a small academic group, a club of instructors and professors, the Kotabus Club, that is unlike the majority of such combinations because it is not static but dynamic. It expects its members to produce something. And at our monthly dinners I have had an opportunity of hearing so-called papers that have become important books, of listening to the first draft of investigations that have added something important to the store of civilized knowledge. I have heard good verse there, too. Of my own contributions, the less said the better.

Then, there is the Tudor and Stuart Club, founded by Lady Osler in memory of her son, Revere, whom I remember as a shy, imaginative boy of ten, always on his father's knee or at his side, and always fascinated by our Canadian

stories of reels and rods, of salmon and of big trout. The club is intended primarily for graduate students, and the clubroom in Gilman Hall is one of the most delightful places in this often undelightful world. It contains all Revere's books, his Miltons, his Isaac Waltons. The winter afternoons that I have been able to spend around the open fire of the Tudor and Stuart Club, drinking coffee—for our tradition is not tea—have been all too few. If I could only manage to squeeze a few extra free hours out of every week, I know of no place in which I would rather spend them than this.

An academic atmosphere, at least an atmosphere like that in which we live in Alumni Memorial Hall, may have certain drawbacks for an elderly man who has become somewhat solitary and shy and who in the course of years has developed peculiarities of personal dress and secrets of his personal toilet. Alumni Memorial Hall is no place for peculiarities and secrets of any type. There are no private bathrooms. On each floor there is a common bathroom containing two showers and three or four washbasins. Here every one on that floor meets on the equality of more or less nakedness. If a man has no teeth in his upper jaw and is anxious to conceal the fact that he wears a plate, he will soon have to give up an attempt to pretend that he is brushing his own teeth while four pairs of youthful eyes are fixed upon him. If he wears a wig or if he is accustomed to wrap a red flannel body belt around his middle, he will have great difficulty in concealing these peculiarities, and if he does try to conceal them, he will only make his companions in the bathroom more and more curious. He may succeed for a time, but a morning will come when just as he is brushing out the fringes of his toupet, the bathroom door will be suddenly thrown open and he will be caught in *flagrante delicto*, holding the wig in one hand and trying to cover his bald head with the other. It is better—far better

—under these circumstances to put all your cards face up on the table and not to try any tricks. For youthful eyes are keen and you are soon discovered. Moreover, if your young companions feel that you are trying to conceal something they will imagine all sorts of mysterious and terrifying peculiarities that you never really possessed, but which in time will come to be traditionally accepted as actual facts.

Fortunately, I have always had hair enough to make a wig quite unnecessary; but if I did ever wear one I should not be ashamed to take it off openly, at least if I lived and bathed in Alumni Memorial Hall. For my young friends come to know their Warden much more intimately than would be possible under any other circumstances. This knowledge has, sometimes, distinct advantages, since those who have washed and bathed beside you for months are in a position to assert that you are sound in limb, if anyone brings accusations to the contrary against you.

One amusing experience will illustrate all this. Several years ago there lived in the room next to my suite a very intelligent and a very capable undergraduate. He and I brushed our teeth with our elbows almost touching, morning after morning, for two years. After a shower, he had often borrowed my towel or I borrowed his. He graduated with some distinction and I persuaded him that if he wanted to go on with his humanistic studies he had better begin his graduate work at my own university in Cambridge. He took my advice and went to Harvard where he is now making a name for himself. One Christmas after he had been in Cambridge for over a year he returned to Baltimore and drifted into my room with the Open Door, one late-autumn afternoon. I could see that something was amusing him far beyond any possible happiness that might have arisen from his seeing me again. Finally, after a few moments conversation, he came over to my chair and said, "Excuse me, but I must make sure of my facts." Leaning

down he lifted my right trouser leg above the top of my boot, laid his hand on my calf and then nodded his head in satisfaction. "I thought so," he said to himself. My own idea was that he had overstudied in Cambridge and had become mentally unbalanced. He read my suspicion in my eyes. "No," he said, sitting down and accepting a cigarette, "it is not that. But I have a story to tell you. I was downtown in Baltimore this morning and I stopped at the book counter of one of the largest department stores. I happened to see there a whole pile of your latest book (*Fear*, published 1926). I was anxious to know how it was selling. A very efficient-looking little saleswoman bustled up to me and I asked her about the book. 'Oh, yes,' she said, 'it is selling very well, indeed. One reason for people's interest in the book centers around the distinguished military service of the author during the late war.'"

I looked at my young friend in amazement. He knew perfectly well that the greatest disappointment in my life had been connected with the fact that I had seen no military service in the American Army during the last war; that I had been twice rejected on physical grounds as unfit for service, and that I had moved heaven and earth without success in order to get still a third examination and an opportunity of going overseas.

"Yes, I know," my young friend went on. "I knew that you had seen no military service in the American Army and said so to the little saleslady. She became at once excessively annoyed.

"'You do not know what you are talking about,' she said. 'The military services of the author of this book are perfectly well known. There is a sketch of them given in our sales talk and I read it over again only the other day.'

"Then as I looked at her questioningly she drew herself up and went on:

"'If you don't know about it let me tell you and per-

haps you will buy a copy yourself. The author of this book (here she tapped the blue binding of one of your books with a determined air) was colonel of an infantry regiment. One night his regiment was to go over the top. It was dark; shells were exploding all around. Finally, at the proper moment he drew his sword and said to his men, "Follow me." As they went over the top, a shell exploded close to him and he fell, wounded in the leg. He was picked up, placed in an ambulance, and rushed to a hospital. His men, meanwhile, without their leader, returned to the trenches. Half way to the hospital, however, the author of this book (here she tapped the book violently again) came to himself in the ambulance. He said, "Where am I?" He was told that he was being taken back to the hospital. "No," he said, "never. I will lead my men over the top." He jumped out of the ambulance. He drew his sword. He dashed back to where his men were cowering and led them against the enemy. After the engagement the wound in his leg became infected; the limb had to be amputated and that's why the *author of this book now has a wooden leg.*"

I stared at my young friend. He checked what I started to say with uplifted hand.

"That's not all," he went on. "I turned to the little sales-lady and I said to her very politely, 'Madam, I have lived for two years next door to the author of this book. I have shaved and washed side by side with him, day in and day out. I have waited for him to come out of a shower bath so that I could use it. I have, therefore, had unusual opportunities of studying his anatomy and I can assure you, Madam, that he has *not* a wooden leg.' The lady stared at me for a moment. She seemed a little startled but she soon recovered her emotional balance.

"'Young man,' she said to me, 'you may have had the opportunities that you describe, but what I have been telling you is taken from our regular sales talk, and I can assure

you that, if you did not see the author's wooden leg, it was only because you did not look close enough.'

"After this experience," my young friend added, "it is no wonder that I took the liberty of assuring myself by touch that you had not, somehow, acquired a wooden leg and concealed it from me during the whole of two long years."

"There was no concealment," I answered. "Long ago I learned that in this building it was impossible to conceal anything from your young eyes."

Another advantage of our academic atmosphere is the way in which it alters many of one's traditional ideas, especially one's ideas about non-American personalities. In Alumni Memorial Hall the large American majority is brought into close contact with students from England, Germany, France, Italy, and other countries. In our common bathrooms many racial peculiarities are evident that do not appear in usual academic intercourse. The old traditional idea of the Englishman as a reserved, stand-offish person who has to have his cold bath every morning and who speaks in a very low and cultivated voice is soon destroyed by the more intimate contacts of our life. I have come to learn that *all* Englishmen do not bathe in the morning and that if they bathe at all it is of an afternoon after a game of tennis; that instead of being reserved they are the most hail-fellow-well-met individuals in our community; and that their voices, instead of being quiet and subdued, are the most resonant and occasionally the most disturbing. To us, in Alumni Memorial Hall, the Frenchman is no longer the gesticulating, amorous personality that we used to imagine in our childhood. We come to know him as a quiet, rather self-contained but very courteous person who is absorbed in his studies and has little interest in anything else. The Italian is to us no more the swarthy dago, careless of his personal appearance and excessively talkative. He is, on the other hand, to us a rather happy element in our com-

munity, a man who is almost always in a good humor, who bathes more frequently than the Englishman and who is on the whole an excellent companion. Finally, the German no longer appears to us in the guise of a Prussian non-commissioned officer with closely clipped hair and bristling mustache, rough and domineering and disagreeable. Our German colleagues in Alumni Memorial Hall are among those who are the best loved of all. They are shy. They have the reticence that we formerly associated with the Englishman; but when this reticence is overcome, they exhibit a kindliness and a breadth of interest that is seldom found among younger men. In this way, our academic atmosphere readjusts a great many of our immature and inadequate ideas and brings us into touch with the representatives of other people and of other nations in a manner that creates between them and us a feeling of common understanding and good fellowship.

There are, therefore, countless compensations in our academic atmosphere of which those who live outside it have no adequate conception. It is decidedly pleasanter, for instance, to hear a cultivated young South Carolinian discourse on Ben Jonson's *Volpone* around the fire of the Tudor and Stuart Club than to stand and listen to the last bootlegging tale or to the story of how Tom Jones's latest home-brew went bad and blew up in the night. It is much more stimulating to sit around a Kotabos dinner table and to listen to one of our guests—Mr. Mencken himself has been one of them—who has done great things in the world of science or of letters and whose usual reticence falls from him with his first after-dinner cigar—than to yawn, after a meal of terrapin and Maryland duck, while some straight up-and-down woman expatiates on the glories of Contract or her latest golf score, covering you meanwhile with the ashes from her cigarette—her fifteenth since you sat down, seeing that she began to smoke with the fish. On

the whole, I prefer academic air. I may find fewer cock-tails there, but I get a more satisfactory stimulation. And my digestion is not a burden next day.

But the quintessence of my peace exists within the walls of my own three rooms. For, first of all, my windows look out on a long stretch of grass that runs downhill to a big group of trees, beyond which I get the half-hidden colors of the sunset. Two windows toward the open air and the setting sun; two others that give me, through the trees that come close up to our building, a distant view of the loveliest of unrestored old colonial houses, the "Homewood" of old Thomas Carroll of Carrollton, with its soft brick and white woodwork. At present, unchanged and unspoiled, it houses our Johns Hopkins Club. But as I look out on it at night, or in the quiet of an early spring morning, the Carrolls might still be there for all that I can see to the contrary. Yet not a hundred yards beyond the other side of our dormitory, our Alumni Memorial Hall, lies the great thoroughfare of Charles Street, with its stream of busses and hooting motors. As far as I and my rooms are concerned, it might as well be a hundred miles away. I hear nothing of it; I see even less. Is it any wonder that, as the afternoon's work in my town office draws to its close, I hurry my last persistent patient just a little bit, in order to hasten the sooner to my insignificant little car and to start it buzzing its way out—out toward Homewood, out toward the Hall, toward my rooms and my books and my big chair by the fire, toward the "things that belong to my peace"?

And the evenings, the quiet drowsy evenings! Long evenings, too, for our dinner, our one dignified official meal, is over by seven o'clock. Anyone who wants to see me in a kindly frame of mind knows that he must tap at my Open Door between seven and eight; and that, although that door stands open all night, yet it is wiser not to disturb the old man after eight o'clock. Unless, of course, some one needs

the same old man badly enough. Then, some one's need is his passport always, and he knows it. But usually from eight onward I am, for the first time in the day, my own master. Or rather, the things that I love, become the master of me. The whole world may have been at my throat during the day; everything may have gone wrong; mind and body may be aching with the constant little pinpricks of unpleasant but necessary associations; and yet give me an hour, half-an-hour stretched out in bed, surrounded on all sides by the best-loved of my books and with one of them in my hand, and those few minutes will smooth out all the sore places in mind and body, and will, at last, send me peacefully to sleep. Unless some one in another entry sets off a bomb or a window is broken; or some adventurous spirit, during an overstimulated party, thinks of turning on the fire hose. These last, however, are only occasional insignificant details that may ruffle the surface, but do not disturb the depths of my peaceful content.

For the past five years, I have never gone to sleep without reading a hundred lines or so of the *Iliad*. I read the Greek text through about three times every year. But it is ever new, ever glorious to me, beyond all the things created by the mind of man. "Too full of fighting," people say. "I like the *Odyssey* better." But not I. I like a good clean straightforward fight; but best of all I like the story of unwavering loyalty and of self-sacrificing love, the tale of Achilles and Patroclus. Of Thetis, too, the devoted sorrowing mother who, even in the depths of the sea, hears the cry of her child and hastens to reach him, to hold his hand, to comfort him, to get for him again the things that he, through his own mistakes, has lost.

The story of Achilles' lost armor, of Thetis' struggle to give him something even better, is the story of every devoted mother and of every mother-loving son. Hector of the Gleaming Helm, the aged Dardanian Priam, and

Hermes, Psychopompos—they and many others are with me, night after night. And, believe me, they are most excellent good company for any man; but most surpassingly excellent for a man like myself whose life is made up of so many little things that he is like to lose his hold upon the great ones.

Over the door of one of my rooms—the room, once my bedroom, but now become a sort of modest Inner Shrine, where I keep my most precious, if not my best-loved books, where I do all my writing and most of my praying—I have written three Greek words. Words from the Gospel according to St. Luke: τὰ πρὸς εἰρήνην. Our translators have rendered them: “The things that belong to thy peace.” But the preposition πρὸς means more than that. “The things that make for peace.”

There are so few of them. And I have been fortunate indeed in gathering some of them together within the four walls of one little room.

CHAPTER VI

MY BOOKS

To the average visitor, I suppose that my rooms look like confusion worse confounded. But beneath this apparent disorder, there is a certain amount of system.

Come up to my Open Door, some late afternoon, and tap with my brass knocker. When you hear my voice in answer, you will enter a very small narrow hall, which is made still narrower by bookshelves on one side of it. Here are all my latest acquisitions. Every new book, unless it happens to be a folio, stands, at least once on these shelves. And this I do, because, when I open my front door, the first cheerful thing that I want to see are the new books. Not merely books just published, and ordered from a bookstore, but very often volumes that I have been pursuing all over Europe for several years, and that I have secured at last, standing here now on my own shelves.

Opposite you, as you enter my front door, is the door to my little workroom, my *sanctum sanctorum*. I steer you past this. I do not ask every one to enter it. Whether I do ask you or not will depend on how you react to my other possessions. So I turn you to the left straight into my big living room. Here, covering the walls, up to the ceiling, is my criminological collection: books and pamphlets, flimsies and loose-sheets. Had you looked up at the unshelved wall of my entrance hall, you might have seen a framed collection of "Last Dying Speeches on the Scaffold," some of them two hundred years old. But here in my living room, you have the great bulk of my collection.

I should like to show you my *Trials of High Treason*. Or my *Blandyana*, material on Miss Blandy who poisoned her father. Or the original reports on the murder of the Duchesse de Praslin, who was hacked to death by her husband, one spring morning, in her Paris hotel; a crime that upset a government and helped a king to the loss of his crown. Then the mysterious Ogilvey case. And hundreds of others. Here is a section on forensic medicine, with almost every important work on the subject, beginning with old German volumes written in Latin, down to the fat modern books of the famous Professor Gross. Here is another on responsibility: all the theories of insanity and its relation to crime. But the most interesting sections are those that deal with the individual lawbreakers; with the Palmers, the Websters, the Crippens. Sometimes, of an evening, as I sit in my living room I am overwhelmed by the mass of human suffering and wickedness that stares down at me from all these books. It depresses me. I have to move, for a time, into one of my other two rooms.

What I call my bedroom is literally packed with books. There is room for only one single picture—a photograph of a Bellini Madonna. Here I keep my classical library; my collection of Petronius, of which I am inordinately proud. Here also are my few theological volumes; mostly Hebrew or patristic Greek texts. The *Petits Bollandistes*, the *Little Lives of the Saints*, in twelve large volumes, are directly back of my head, as I lie in bed. Over in that corner are my surgical books, relics of the days of my surgical ambitions, and seldom if ever opened now. In this corner, are the books of my boyhood; the prizes that I took at school, at Saint Paul's, the "Detur" given me during my freshman year at Harvard. A precious corner indeed.

There remains my little room, into which I have not yet ushered you. I am just a little timid about taking you there.

For you may not understand the Greek words above the door; and if you ask me what they mean, I shall get embarrassed and not be able to explain. That will make me uncomfortable, and I shall not be able to "talk books any longer." Since, however, you do not ask, I will point out my two or three groups of treasures. This line of shelves here is all Erasmus. Those big folios at the bottom, seven or eight of them, are editions of his *Adagia*. Here are three shelves all filled with editions of the *Colloquies*. And here is a precious book, printed by Froben and probably proof-read by Erasmus himself. It contains some occasional papers. One of these "*De Laude Medicinæ*," "In Praise of Medicine," is of especial interest. And here are all the lives of Erasmus. From Jortin down to that vile caricature of Froude's. I have been collecting Erasmus for many years. Every bookseller, to whom I owe money, knows that. And this means a great many booksellers indeed.

And here . . . here . . . these three high shelves, with their rows of towering folios, are all Hippocrates. Every edition of his *Opera Omnia* that has ever been published. And on top of them, on these smaller shelves, are countless editions of separate works. Hundreds and hundreds of editions of the *Aphorisms*. And among these last, one very, very precious little book, the Greek text of the *Aphorisms* edited by a man who was not only a great physician but who thrones it among the very greatest names in literature—Rabelais. Over on this side arranged in those strange-looking cardboard boxes, are photographs, or to be more correct, photostats. No, not of places, or even of people. Surely, not of the Father of Medicine himself. But photostats from every important Hippocratean manuscript in the world. For if I cannot afford to go to Paris to the *Bibliothèque Nationale* in order to consult the famous *Parisinus A* of Hippocrates, I can have the manuscript photographed,

and then I can read it as clearly and as easily as if I held the precious thing itself in my hands.

Finally, on the rest of these shelves—scattered all over this room—is my working collection on the history of medicine. Here are all the Greeks; here what we know of the Egyptians. There is Galen, Celsus, the Elder Pliny. Below them the great Arabians. Alas, I know only a little Arabic; but if I can find time I am going to learn more of it this year at the university. Then the Middle Ages. And so on up through the Renaissance. Here are books on the great School of Salerno. Here are folios of Paracelsus, and an inferior edition of the *De Fabrica* of Vesalius. I am too poor to afford one of the more famous impressions. And so the names run on. Harvey, Van Helmont, Baglivi, Sydenham and his school. Then the great men of the eighteenth century. All of them are to me not names and dates, but actual fascinating personalities.

This collection, and my work in the history of medicine, is the growth of the past five or six years. It all began with Hippocrates—no, it began, in the first place, with Pindar; and with my friend and master, the Professor of Greek at the university. Up to that time, I had such knowledge of medical history as most physicians have; which was really no knowledge at all. And if during these past few years I have achieved any small reputation as a medical historian, it is all due, not to myself at all, but to this university and to my friends here—to my Mater Amatissima.

CHAPTER VII

MY OTHER UNIVERSITY

THE Johns Hopkins is not the only university in Maryland, or in Baltimore. The University of Maryland is an honorable and ancient foundation, in comparison with which the Johns Hopkins is but an unbreeched, although lusty, infant. And from its medical school, there have gone forth a very great number of distinguished physicians. It has, of course, neither the financial resources, nor the dazzling renown of the younger but more famous institution. It cannot offer to its instructors and professors any very great material rewards, but it has always done the very best it could with the resources at its disposal. And it has always had vision.

One reads often enough in the papers about blood transfusions—how one patient is benefited by having pumped into his veins the blood of some one else. Among universities and medical schools, there are, to-day, occasional blood transfusions of this kind. Not because one institution happens to be anaemic or septic, and to need new healthy blood, but because, in institutions at least, mixed blood is a good thing. And for that reason it is a matter of rejoicing, to me at least, that the medical school of the University of Maryland has filled some of its most important chairs with Johns Hopkins men.

Now a graduate of the Johns Hopkins Medical School—in contradistinction to a graduate of the Johns Hopkins University—is a man signed and sealed, and set apart from others forever. He may look with mild approval upon a

Harvard graduate in medicine, but, in spite of himself, he always looks *down*. It is not because he is himself proud, or of a high stomach. Not at all. He is often humble-minded, and always courteous. But—*he* is a Hopkins man. Nothing can ever alter that basic fact. If you do not happen to have passed through the same course of training, if you have not imbibed the same traditions, then you may be clever and wise and estimable, but you are not what he is. You never can be.

I admire this spirit tremendously. It smacks of home. In my youth, I remember the many criticisms that used to be leveled at my Alma Mater. Harvard men were "uppish"; they thought too highly of themselves, and looked down upon every one else from the heights of Harvard self-satisfaction. Yale was right enough in a way; even Princeton was not so bad. But neither one was Harvard, and never could be.

Then when I, a Harvard man, first came, thanking my good fortune, to the Johns-Hopkins Hospital, I encountered a mental attitude that was so like my own that I was delighted, and not a little entertained. For I was, quietly, but definitely, put in my place. I might be a decent fellow—for every one was hospitable and most kind—but I had not stamped on my medical life the one hallmark of medical sterling silver. I used to tell these new colleagues of mine that every night they got down on their knees, even the most unbelieving of them, and thanked God that they were not as other men were.

Now when a spirit and a blood like that are transfused into some other institution, they cannot help stimulating it. And what is more, they make the stimulated institution love the stimulant. The University of Maryland has had vision enough to recognize the value of this transfusion. And it is thanks to this same vision, that I myself, not a Johns Hopkins man *sensu stricto*, hold to-day a place in the ranks

of her instructors, and am privileged to see my name printed among the distinguished names of her faculty.

The way in which I came to be a professor was this. In the first place, I had a friend to boost me. I have always been fortunate in having friends of this kind. Without them, I should still be very, very far down at the bottom of the medical and academic heap. And this friend, knowing of my interest in medical history, persuaded me to "make a talk" about Greek medicine before our City Medical Society. I did the best I could. And then, next year, this same friend, who has been and who still is one of the best-beloved members of the faculty of the Maryland Medical School, persuaded me to give a course of lectures on the history of medicine, at the medical school itself, as a part of the university extension courses for graduates. This was a hard job indeed. In order to make the lectures at least bearable, I had to illustrate them somehow. I had to have lantern slides prepared; and to each lecture I had to lug a huge suitcase full of books, so that I could at least put into the hands of my hearers copies of the ancient texts that I was talking about.

I enjoyed that first course of four lectures, and I was astounded at my audience. I had expected ten or twenty, but the big amphitheatre in which I spoke was more than half full. The next year I gave a much longer course. And the interest, always to my surprise, seemed to increase, until I got the greatest surprise of all. For the president and the board of trustees of the University of Maryland elected me Professor of the History of Medicine.

This sounds much more wonderful than it really was, or is. When I explained it to one of my nearest friends at the dormitory, our professor of physics, an Austrian by birth, he said, "*Ach, ja, Professor mit Titel aber ohne Gehalt.*" And not only "*ohne Gehalt*"; but without any budget as well. In other words, I was to be the carver out

of my own academic destiny. I had the title of professor, but I had to make my own professorial environment, fit out my own academic shop. Now that was exactly what I liked. I had been given a chance to create something out of nothing, and, if financially unsupported, at least unhampered also.

Twenty years ago, we spoke of psychiatry as the "Cinderella of Medicine." Nowadays she rides in a very magnificent coach that will never change back into a pumpkin. Her place as Cinderella has been shared between her two sisters: legal or forensic medicine, and medical history. The latter is, however, emerging from the Cinderella class. In most of the German and Austrian universities, chairs of the history of medicine have been established. In our own country, such teaching as has been possible has been given, thus far, in a most uninteresting and fragmentary manner. But, in the near future, the Johns Hopkins Medical School is to create a Department and Institute of the History of Medicine, which will be unique in America. Such an institute, with its financial resources, can do much more than provide for medical students courses of lectures on medical history. It can offer, or it should offer, opportunities for study and research to scholarly men and women who have already some training in the history of medicine, but who have neither the leisure nor the money to pursue their studies by themselves.

In comparison with such an institute, our work at the University of Maryland must always be of comparative unimportance. But one thing we can do, at which the greatest institute may fail. We may be able to arouse and to sustain an interest in medical history among modern students of medicine, and we may inoculate them with that zest for scholarship and for cultivation which, in itself, is a gift of inestimable value. The institute will be like a great powerhouse. We, at the University of Maryland, will see to it

that lines are laid from it to our own medical school and that the light of learning burns brightly there.

Moreover, comparing very small things with great ones, I am always comforted in my hours of leanness to remember one of the greatest of all medical historians, Julius Pagel who, for many years, held a chair of medical history in the University of Berlin and who, without an institute, without a library, without a penny of subvention or salary, taught, not only the history of medicine, but also the love of scholarship and accurate historical research. I am, I know only too well, no Julius Pagel; but I can at least attempt to follow humbly in his footsteps. And whatever steps I am able to take will be made entirely on my own feet. I shall not be able to follow him in a motor car, or even on the blue bus. But, as it says in the *Iliad*, "so long as my feet below me are firm," I shall go plodding on. And, after all, the people who ride in motor cars and busses do not see half as much of the country or really enjoy their surroundings as much as the humble pedestrian.

If my Great-uncle Henry were alive—the great-uncle of whom I wrote in the first chapter of this book, that man of such varied interests and manifold activities—he would, I think, approve of a descendant who was a criminologist in the morning, a consulting physician in the afternoon, a professor in one university, the Warden of a hall in another, and who was, just now, looking forward to learning Arabic and trying to write a book. But of one part of my life he might not approve at all—and yet I do not know. For it was said of him that he "dealt justly and loved righteousness." And if I can follow him in these weightier matters of the Christian law, he will not reproach me for those other things that would have shocked his Protestant training and belief. For, in one matter, he and I are as wide apart as the poles. Although, if one take as a measure the distance of the sun from the earth, then the poles are not so far apart after all.

But "the fact remains," as my old schoolmaster, the Reverend Henry Augustus Coit used to say, that, in spite of my Great-uncle Henry's varied life, I have been and still am something that he never was, and which, in spite of my cousin, the Jesuit priest, I don't think that Great-uncle Henry could ever possibly have become. To this one thing, that fills in all the chinks in my life, that gives it a newly rediscovered sense of unity and content, to this I must devote the last section of this book.

I approach it with reluctance. For it is easy enough to write about the things that you have done or are doing, to tell other people what you think about this or that and why you think so. It is less easy to speak of the things that you feel, the things that stir your emotions, that make you happy or sad, dissatisfied or content. But it seems almost impossible, for me at least, to write about the things that belong neither wholly to the realm of intelligence nor entirely to the domain of the emotions, the things that somehow form the whole foundation of our conscious and unconscious life, that make the background of our thoughts, words and deeds, and that are, at the same time, the sources of strength, from which we draw the power to go on thinking and speaking and doing from day to day and from night to night.

There is only one attitude in which to approach these things: on your knees.

PART IV
THE ALTAR

CHAPTER I

THE WHEEL

NIETZSCHE has said somewhere in his *Zarathustra*, a book that once gave me strength and courage during one of the most difficult and disheartening periods of my life, that existence is "*ein aus sich rollendes Rad*," "a wheel that revolves out of itself."

My religious life has been like this Nietzschean wheel. But before I attempt to describe some of its revolutions, or rather the one revolution it has made, I must give some reason for trying to describe it at all. Especially as, in writing about it, I am constrained to write in terms of my own past. One of the lessons that was dinned into my childish ears was the lesson of reticence about two matters: matters of sex and matters of religion. These were the two things that well-bred people did not talk about.

The evil wrought by sex repression has been broadcasted widely enough already by the psychoanalysts. I wonder how much more harm has been and may still be done to God's cause in the world by religious repression. In my own case, the harm has been done already; it has become a permanent handicap. I suppose that I shall never be able to speak of what people call "my religion" in a simple, unabashed manner. The hardest thing that I am ever asked to do is to give some "reason for the faith that is in me." It makes no difference where I am asked to do this, whether at my club with a friend, in my office with a patient, or in the pulpit before a congregation. That is why I dread "preaching." It is difficult enough to speak simply and without embarrass-

ment to a friend or a single patient. But to stand up before a group of expectant people, who think that just because I happen to be physician as well as priest I must have something especially interesting to say, this stops my mouth as if with a wet cloth, it checks my powers of thought, and worse than all else, it makes me feel abysmally ashamed. What have I to say to these people? Their experience of the Christian life is infinitely deeper than my own. The only thing I could say which might possibly be of some value, is that one Something that I cannot say without seeming self-centered and without further embarrassing myself to the point of speechlessness. For I could tell them about myself, about my own experience; I could tell them in what ways I have come to recognize in my life the leading light of God's care, and of what God has done for my soul. But that is just the one thing that I cannot put into words. The lesson of my childhood rises up and gags me. "Well-bred people do not talk about such things."

And yet whenever I meet a man or a woman who seems to understand what my religion means to me, and to themselves, I am interested, not in how they feel or how they think about it, but in what has happened because of it in their own individual lives. In the Anglican communion especially, I think that we are too respectable, too well-bred, too religiously repressed. We are willing enough to talk about our faith. But we seldom talk of what our faith has done for us. And to preach about that is to smack a little too much of "the experience meetings of Protestantism." It might sound a little undignified, a little like a revival.

So, both in speaking and in writing, I must overcome powerful resistances before I can talk or write about my religion. What I *believe* is easy enough to set down. It is all there in the Nicene Creed. But what has happened in my own life because of my belief or my unbelief in that same formulary is more than hard to express. I see no way out

except to evade the use of the first personal pronoun, at least in the biographical details, and to pretend that I am writing about some person other than myself.

Now the only admissible reason for writing about oneself, in religious matters, is the possibility that what one writes may show to others something that seems to the writer important. There is no joy in it for him. That is why I approach it, as I have said, upon my knees.

My religious experience I have compared to Zarathustra's wheel. In my own case that wheel has made one complete turn. At the present moment I find myself almost at that exact point in the circumference from which I originally started. I have wandered all the way round the wheel; or it has revolved all the way around me. The result is the same. I have come back to where I began.

Some people's religious experience is a direct forward progress. They know nothing of any turning wheel. Their experience is on one straight line, onward and upward. I envy people like that. If my own experience is worth anything, it is interesting because of the revolving wheel and because of the invisible hand that not only turned it but kept me on it, even when I was imagining that I had freed myself from it altogether.

Here is an outline of the story. The boy was emotionally religious, but very shy, very afraid of external criticism. Brought up in a home of "church interests," in which the bishop of the diocese, the dean of the cathedral were frequent and familiar guests, he was confirmed without any real idea of what it all meant, and sent, at thirteen, to a famous church school. The church atmosphere there was as familiar to him as the atmosphere of his own home.

During a year or two spent abroad before entering the university he was brought into some slight touch with continental Protestantism, which he found ugly and hateful, and with the services of the Roman Catholic Church, which

he thought puzzling and uninteresting. On his way home, in London, he happened to be stopping in lodgings on Margaret Street. For the preceding eighteen months the only churches of his own kind that he had entered had been gloomy little places in continental towns, or "*temples protestantes*," in which Church of England services were occasionally held. But one morning in London he strolled into a church that happened to lie next to his lodgings. All Saints, Margaret Street; a church, had he but known it, that had had a very close connection with the revival of Catholic teaching and worship in his own communion. It was a saint's day. The candles on the altar were lighted; and, as he waited in the shadows, a priest in Mass vestments went up the altar steps.

He never knew why this morning seemed to him, ever afterwards, to mark a definite period in his life. He only knew that he was suddenly overwhelmed by a sense of "having come home." A sensation that he experienced only once again, many, many years later. It was on that autumn morning, in the dim, London church, that the boy determined to become a priest.

Then came the years of the university. Years often so full of absorbing interests that religious ideas were pushed aside. According to the particular professor that he admired, he became an agnostic, a determinist, a follower of Schopenhauer, a disciple of Omar. But always when he went home for the holidays, he dropped back into the church atmosphere; and went to call on the dean and the bishop. And always on Ash Wednesday and Good Friday while at the university he fasted, headache or no headache, until six o'clock in the afternoon, and spent most of that time in church. Old St. John's, in Bowdoin Street in Boston, was usually the objective of such pilgrimages from Cambridge. In his senior year, like so many others, he had a vision. He would do for the Anglican communion what Ignatius

of Loyola had done for post-reformation Christendom. He would found a society. And, of course, he himself would be the "general" of the order. St. Ignatius became his hero, sharing some of his youthful admiration, however, with Cardinal Newman—but before Newman was a cardinal. He delivered a commencement oration on *The Spirit of the Jesuits*; and then, as Ignatius had done, went into a sort of figurative desert for a period of preparation.

His desert was his old school, in which his old headmaster had offered him a position. Here he tried to teach Latin and Greek for two years. By the end of the first year, his "vision" had departed. St. Ignatius had given place to other gods and heroes. Two years of teaching; another year or two of travel with a friend. And during these last years, his first visit to Rome.

He spent Holy Week in Rome. He had come with letters to several prominent ecclesiastics. He heard His Holiness Leo XIII say his Easter Mass in the Sistine Chapel. He heard the rector of one of the colleges say to him: "Better make your decision now. I can give you a room at once. One of your Anglican clergy, a Mr. M, has just become a Catholic. He is with us. I will put you next to him." He wanted to say "Yes." He wanted to stay. Had he not been more or less responsible for the friend with whom he was traveling, he would have stayed. Without a doubt. But he told himself that he would return, once he was free of his present responsibilities. Only not now; he would make no decision at the present moment.

So he went home; and the vision of Rome faded. Instead of entering one of the Roman colleges, he did what he had always planned to do and became a seminarian in a theological school of his own Anglican communion, almost in spite of himself. And he told himself, too, that this was God's will for him. God had kept him from violating the allegiance he owed to the church of his birth and baptism.

Three long years in the Seminary, with the ordinary periods of discouragement and temptation, of elation and happiness. And then three years in the priesthood. Then came the break. The details of it are of no interest. What happened to this young man has happened to thousands before. It happened to Martin Luther. It will go on happening, I fear, so long as human nature is what it is. And the pity of it all was that the man himself did not understand why and when the break began. One can be sure that Luther, for instance, did not marry an escaped nun until he had lost completely his hold on the religion that made her a nun and him a monk. It was the loss of his faith, in the system in which he had been reared, that made that marriage possible. The same is true in the case of our young priest. He lost his faith long before he lost his hold upon himself and upon others. It began so insidiously. And he never recognized these beginnings until long afterward. He had thought, during the second year of his priesthood, that he had a vocation to the religious life. After consulting with his confessor, who later on became a Roman Catholic, he decided to apply to a famous Order or Society in England, and, if he was accepted, to enter their novitiate. He wrote to the Father Superior; he was accepted, told his family that they might never see him again, and made all his preparations to leave America within the next six months.

During those six months, he was relieved of all parish work; he was living no longer in a clergy house with all its restrictions and protections. And, what was worst of all for him, was his mental idleness. He had nothing to think of except of what he was about to do; to leave behind all the pleasantness of home life, all his friends, all the relaxations that are possible for a parish priest. He was going to a life that was austere, self-sacrificing, often unbeautiful, and very, very lonely. Gradually he began to lose his original reason for wanting to do all this, the greater glory of God;

he lost the sense of companionship with His Master who was to be all the nearer to him when he had sought first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness. And he began to wonder—only occasionally at first—whether it was worth while after all. As soon as he began to wonder whether it was “the right thing,” he found innumerable reasons for not doing it at all. Why make his people unhappy by going so far away from them? Why subject his rather delicate health to a discipline under which he would probably break down?

Oh, he bolstered himself up with fictitious advice. He went to one or two men who, he knew, did not approve of his leaving home, and he suggested to them his present doubts. Of course they said, “Don’t go.” He knew they would say that. That’s why he asked them. And then they told him that “only the dead and fools never change their minds.” And this comforted him no end. So he failed. He gave up. He gave up trying to walk upon the hills; it was so much more pleasant in the valleys. And with this failure, his religion, as he had always believed and practiced it, failed also.

Having let people know about his change of plans and having been complimented by the majority on having “become sensible,” he looked around for something to do. And he found it soon enough. He found a very delightful position, in a big parish, where he had extremely comfortable quarters, very light duties, a horse to ride, practically no poor to visit, but a great many delightful parishioners who wanted him to visit them, to lunch and to dine, to eat and to drink.

Now, in a rich and pleasure-loving community, a priest may lead a restrained and holy life and yet at the same time keep in touch with those to whom he is called to minister. The possibility of such a life was daily before our young man’s eyes; for his rector, who went everywhere and who

was beloved of every one, maintained untouched his own priestly ideals. Our young ecclesiastic, however, lost his. He was not conscious of this. On the contrary, he thought that he had freed himself from a lot of unnecessary prejudices; he imagined that he was "getting at his people" by accepting the material standards of their lives. Thus he became not only useless but dangerous—dangerous to others and also to himself. For having jettisoned his old habits of devotion, his use of the Sacraments, especially of the Sacrament of Penance, he had stripped himself of all powers of usefulness to those very people who slapped him on the back for being a "good fellow with no nonsense about him."

The men and women of this world respect ideals, however much they may laugh at them. And they soon lose their respect for a priest who laughs with them and whose daily conversation and actions give the lie to his only reason for existing at all. They really want some one to whom they can turn in their hours of disappointment, bereavement and death. They may make fun occasionally of such a man, but it is a comfort to them to know that he is there. On the other hand, when their own dark hours come, they will never seek out the minister or the priest who has lived on their own level and who has shared their own indulgences, because they know instinctively that he has no help to give them.

Our young man became very well pleased with life. He was enjoying himself. And he spent more time in lay clothes than in a round collar. Disaster of some kind was inevitable. The men and the women with whom he "played around" had, in spite of their apparently thoughtless lives, ideals and standards of their own. They might live on a low spiritual plane; but it was "their plane," and they did not intend to fall below it, even though they might have little or no desire to rise above it. But our young man, in losing his priestly ideals, had lost all his standards. He had fallen from a high plane to a lower one; and now he had nothing

in the world to keep him from dropping still further. Yet he was satisfied, perfectly so. Had he not cast off all sorts of silly bondages, and was he not now a free man?

Free to do what? One day the answer to that question was forced upon him. He had made himself what he called free, only to fall into the most bitter bondage of all. The bondage of having to reap, acre by acre, the harvest that he had sown. And the reaping of that harvest lasted for nearly eight years. But he did not know that he was reaping. That knowledge came to him long afterward. At the time he felt only bitter and rebellious.

The details of his rebellion have no significance. But one day, with appalling suddenness, he found himself standing on the brink of a precipice—a precipice so steep that those who still loved him a little stole away his service revolver, for fear that he might, of his own free will, jump over another sort of precipice and never come back. By the time he had managed, with the help of these same friends, to draw somewhat away from the brink of disaster, he found himself very much alone, for he had resigned his ecclesiastical position, he had even resigned his Orders. Now, he could wear lay clothes as much as he liked. It was to be over twenty-five years before he put on a round collar again. Fortunately, he did not know this. Had he known it there might have been some real danger from that service revolver.

But in the mercy of God, he did not know. And he did not have sense enough to realize that the position, in which he found himself, was the same position that he had been assuming for at least a year. For at least a year he had been dressing like a priest and living like a self-indulgent man of the world. Now he would be forced to dress the way he lived. And he pretended that he was glad of it. Glad to be through with all the “restrictions of an abnormal life.” Well, he would enjoy this liberty now to the utmost. There had always been things that he had wanted to do,

not on the sly, but openly and unashamed. Here was his chance; a chance to be absolutely and freely himself.

That same winter found him, for the second time, in Rome. And here, in a little dark suite of rooms on the Corso, he spent the bitterest hours of his life. He found friends there, men of whom he had known or heard long ago; men who, like himself, had once been in Anglican orders, but who had made their submission to Holy Roman Church and were now living in Rome, happy and carefree. They seemed to enjoy life; every minute of it. He would enjoy it, too; he would do as they did, live as they lived. This was the "freedom" for which he had been longing all these years. He had "freed himself" at an enormous cost. But here he was free at last.

And then, slowly, he began to realize that if this were freedom, he was powerless to enjoy it. The lives that his friends lived seemed to him empty, and, after a while, deadly dull. He longed for his books, for the quiet of his study, and yet he could not read. He longed for his old scholarly pursuits, and yet, try as he might, he could not work, he could not write. Something was dead inside him. And at last he came to understand that what he longed for most was his priesthood, the one thing that he had thrown away, so that he might be free. Free to be lonely, and dishonored and unhappy. He could never get back to it. And yet he began to feel that without it he could not live.

Of course there was, or there seemed to be, one way out. And after long months of hesitation, he took it. His friends in Rome were all Roman Catholics. They did not bother him or force him; but their unspoken words, their half-conscious suggestions were slowly hemming him in. He wanted some kind of religion, some source of comfort and of strength. No one, except his God, will ever know how much he wanted it. And so, one spring morning, just after Easter, he foreswore the allegiance to which he had been

born—he to whom loyalty to family tradition had been higher than all law—he was baptized conditionally, made his “first confession”—he who had been to confession since he had been a boy of sixteen—and made his “first communion”—he who had himself stood at the altar as a priest and offered the Holy Sacrifice with his own hands.

God knows, I have no desire to question the sincerity of an Anglican priest who becomes absolutely assured that His Master’s earthly and covenanted Presence is only to be found upon Roman altars. I have known such men. And I have always hoped that, in their new allegiance, they might be happy and finally at peace. But I do not believe that any Anglican, to whom his religion has meant anything, who has found strength for years in his Communion, who has experienced the grace of Absolution, who, Sunday after Sunday, has heard an English Mass in his own mother tongue—I do not believe that such a man or woman can ever repudiate the reality of these religious experiences, without outraging some inner source of strength, and without leaving scars of some lasting kind upon their own souls. And because of these inner scars, because of the repudiation of what they know in their inmost hearts to have been the work of God, they are never, I think, ever quite at ease in their new Zion.

I have the greatest respect, the greatest gratitude to Holy Roman Church. No one, in my presence, shall ever speak of Her lightly or sneeringly. I often wish that I had been born inside Her fold. Things would have been so much simpler, although perhaps less interesting. At any rate, she opened her wide arms to the young, unhappy man, of whom I am writing. He was a stranger, and she took him in. The trouble was that he remained a stranger. He never felt at home. For here, when he might have expected to find what he was seeking, the Hand of God barred or seemed to bar his route. He had thought to turn the wheel

of his life in a certain direction. And the wheel would not move.

He thought, you see, that since he so sorely missed his priesthood, he could still become a priest. And the kindly ecclesiastic, who had received him into the Roman Church, offered him a place in his clergy house, where he could live and study until he was ordained. Had he remained there, perhaps he would be a Roman priest to-day. But it seemed to be God's will that he was never to be a Roman priest at all, inasmuch as God thought him a priest already. He wanted to get away from Rome, and its atmosphere. Away from the associations of the past winter. Off somewhere in the wilderness.

Through one of these chance meetings, that so often alter our lives, he stopped on his way north from Rome, in an Austrian town, of which he knew nothing and about which he cared less. As he first set foot in its streets, he could not guess that he was to walk those same streets for some seven or eight years. Now in this same city there happened to be a famous university, and at this university was an equally famous faculty of theology, attached to which was a seminary or college in which those students lived who were preparing for the priesthood. It was "chance" again, no doubt, that among those same students there should be a group of forty or fifty Americans, and among them a graduate of our young man's own university in America. He applied for admission to the theological faculty. He was admitted; but for the first year he was to live, not in the college, but in the town.

For two long hard years he tried to become a priest. And every time he tried, his way was blocked. If he knew that I were writing all this about him, he would, I am sure, be anxious that his 'Roman friends should know just why it was that he was so constantly disappointed of his hope.

He had never made any secret of his past mistakes or

unhappiness. But, except to one's confessor, one does not talk much about these things; and the city, where he was studying, was a long way off from the last American town in which he had lived, so that information slipped slowly from one of these places to the other. But the information did come.

During the first winter, the American bishop, to whom our young man had applied and who had taken him into his diocese, wrote to the seminary authorities that the young man was to be given minor orders, the subdiaconate and the diaconate at once, and then sent home to America, to be made a priest by the bishop himself. If our young man had acted on these instructions, he would be, I suppose, a Roman priest to-day; but at that time, he felt very humble. He was not ready yet to be ordained. He asked that the ordination might be postponed for six months. Within those six months, some of his former American friends visited his Roman bishop; they probably took a great deal of trouble in order to see him personally. So the bishop wrote again to the seminary authorities and withdrew his first letter. After that, it was a history of one disappointment after another. If a Roman bishop or any other kind of a bishop, will not accept you as a candidate for Holy Orders, you might as well become a Methodist or some kind of a Protestant among whom bishops do not flourish. Three times, the young man was ready to enter the seminary; three times his room there was waiting for him; and three times, one American bishop after another "begged to be excused."

The young man was proud. He was badly hurt several times, but it did him good. And finally, after a last conference with his confessor who begged him still to persevere, he surrendered, he gave up once again. Evidently, although his confessor would not believe it, God did not intend him to become a Roman Catholic priest.

In those days, he did not think very kindly of his American friends who had taken the trouble to visit his Roman bishop. But to-day, he rises up and calls them blessed. If he only knew who they were, he would pray for their happiness in this world and for their peace in the next.

So the wheel of the young man's life came, as it seemed, to a sudden stop.

After another two years, in the same Austrian city, working ten hours a day in writing books that no one would publish, after having had the honor of representing His Britannic Majesty as British Vice-Consul during a few months while the post was temporarily vacant, after having tramped through the mountains in summer and having stared up at their snows during the winter, our young man—who was not so very young any more—suddenly woke to the fact that there was only one thing in life that he wanted to do, and that the opportunity of doing it lay just around the corner from his own rooms in the Margarethenplatz—at the Medical School.

How he studied medicine has been told in another place. This chapter deals only with the wheel of his religious life. During his years as a medical student, religion, as a force and a comfort, had little part in his thoughts. He was not irreligious. On Sundays he went to a low Mass occasionally in one of the near-by churches. He made his communion once a year. Then, during the war, religion was forgotten altogether. And when he came home, as I have already told, he came back to his own country almost as naked as he had left it, having lost his books, his clothes, and whatever of religion still remained to him. Only now he was a physician, with a good training, and useful, unusual experience.

In Baltimore, during his first month at the Johns Hopkins Hospital, he was sitting, one evening, in his little room in the Psychiatric Clinic. His telephone bell rang; he was told that there was a visitor waiting for him in the hall

downstairs, a clergyman. This was surprising. Since he had been in Baltimore, he had not set foot inside any kind of a church. But, out of mere curiosity, he went downstairs to see who his visitor might be. And, as he came down he caught a glimpse of a man in black—familiar somehow—who hastened toward him with outstretched hands. An Anglican priest, such as he himself had once been, and his first visitor since he had been in Baltimore.

A priest—and an old, old friend. A friend since they had lived together at the theological seminary; and now the rector of a very important city church. The first link with his own religious past that our lonely psychiatrist had met with in twelve years. That link was the beginning of a long chain. Only one other link in it is of importance here. For thanks to this visitor, I went, next Sunday—here one may as well drop “our young man”—to the church of which my friend was rector. The first church in Baltimore that I had entered. I got there, by mistake, half an hour before the Mass began. But the moment I entered those four walls, I realized where I was. Why, I had preached once in this very church, in that very pulpit. I remembered it perfectly. I had come on for some special festival from the city where I was stationed at the time; I had delivered my sermon, and had gone back to my work the same night. For all these many past years, I had never once thought of the place. And now, here I was, sitting down among the congregation! Why, I had not been inside an Anglican church or heard an Anglican service or hymn since the days of my own priesthood, twelve years ago!

The organ began to play; the choir marched in. Then, from the side door of the sanctuary, I saw the procession of acolytes in their red cassocks, the thurifer and the boat-boy, two servers and the celebrant himself, vested for Mass. And for an Introit hymn, the choir sang, “The King of Love My Shepherd Is.”

I do not know what happened to me then. It was not entirely an emotional reaction. My eyes did not fill with tears, but over me, there swept a sensation of content, a sort of joyous recognition. Exactly the same sensation that I had once experienced, as a boy, at my first Mass in All Saints, Margaret Street, in London. All this—church, choir, celebrant, hymn, everything—was mine. Here I was at home.

I went back to the hospital in a daze. But next day I had a great deal of work to do, and during the week my vision of Sunday began to fade a little. Then the next Saturday I happened to have an errand in a distant part of the town; distant, that is from the hospital; and as I was coming back, about five o'clock, I noticed that I was passing the church at which I had heard Mass the previous Sunday, the church in which I had once preached. I looked at my watch; it was late. But I went in.

The church was very quiet. In one shadowy corner, some ten or twelve people were kneeling. Now and then, one of them would get up, genuflect toward the high altar, and disappear. I understood what was going on. Over in the corner was the confessional; some priest was sitting there hearing confessions.

To this day, I do not understand what force pushed me down on my old, stiff knees, and held me there until the last person had come out of the confessional. Nor how I was lifted to my feet and drawn irresistibly to the dim corner where the confessional stood. When I entered the church, I had had no intention of making my confession, let alone to an Anglican priest; I had made no preparation. And when I finally found myself kneeling behind that heavy curtain, with the little grating before my eyes, and beyond it, just a glimpse of a bowed head and the tip of a violet stole, I could not even remember the form of confession. To this day, all that I do remember is that I laid my cheek against

that little grating in front of me, and said, "I want to come home . . . I want to come home."

I came home, thanks to God's mercy, on that late autumn afternoon; and, please God, I shall go out no more. The wheel had turned around, slowly, until I was almost at the same point in its circumference where I had once stood at the time of my Confirmation as a boy of twelve.

Since that day, now eleven years ago, my wheel has turned a little further still. Looking back, it seems as if I had to wait a long time for that last turn. But waiting was good for me. It taught me many things besides patience. For now that I have been restored to my Orders, now that the evil work I did so many years ago has been undone, so far as is humanly possible, now that I may again stand at God's Altar and offer to Him the Sacrifice of Praise and Thanksgiving—now the wheel has come to rest before my eyes, and I begin where I left off a quarter century past, with the words of my old uncle, the Bishop of Newark, sounding in my ears: "Receive the Holy Ghost, for the office and work of a Priest in the Church of God. Whoso sins thou dost remit, they are remitted. And whoso sins thou dost retain, they are retained. And be thou a faithful minister of God's Word and of his Holy Sacraments. In the Name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

CHAPTER II

A PRIEST WITHOUT A ROUND COLLAR

FROM the day in 1917 when I came "home" down to the autumn of 1927, when I was restored to my Orders, in due process of Canon Law, a law which had forbidden me the exercising of my priesthood, even though it could not take that priesthood away, I was for about ten years a priest out of uniform. I was like a man on secret service duty, who hides his officer's insignia and passes for an ordinary civilian. This has great disadvantages. For you keep forgetting what you really are, because you do not look like it. And heaven knows, I forgot often enough. When I did remember, however, I used to say to myself: "You must examine this delinquent or this patient not merely as a physician, as a psychiatrist. You must approach the case in such a way that your patient will feel that you are something more than both." I could not speak of religious matters. That would have been presumptuous. All I could do was to try to put into my work an element that was the outcome and the external manifestation of my "hidden" priesthood.

I don't mean that I tried to be "religious," that I "talked about God" in the drawing-room, or in the office, or at the club. Not at all. I had no right to talk; thanks to my religious inhibitions, I could not have talked anyway. Nor could I *do* anything. I couldn't say Mass; or absolve; or perform any priestly functions. I couldn't preach. But I thought that I might *be* something; something just a little different from those physicians and psychiatrists who did

not carry about in their souls the burden of a hidden priesthood.

You see, since 1918, I had been trying to regain my Orders. There were many disappointments, many delays. But I had learned how to wait. And I knew, even in my hours of deepest discouragement, that if God willed my restoration, he would bring it about in His own time and in His own way. And I had learned not only patience in waiting, but also how to keep busy while waiting was necessary. If you are waiting in order to run a mile race for which you have been training during many long months, you only tire yourself out by standing on the mark, tense and expectant of a signal that does not come, because the starter is not there or has forgotten his revolver. It is wiser to sit down and relax and mend that hole in your sock, which may rub your heel and lame you during the most critical part of your race.

That is why, while I was waiting for the restoration of the outward signs of my priesthood, I tried, with more or less success, to make my hidden priesthood count for something in my dealing with other people. I would not have anyone imagine that I tried to live a definitely priestly life; say daily offices, make meditations, and go to church a great deal. I made no meditations; I said no offices; and I know that I did not go to church half often enough. What I was trying to do was something infinitely more simple; something that every man might do, I suppose, if he had a sense of inner vocation. I only wanted to have my work at the courts, or in my office, or at my two universities done just a little better and a little differently from the work of others, because of my invisible priesthood. No one knew of it, except a few very close friends. And to those who did not know, I suppose that I must often have seemed peculiar. They must have been often surprised, not at the things I did, but at the way I did them. No doubt, in these efforts I

failed miserably. But the effort itself kept me from getting disappointed and bitter, and it kept me mindful of my priesthood.

If we could look into the depths of men's minds, we should find, I believe, all sorts of remnants of reactions, bits of habitual thought, little eroded complexes of emotion that were once fully rounded, active entities but that have become, during a busy life, the mere ghosts of their former selves. This is especially true of the private prayers that people say at night. Many do not even get down on their knees. But comparatively few people allow themselves to drift into the unconsciousness of sleep without the repetition of some kind of a protective symbol. Many a child's prayer, half forgotten, lurks in the night consciousness of the most hard-boiled man, of the most self-centered woman. For we all carry with us at least one Greek ideal: the ideal of Sleep as the twin brother of Death.

I have dug up such childhood prayers from the consciousness of many, many patients, who were ashamed to admit their existence. And they often formed a foundation on which they could work back to some kind of faith, to some kind of inner peace.

In my own case, there were many years during which all the accustomed devotions of my once priestly life dropped from me, so that I was left with only a rag or two instead of the varied and traditional raiment in which I had been wont to commend myself at night to God. But those rags were in themselves powerful adornments, had I but known it. For no matter where I was, no matter how black the future, or how hopeless the present, I never closed my eyes at night without saying two little prayers. "Gospel prayers," both of them. Both found, for the most part, in the Bible itself, and both stamped with the age-long approval of Catholic Christianity, which has added to each one a few words of its own devotion.

"The Our Father," Our Lord's own words, with the addition of the Doxology at the end, in which the Christian community has for so long voiced its belief that to Him alone belongs the Kingdom and the Power and the Glory.

And "The Ave Maria," "The Hail Mary"; the angelic salutation, repeated to St. Luke most surely by the only person who heard it; a Gospel prayer, in which all Christians who believe in the Incarnation may join, and to which the Christian consciousness has also made a small devotional addition, begging that she, to whom the Archangel once spake, would "pray for us sinners now and in the hour of our death."

If I was able, even in some small way, to become "a priest without a round collar"; if I succeeded in approaching each day's work from the consciousness of a hidden vocation, even though that consciousness often grew weak, even though it was sometimes forgotten altogether, I was what I was, and I did what I did in the power of those two prayers. I know that now, even though I did not realize it at the time.

But a priest, no matter what powerful prayers he may say, does long for a round collar, for the accepted external symbols of his office. Even the most devoted secret service agent likes to get behind his own lines and occasionally to put on his uniform. And no matter how long he has to go about in disguise, he remembers that uniform always, because he has a *right* to it.

And, gradually, I came to want a right to a round collar. For my studies in the history of medicine had brought me into touch with an old ideal—an ideal that has been forced out of our modern life because we have an idea that no man can be two things at a time and still be "successful"—the idea of the priest who is also a physician, or of the physician who is also a priest.

CHAPTER III

PHYSICIAN-PRIEST

PETRUS JULIANI, called Hispanus, in 1247 was distinguished as a physician and as a teacher at the medical school of Pisa. His little book of medical lore for the poor, his *Thesaurus Pauperum* was widely known during the Middle Ages. And this same Petrus ascended the Throne of Saint Peter, and put on his finger the Fisherman's Ring. He assumed the pontifical title of John XXI. And although his reign was not of long duration, still, he *was* a physician and he *was* Pope.

Thomas Linacre, whose praise is still in the colleges of Oxford, the friend of Erasmus, a great physician and a still greater Grecian, was a Canon of St. Paul's in London.

In our own country, during the early years of the American colonies, it was common enough to meet men who were physicians of the soul as well as of the body; men who visited their sick during six days in the week, and preached to them and prayed with them of a Sunday. Of course this came about, not because of any definite ideal, but through economic necessity, for the colonies were sparsely settled, and the small villages could support a physician only if he happened to be a minister also. Nevertheless, there they were, those hard-working, hell-preaching doctor-ministers and minister-doctors.

In our day, the chance of realizing the ideal is far greater. And this because of the development of psychiatry, because of the importance that we attach to mental conditions even in patients who come to us with only physical complaints.

The physician, especially the psychiatrist, is becoming to his people a sort of lay confessor.

The old family physician of a hundred years ago was, in his way, a confessor and a counselor also. He knew all the family secrets; the early Victorian mother could speak to him, in guarded terms, about the unusual extent of her daughter's "monthly indisposition"; even the Victorian man would seek his help in clearing himself a clean way into respectable matrimony. But the modern psychiatrist is admitted into the very deepest recesses of his patient's experience; he holds or he tries to hold to his hand the keys to *all* the skeleton cupboards. And if he lacks niceness of touch, if he is too brutally materialistic, he may, perhaps, escape from doing actual harm, but he will not be able to do a very great deal of lasting good.

Nothing has impressed me more, during these last years, than the change in the mental attitude of Protestants toward what is commonly called Confession. They do not realize, of course, that the "confession" is only a part, almost a secondary part of the Sacrament of Penance. People go to confession not to confess, but to get Absolution. And although "confession may be good for the soul," it is putting the cart before the horse to make it the one thing desirable. But my Protestant friends have read so much about the "dangers of repression," "the importance of freeing the dammed-up emotions," that they no longer look upon the confessional as the Devil's Box, except perhaps in some parts of the violently anti-Roman South. Not so very long ago, at a meeting of psychiatrists, I listened to an address from a very prominent Protestant minister, a man of wide influence, who made no bones about telling us that the Protestant churches had severely crippled themselves and had lost a precious aid to holiness, when they "outlawed the confessional." Fifty years ago, no Protestant minister would have dared to say that.

Because, then, of this new, more intimate relation of the psychiatrist to his patients, the conception of the physician's "priestly functions" is becoming more and more generally accepted; and most psychiatrists are "glad to have it so." But, with the prophet who wrote these words, one may quite fairly go on to ask, as he did: "And what will ye do in the end thereof?" If psychiatrists are willing to look upon themselves as a sort of lay confessors to their patients, they must not forget that a "priest-confessor" has to prepare himself for the hearing of confessions, not only by a long previous training in moral theology, but also by keeping himself in touch with the human life around him, and by so molding his own life that his patients may never have a chance of saying to him, "Physician, heal thyself."

Naturally, I do not mean that because a man happens to be a psychiatrist, he should live like an ascetic hermit of the desert. Nor do I mean that the best psychiatrist will be he who lives the most religious, the most priestly life. Nor that psychiatrists should become priests. It would, however, do no harm if some priests became psychiatrists, especially those who hear many confessions.

Nowadays, in the Roman Church at least, and in some churches of my own communion, the Sacrament of Penance has become rather too formal a procedure. The penitent rattles off a list of "sins"; the priest says a word or two, tells him to say, for his penance, the Twenty-third Psalm and three Hail Marys, gives him absolution, and then turns away to listen to another penitent. There is very little of what one calls "spiritual counsel." And that is exactly what so many men and women need. I realize the difficulties in giving it. One does not like to keep the penitent kneeling in the confessional too long, and the box is a hard place to talk in anyway. Nor is it permissible to say to the penitent, "Just wait till I hear these other people and I'll come out into the church and talk to you." If one did this, one would

frighten the penitent away. He—especially she—would not like to have the other people, who are waiting around the confessional, see you come out and sit by his or her side, talking in low tones. The others would think that he or she “must have done something perfectly dreadful.”

It is true that the good Catholic, who comes to confession, comes there, as I have said, not primarily to confess, but to get Absolution, the assurance of the forgiveness of his sins. Confession is only one of the prerequisites necessary for the obtaining of it. And yet often enough, he could be immeasurably helped by “spiritual counsel,” by some one who, outside the box, could talk to him simply and directly and to whom he could really “open his heart.” So often, in the confessional, people don’t open their hearts at all. They open the Treasury of Devotion, or the Garden of the Soul.

Just here lies the possibility of realizing the ideal of which I am trying to write. A priest, who was, even in some small measure, a psychiatrist and who could have regular consultation hours, either in an office or in some quiet corner of his church, as well as hours in his confessional, might be of inestimable help to many people. One cannot ask of a priest that he should go through four years of medical training; and without those four years, without that training in the knowledge of the body, sick and well, no man is fitted to practice psychiatry. I have only known one priest—all honor to him—who gave up his parish work, went to a medical school, a very famous one, and finally took his medical degree. But he did not do all this in order to be a psychiatrist, inside the confessional or out. He did it because he was a missionary to a distant and neglected people who had no physicians among them and whose bodies he longed to heal almost as much as he longed to save their souls. He is an exception. But what a glorious one!

Nor should I advise my colleagues among psychiatrists

to go off to some theological seminary, to study Greek Testament and dogmatic theology for three years, and then get some bishop to ordain them as "unparochial clergy," as priests without parishes. There are too many parishes without priests these days to make a bishop with a large diocese willing to do any such thing.

Just the same, however difficult of attainment the ideal may be, it is worthy of at least an attempt at realization. And that is why I count myself so fortunate in having been a priest before I became a physician, and in being able to resume my priesthood after I had become a psychiatrist. But with the opportunity of realizing, in some small way, the ideal of priest-physician comes the sense of the intense difficulty of the task and of the ineffectual weakness of him who is trying to realize it.

How may one be a good psychiatrist and yet gradually become a holy priest? How may one uphold and develop one's priesthood, and yet remain a successful mind-doctor? I do not know. But, with God's help, I can try.

CHAPTER IV

THE MASS

IN the first Prayer Book of King Edward the Sixth, the title given to the central act of Christian worship is "The Holy Communion, commonly called The Mass." There have always been many names for this same thing. And the names themselves are generally of little importance. It is a "Communion" with Our Incarnate Lord; so we call it "Holy." It is the one great Christian offering; so we call it "The Holy Sacrifice." It is a Thanksgiving for God's Incarnation; and so, using the Greek word, we speak of it as "The Holy Eucharist." But there is one little name for it that is used everywhere. And when you use it, no one can misunderstand you, for you mean one thing and nothing else—"commonly called, The Mass."

This Mass is always the same, except for a few variations in the prayers and Bible lessons contained within its unchanging outline. The faithful communicant knows it almost by heart, be it in Latin or in English. And yet it is the one service that draws men and women to it, day after day. Many of my Protestant friends tell me of their difficulties in providing new and stimulating services in order to attract their people. And they do experiment with all sorts of variations and attractions. But very soon the newest service loses its power to draw; then one must devise something newer still. They often ask me how it is that our service, which is always the same, still "holds our people."

The answer is easy enough. It is not the service that attracts or holds them. It is the Presence of Our Lord

Himself. For in churches where the "Lord's Supper" is celebrated on the first Sunday of each month, simply as a "memorial of His death," there is no silent crowd of worshipers around the altar. Because that altar is empty. Because when the memorial is finished, there is nothing but a memory left. And a memory never drew people to it, out of their beds, on cold winter mornings, with two miles between the memory and themselves.

Whether you believe in what is theologically called "The Real Presence" or not, the fact remains that it is the belief in this powerful, this comforting and loving Presence that brings people, day in, day out, not to the Lord's Supper, but to Mass.

What life would be without a belief in that Presence, without the possibility of drawing near to it in hours of temptation or of depression, I cannot imagine. I do not even dare to think. For a layman, it is the one great source of his strength. For the priest, it is the very center of his whole life. And he who, having once been a priest, has ceased to exercise his priesthood, is in spite of himself pursued by the haunting memory of the Masses he once said, of the Holy Sacrifices he once offered. I have known many men who have resigned their Orders and who have dropped back into the life of a layman. Of these, I have met one or two who insist that they are perfectly happy. I do not believe them. I never will. "*Et ego in Arcadiâ*"—or, rather, in Hell.

But, after my "coming home" to the faith of my boyhood, I crept as near as I could to the altar at which I had once stood. If I could not "say Mass"; at least I could serve it. I could do what other lay acolytes and servers do. I could accompany the priest to the altar; make the proper responses; move the Missal; bring him the Sacred Elements of Bread and Wine; and, at the Sanctus and the Consecration, I could ring the bell, the soft murmuring bell that

throbs through the stillness of the church and dies so softly away into the tense silence. A humble duty enough. But, when one has come home from a far country, it is best to begin by asking to be made "one of the hired servants."

It is a hard thing to go on for years with an unsatisfied hunger in your heart. For as the man in hopeless and distant exile hungers for a sight of his own country, as I have seen men and women wait on the deck of an ocean liner for the first glimpse of the spires and roofs of their great city, so the man who was once a priest hungers and thirsts for his priesthood.

Yet waiting is a wholesome discipline, if only in waiting one does not fold one's hands and do nothing else except wait. And, very slowly and very painfully, I learned to put my waiting and my wanting into the hands of God. In the meantime, I would do what I could to further the accomplishment of that thing for which I waited; but the time of its achievement I would leave to Him. If it seemed good to Him that I was never to attain it at all, I should have to bear it. So when, suddenly, unexpectedly, the achievement came and the hunger was stilled, I was like a man in a dream. I could not believe that it was true.

No matter how long I live in this world, no matter how dim other memories may become, I shall never, never forget the Saturday afternoon when, for the first time in twenty-five years, I tried, awkwardly and painfully, to put on a round, clerical collar, and a black, pleated stock below it. I was afraid to look at myself in the glass. The reflection might show me, not as I now was, but as I had been these past twenty-five years. As I left my room at the Hall, I turned up the collar of my overcoat. I felt almost shy. For I had told no one of the change in my life. I never did tell anyone outside my immediate family. I let people find it out for themselves. And when the newspaper reporters began to get at me, I explained that they had better not print any-

thing about it, for it was "not news," it was "old stuff." Why, I had been a priest for twenty-seven or twenty-eight years. They were puzzled but I was spared all publicity. I could not have borne it just then.

So, with coat collar turned up, I slipped into my little car and drove down through the autumn dusk to the clergy house, where I was to spend the night, the night before my first Mass in twenty-five years. And, as I came into the house, the first person who came forward to greet me was the man who, years ago, had come to see me at the mental clinic—the first well-known and beloved face that I had seen in this city of my adoption. Then, he had come to welcome me to Baltimore. During the past eight years, his clergy house had been like a second home to me. And now he was welcoming me back to my priesthood. God sends us such friends occasionally. But not often.

About my first Mass next morning I remember nothing at all. Doubtless, I made countless mistakes in usage and ceremonial. And sometimes my voice seemed to be coming from some person who was not I. But, afterward, when my friend had helped me to unvest and then had kneeled down before me to ask my blessing—mine—something seemed to release my emotional tension, and, as I blessed him, a tear or two dropped on his bowed head.

I was at home—really at home—at last.

CHAPTER V

A KINGDOM REGAINED

I HAVE said nothing here of those devoted friends of mine who helped me to regain my kingdom. But they know, from the bishop himself down to the youngest priest in our clergy house, they all know how deep my gratitude is. You cannot thank people like that.

So now, at the end of every week, toward five o'clock on a Saturday, I get up from the very comfortable chair in which I have been resting in my Room with the Open Door; I pack a few things together, and I change my collar. I am at the clergy house within half an hour. And, without any apparent transition, I pass from the life of the courtroom, of my office, of the dormitory and the university into the peaceful atmosphere of an old house, next to the big church, a house that always smells faintly of incense. Six priests, besides the rector, live there. None of them is blessed with the goods or with the women of this world. Two old and faithful colored servants do all the cooking, and take care of the rooms. My own little room, where I sleep two nights a week, is up at the top of the house. A tiny, straightened, little space between four bare white walls; a sharp contrast to my "apartment" at the dormitory with its books, its comfortable chairs, and its open fire. But nevertheless, I feel that it is good for me to be here. So I unpack, put on a cassock and a biretta, and go downstairs into the church for Vespers.

At dinner—for we really "dine"—we eight clerics sit around a long table. It is all very simple, but dignified,

and very human. I wish that I dared to try to describe my seven colleagues. I hesitate. First, because they are modest men; and secondly, because I want to keep on dining with them for as many more Saturday evenings as God allows to me. After coffee and cigarettes, I wander into the rector's study, while the others scatter to their various duties. And until the rector comes back from his confessional at eight o'clock, I rest peacefully from the stress of the past week, and relax my mind by reading a murder story or a not too French novel. By ten I am in my narrow little bed. And I know that I can sleep until nine o'clock next morning. For gradually it has come to be my accepted duty to sing the high Mass at eleven o'clock on Sundays.

Among our clergy this duty is not a very popular one. It means that one gets no breakfast, that one must fast from midnight on Saturday until the Mass is over on Sunday at twelve or even later. And to go for twelve hours without a drop of water or a mouthful of food is no very easy thing for a middle-aged person who is not accustomed to it, especially if he has to stand at the high altar for two hours and try to sing. It means waking up at your usual hour of seven and trying to sleep until nine; it means getting up cold and rather shaky, with the sensation of a piece of ice in the pit of one's stomach; it means trying to pray or to read with a mind that will not focus on anything, until it is time to go into the church and say a belated good morning to the acolytes and servers who are waiting for you in the sacristy. But after that, from the moment that you fasten the amice, the first of the Mass vestments, around your neck, down to the last words of your Thanksgiving after the service is over, physical discomfort and bodily weakness are lost and utterly forgotten. For you are caught up in a well-known ceremonial that itself sustains you, and you enter gradually into an atmosphere of strength and happiness, in which you

are no longer yourself, but only a voice that pleads the One Perfect Sacrifice Oblation and Satisfaction made upon Calvary for the sins of the whole world. Except during the sermon, you have no time to think; you have no time even to feel. Underneath the Mass vestments, your own imperfect, inadequate self has disappeared. And you stand at the very focus of a mighty stream of prayer and devotion, that is concentrated not upon you, but upon What you hold in your unworthy hands. You distinguish no faces in the congregation down below you. Even the choir, just behind you, is only a white blur. The servers and acolytes move about and genuflect like unreal presences, almost unseen because of the intensity of the light that seems to envelop the sanctuary. You, yourself, are scarcely less unreal. The only Real Presence lies on the altar before you, as amidst the sudden silence, broken only by the murmur of the Sanctus bell, you hear dimly a voice, that is your own voice no longer, saying, "For This is My Body," and "This is My Blood."

And then the one deep organ note, and the voices of the choir that interweave their music with your own murmured words:

Oh Lamb of God that takest away the Sins of the World,
Grant us thy Peace.

An hour later, and you, who have been caught up into Heaven and are still a little unaccustomed to the things of this world, are your own earthly self again. You are shaky; your head is aching. The pains and discomforts of this "naughty world" have got hold upon you once more. The echoes of the worship of Heaven, that had been so clear in your ears only a little while ago, are fading away. All that you hear now is the rattle and roar of motor cars in the street outside, and the odor of incense has begun to mingle with the impending preparation in the kitchen for

Sunday dinner. And the thought of the next week's work stretches before you in uninteresting dreariness.

But you carry away with you, into the hurry and turmoil of that same work, a memory and a hope. A memory of your close communion with the World Unseen. A hope that, if God permits you to live through another week, you may once again enter into the kingdom of your priesthood, the kingdom that you have regained at last.

CHAPTER VI

THE LITTLE CHURCH OF SAINT ANNE-IN-THE-FIELDS

FOR a busy man like myself, whose life is filled with so many divergent duties, it is almost impossible to live as a priest ought to live. I cannot say my daily Mass, nor even find time to say even a part of my Daily Office, let alone the other things that a good priest ought to do. I have to be contented with a Mass on Sundays, with Benediction on Sunday evenings, and with a low Mass on Monday mornings.

At that Monday morning Mass there is no music, no great congregation, no crowd of acolytes. There are only one or two people in the big, dim church. And I am served, generally, by an undergraduate of my university, who gets up at an unearthly hour on Monday mornings in order to be able to serve two Masses—mine and that of another priest—before he hurries off to his nine o'clock lecture. From the quietness of this service, I jump with breathless haste into the week's work. Monday is supposed to be the priests' holiday. But it is no holiday for me. And the moment that I shut the door of the clergy house behind me, after assuring myself by a touch that I have not forgotten to change my round collar for one that buttons in front—at that moment, as I hurry into my little, green car, the hungry beast of the world's work and its suffering seizes upon me. And, until the next Saturday afternoon, there is no more inner peace for me.

The man who closes the door of the clergy house behind

him at a quarter before nine of a Monday, is, so far as appearances go, a priest no longer. He is a criminologist, a psychiatrist, a physician, the warden of a dormitory, and a professor of the history of medicine. And this holds for some ten months of each year. But even a man like me must have a few holidays. And I am fortunate indeed in the place in which these holidays are passed.

Down the St. Lawrence, below Quebec, some five hours by train, or seven by boat, there is a spot that is commonly called by a name which does not appear on the map and has no station on any railroad. It lies just at the mouth of the Murray River, and the English-speaking Canadians who have known it as a summer place for generations, call it Murray Bay.

When I first spent a summer there—a long, long time ago, in 1894—there were only two or three English Canadians who knew the place, and perhaps two families of Americans. Since then, it has grown immensely. Now there are many delightful cottages. And there are big modern hotels, too. But the French Canadians, the *real* Canadians who inhabit the place the whole year round, are the same simple, delightful people with whom I used to fish and hunt when I was much younger and more active than I am to-day. The clear, cold air is the same—cool even in the hottest summers. And unchanged is the sweeping view from our veranda out over the width of the great St. Lawrence, with just a suggestion of the low shore on the other side. Behind us are the ancient Laurentian Hills.

I have wandered over a good part of the inhabited world. I have seen many places, and some I have loved and love still. But I know of no other spot that I love as I love this little village of Pointe au Pic and the country that surrounds it. I know of no group of people for whom I have a deeper respect or a more lasting affection than I feel toward those French Canadians, whom we call the “habitants.”

Sometime during 1899, while I was still a theological student, some friends of mine gave me money with which to build at Murray Bay a tiny, little church. There had been for years a Union Church in the village, built by the Protestants among our summer visitors. But it had no early Mass; only a Church of England service of Morning Prayer every other Sunday. So, far up in the unbroken fields, beyond our cottage—the fields have gone now—we built a very little church of the simplest character. The altar stone was let into the surface of a plain, pine altar, stained a soft green and carved by one of my artistic friends. The reredos, behind the altar, was made of green *couverts*—the soft blankets that the “habitant women” make on the looms in their own homes. I worked on the little sacristy with my own hands. On the vestment case there are still to this day the little strips of paper on which, in my unformed hand, I wrote the contents of each drawer. Finally, the little church was finished; a Canadian bishop came to consecrate it.

That was all nearly thirty years ago. Saint Anne-in-the-Fields is still standing, utterly unchanged. But during the years of its standing, it has seen changes enough in the person who once helped to build it. For I left it in the height of my rebellion. I said Mass at its altar when I had lost all faith in my own priesthood. And so God took my priesthood away from me.

During the years—the long years when I was studying medicine abroad—I always carried with me one persisting memory of Murray Bay, a memory of Saint Anne’s. A picture of the view over the St. Lawrence, that you get in its fullness, if you sit at the very back of the church near the last window on the Epistle side. From there, while you are singing a hymn or reading a psalm, during some simple afternoon service, you can watch the shifting colors of the clouds over the river, and see the fading light touch up with

a moment's brightness some of the houses on the farther shore.

The memory of that view would come to me, every now and again, during lonely winter evenings, or dreary Sunday afternoons, in Innsbruck, on the old Margarethenplatz, and in a hundred other places as well. And once, toward the end of my service with the Austrian army during the war—when I was lying ill and helpless in a hospital, never expecting to see my own country again—it slipped into my mind with such clearness and such beauty that it seemed to me a kind of symbolic promise of return. A year later I was actually standing at that last window in the little church; I was looking out once again, after twelve years, on the unchanged view across the river. And to-day, almost another twelve years after that, I look out on it again.

For nearly twelve summers, I sat in that back seat, sang my hymns and made my responses at evensong on Sundays, with the rest of the little congregation—far back in the church, the church that I had almost built with my own hands. But into the Sacristy I seldom went. To see my own handwriting on the drawers of the big vestment case was a little more than I could bear. It kept reminding me that I no longer had the right to vest myself there, as I had once done, and to go through the low little door into the church, and up to the simple, green-stained altar to say Mass. Slowly, inch by inch, I forced myself, every summer, into closer and closer connection with that little church. I would get up early, sometimes, on a week day during summer, and would serve Mass there for our summer chaplain.

But there was always a sting in it; always a longing to be able to say Mass there myself. Although I did not realize it, I think that the simple altar of Saint Anne-in-the-Fields was to me, for many years, the one real goal of my desires.

And if, during these years of waiting to attain it, I have been able, in the summer months, to write anything that has been of help and of comfort to others, let those who write to me of their gratitude give their thanks where it belongs—to the little church of Saint Anne-in-the-Fields.



